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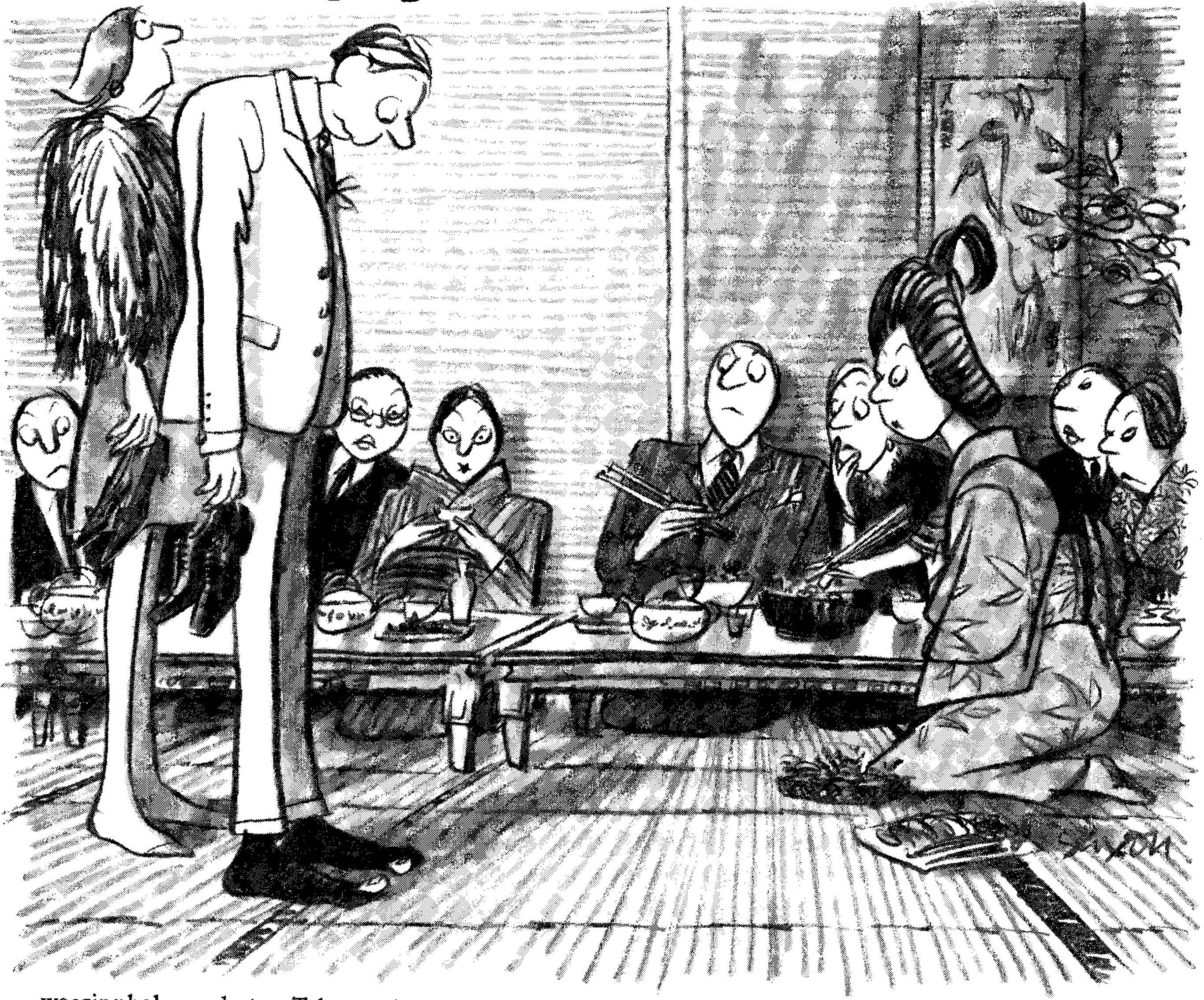

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Adaptation and **Next**—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. R. G. Brown and Dick Van Patten are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

De Sade Illustrated—An adaptation of the Marquis's lewd bedroom ruminations. Not dull, but not recommended either. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Forty Carats—Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, and given a brassy local polish by the director, Abe Burrows, this mindless trifle provides an occasion for Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, and a number of other superlative actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Geese—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hadrian VII—The bizarre career of a real-life scamp named Baron Corvo provides a juicy role for Alec McCowen, who takes full advantage of it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer—Heinar Kipphardt's fascinating mock-documentary account, sometimes true and sometimes false, of the famous hearing at which Professor Oppenheimer was denied security clearance. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Aug. 9.)

Little Murders—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon that is owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Play It Again, Sam—A comedy by Woody Allen, starring Woody Allen. The play is not up to Mr. Allen's gifts, but it makes a pleasant enough evening, and the many girls in it are young and warm and full of promise. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**the boys in the band:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **the great white hope:** James Earl Jones in a pageant-like play loosely based on the life of the Negro prizefighter Jack Johnson. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **plaza suite:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Dames at Sea—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man Better Man—This musical—the Negro Ensemble Company's final production of the season—about the doings of a passel of superstitious villagers in Trinidad makes a rather aimless and occasionally tedious show, in spite of an agreeable mock-calypso score by Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson, bright singing and dancing by the cast, and a number of good individual performances. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Wednesday through Friday, and Sunday, at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 20.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oklahoma!—A revival by the Music Theatre of Lincoln Center of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, with Bruce Yarnell, Spiro

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Just for a moment we were both children • Skipping knee-deep through musky, unmown grass • Laughing at dandelions • Building imaginary castles in the air • The people who make my clothes care about how I feel

john meyer
speaks your language

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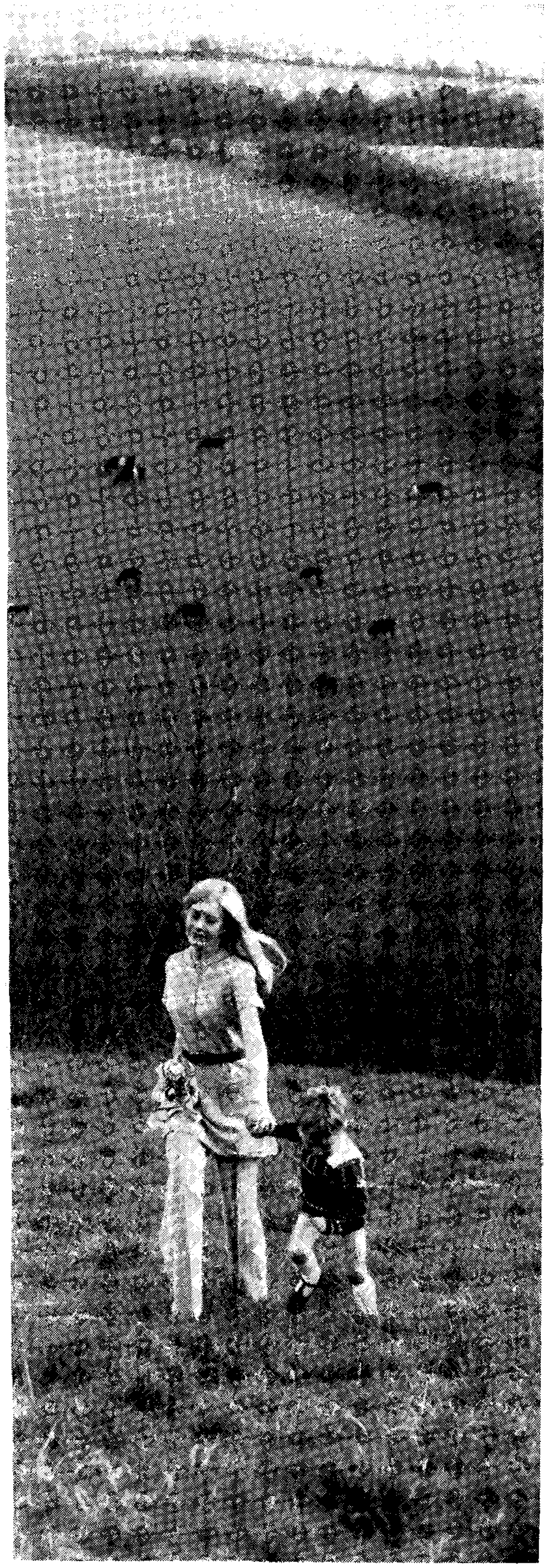

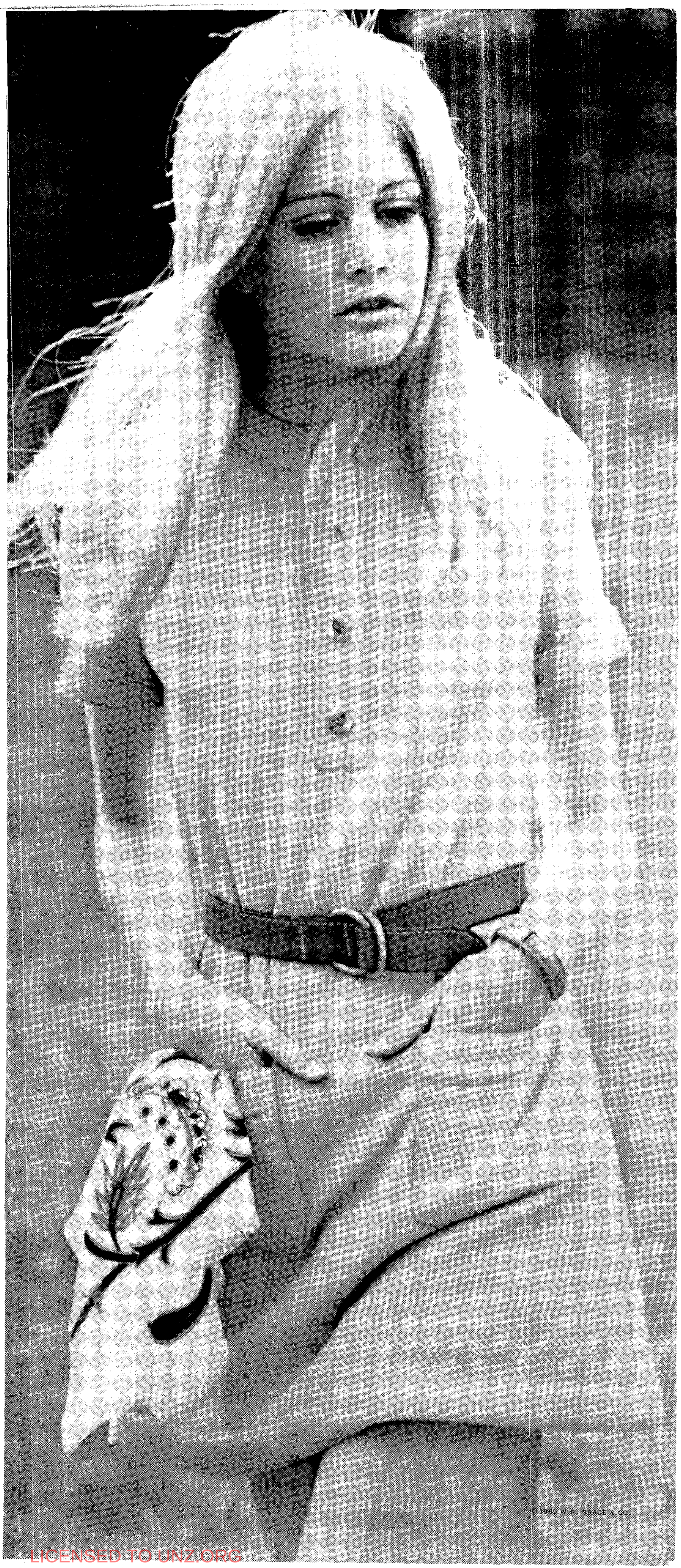

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Malas, and Margaret Hamilton. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Promenade—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is very good. Lawrence Kornfeld directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Promises, Promises—Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara may spend the next twenty years in this breezy adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

1776—A childish retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. Little music, no dancing, and two thin girls. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Whores, Wars & Tin Pan Alley—Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein in a program of Kurt Weill songs. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30, Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—An old-fashioned, all-purpose musical, which pretends to be Greek but whose true country is Broadway. With Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova. Book by Joseph Stein, music by John Kander, and lyrics by Fred Ebb. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CABARET:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. Tandy Cronyn and George Voskovec are among those in the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** A woful lunatic, Mulligan said. Were you in a funk? (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Jerry Jarrett in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** With an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Ann Miller is the antic aunt. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Bob Wright plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. David Holliday substitutes for Mr. Wright at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of Ibsen's **PEER GYNT**, with Stacy Keach, Judy Collins, and Estelle Parsons. The first of two plays by the troupe. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, Aug. 2. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **SOUTH PACIFIC**, with Jerome Hines, Nancy Dussault, and Jerry Lester. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. An effective rock outfit named McKendree Spring and a nimble improvisational group called the Ace Trucking Company give performances at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—Dim, congenial, and at times a groove. A flock of musicians are on hand, including country-blues man Steve Elliott, guitarist David Rea, folk singer Billy Mitchell, and James Stevenson's Jazz Circle International. Shows are at eight-thirty and eleven. On Sunday, July 20, at three and at eight-thirty, a rock band known as the Theatre will appear. Ice cream is served in big dishes. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays. Closed Wednesday, July 16.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—No strain. It's an easeful spot where the Roy Eldridge-Richie Kamuca quintet plays easeful jazz six nights a week. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—A forthright kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—a group that includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Marshall Brown, Zutty Singleton, and Joe Muranyi. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's a trip getting to this spectral part of town, and wheels may be needed to get back, but the clientele knows pretty much where it's at. The Elvin Jones trio plays most nights from nine to four (from seven on Sundays). On Tuesday, July 22, the Pharoah Sanders quintet and singer Leon Thomas will take over. Mondays at nine, one or another jazz group appears.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs, you can drink or dine while listening to the Junior Mance trio, beginning at about ten-thirty. On Mondays, the regulars are off and new talent is auditioned. . . .¶ Downstairs: Herbie Mann's band alternates with Dizzy Gillespie's tightly knit quintet, which is enhanced by James Moody on reeds. Shows at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Sundays; on Fridays shows begin at ten, and on Saturdays at nine-thirty.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box with a bent for jazz. Tuesday through Sunday, Roland Kirk's ebullient quartet takes the stand at nine-thirty, approximately. On Saturday, July 19, from five to nine, the Jazz All-Stars and singer Ruth Brisbane will perform before the evening session, and on Sunday, July 20, from five to nine, Warren Smith's Composers Workshop Ensemble will do the same. Mondays are reserved for the loud and often interesting sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—On a quiet corner in an empty area, where you wouldn't expect to find much of anything. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. Sawdust is on the floor, and collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Golly, gang here's *another* one of those places where you can put on boaters and listen to a banjo band and drink beer from mugs. On Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, a Dixieland band plays before the evening fun begins.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, ponderous chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the diners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten until three or four. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody, muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Odd-shaped cubbyholes and a lethargic sort of carrousel—the rest is sound and light. On Sundays, as well as Tuesdays through Thursdays, dancing runs from nine until two. On Fridays and Saturdays, it runs from eight until four. Live music will come from Man until Tuesday, July 22, when Listening moves in. Closed Mondays. No alcohol.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes (oh, wow!) the Danube. Between record sets, a seven-man group known as the Faculty entertains. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight. The whole thing sounds contrived, but it works.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—A down-to-earth club whose patrons seem more interested in music and dancing than in ogling other people's threads. The records are high-powered, and so is the Elephant's Memory, which plays until Tuesday, July 22, when another group will arrive. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—which may or may not be honored at the door—are a good idea on weekends. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

ST. REGIS-SHERATON ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): Life on the altiplano, and not at all on the American plano; à la carte is much more like it. The bands of Joseph Sudy and Quintero never drop a stitch in their perpetual chanting, and now and then Ed Sims and Audre Deckmann are tempted to demonstrate to the non-pros the lightsome tricks of ballroom dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): A handsome reward is offered to all who enter upon the little kingdom of the Café Pierre. The jaunty music is supplied by the peripatetic (see below) Phil Wayne band Mondays and Tuesdays, by Stanley Worth's band Wednesdays through Sundays; Ellen Harwicke, whose specialty is song with piano, fills in the chinks between the Worth sets. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and miens of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Early native cottage industries, such as the two-step and the foxtrot, continue simon-pure. No others need apply. Don Alfredo's Latin crew is spelled by a pair of North American units; all are on view every night but Monday. Seven-thirty until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at three-thirty; Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve and Thursdays from two until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): In defiance of all UFO (some of them probably smog and fireflies), a band, usually Phil Wayne's joyous one, canters on the open-air terrace from seven-thirty every night. All hands indoors in case of IFO, such as rain.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—A revised edition of "Free Fall," the local revue, is enacted by a set of boy and girl earthlings and is often possessed by a demon (the mind of Ronny Graham, its head coach), which generally makes the end product that much funnier. Nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-0661)—Hands across the Aegean, the Gulf of Corinth, and tributaries. Among the hands are Avram Grobard, head man and joker; Yakov Uriel, trumpeter; George Mgrdichian, oudist; Hedva and David, folksters; and a stately belly dancer. Dancing, and home cooking, often Israeli. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—All sock and no buskin can make humor a dull boy, and at times Steve Rossi and Slappy White, who bandy words during dinner and supper in the Royal Box, seem to have this goal in mind. The Lee Evans orchestra, though, has only ups, no downs. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España, that mighty Andalusian marching band, moves out on Tuesday, July 22; next evening, a potpourri flavored with both Spanish and Mexican herbs will make its first appearance. The stint is dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by guitar (Emilio Prados) and voice (Domingo Alvarado). They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The lower deck of this particular Longchamps rises well above room temperature as early as six-thirty, and stays that way until two every night but Sunday, for there is no sound barrier that the horn of Wild Bill Davison cannot leap in full stride. He and his Jazz Giants share the stage with the trio of the imperturbable, imperishable Teddy Wilson and Muriel Roberts' fervent solo piano. On Friday, July 25, a new arrangement: Jimmy McPartland's crew (Annette Sanders as songbird) and Junior Mance's threesome take over. No (sorry!) dancing.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Somehow, a brace of sopranos, the Parker Sisters, have got themselves into the Persian Room without any clear notion of what show business is about. The Persian Room will little note nor long remember, and meanwhile there *is* the benefit of the bands run by Burt Farber and Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** Joe Bushkin is playing piano with the verve that pianos got in the days when jazz really *was* king. His threesome is for listening; Mousie Alexander's threesome is for both ears and feet. Dinner is sufficient, supper is fragmentary. Events begin at eight. Mondays are dark. . . . ¶ The Edwardian Room offers, from seven to nine, dinner music—Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano—every evening but Sunday. Closed Fridays and Saturdays. . . . ¶ Palm Court, we love thy templed hills! No rock, but rill music begins with the Marcu teatime duets (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and ends with another set of violin (almost always Gunnar Hansen's) and piano (eight to one, except Sundays).

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Helen O'Connell, whose songs wear their hearts on their sleeves, is back home to sing the best of the old and the best of the new in the good, honorable, old-fashioned way that has nearly (tck-tck) gone out of fashion. Twice a night, except Sundays; dancing begins at seven.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The city domain of Louis Goldie Hawkins is on its summer demeanor, which does not differ greatly from its winter demeanor, for his alter ego, Wayne Sanders, is still at his jaunty piano. From eight until early morn is the idea, but the weekend holiday is long—Friday through Sunday. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The Jamaica rum blends with the dishes and the decoration, both (like the rum) indigenous: the Jamaica ginger is made on the spot by the carolling, circumnavigating singers. Listening begins between eight and nine during the week and ends between one and two. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The denizens of both bar and grill will, upon application, trust anybody over twenty-one, but that is mostly because they're having such a good time. Chuck Wayne's pensive but persuasive triad intersperses the

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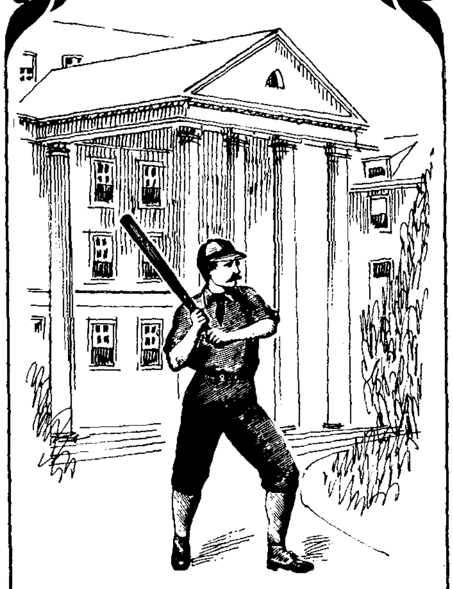

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

conversation pieces until late at night. Closed Sundays. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): It's not quite the Ivy, though it offers resemblances to that London retreat, but it *is* sort of Ivy League. No Ivy, though, on the brow of Lynn Richards, who sings, loud and clear and Manhattan, at her piano in the bar from nine until two, except on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): No twenty-per-cent hike in the rental of this flat can be justified unless one stays long enough to catch Charles De Forest, whose songs, delivered across the piano-bar, brim with a fine world weariness, world wickedness. He lays off Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The majesty of the Loire, so to speak. Within, the violin of Norbert Faconi awaits the questing traveller until late at night. He and his faithful pianist, Herman Arminski, begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. All is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Rome by night indeed, though not in a Gray Line bus. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, lap up the evening with soft Lydian airs. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): No delusions of grandeur; the grandeur is real, and Roman. In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous prandial and post-prandial piano, six to midnight, every evening but Sunday. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Perfect pitch—that describes the setting in which the ancient art of Viennese dinner music is still carried on. It is produced by George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, between eight-thirty and one-thirty. He signs off for the summer on Wednesday, July 16, but Tony Gorody, of the earlier-day Havana boites, sits down at the piano next evening. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Herman Honigsberg's strolling players (fiddles and music boxes) are improving the scene of their prime, and they certainly help make the scene. From seven until curfew, except Sundays. . . . **UMBERTO,** 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): Time is measured here in Roman numerals, and the architecture is Roman candles. In the midst of it all, Franco Pagani serves as ambient and articulate minstrel, from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays; no music Saturdays. . . . **CARLTON LOUNGE,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Bob Kail has just moved his piano into this noble refectory, where, except Saturdays and Sundays, he is in action from six until midnight. . . . **PEACOCK ALLEY,** in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A piano works out in the bar from four to eight every night but Saturday and Sunday. . . . **PROMENADE CAFÉ,** in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5730): In the sunken living room, open to all outdoors, music goes on and on until midnight, except on Sundays. It begins at noon, if you really must, but there is always shelter under the beach umbrellas.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

GORKY, DE KOONING, AND NEWMAN—Paintings by these influential Americans; through Sept. 20. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.: A wide assortment of artists, among them Don David, Ernest Briggs, and Martin Hurtig; through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.). . . **BANFER,** 23 E. 67th St.: Jared French, Maurice Grosser, and Margo Hoff are some of the gallery artists represented in an exhibition of figures, landscapes, and still-lifes; through July 31. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5.). . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Sixteen paintings of the past two decades, from the Guggenheim Museum collection of Latin-American art, by Botero, Tamaya, Cuevas, Soto, Morales, Noé, and other artists well known in New York; *through Sept. 14. (Closed mornings.)*. . . **COLOMBIAN CENTER,** 140 E. 57th St.: Colonial and modern paintings, carvings, and sculptures from Colombia; through Sept. 30. . . . **FRUMKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: Jack Beal, James McGarrell, Philip Pearlstein, and William T. Wiley; through July 31. (Closed mornings.). . . **GRAHAM,** third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Boxer, Manning, Martin, Massey, Rabinowitz, and Vivona; through Friday, July 25. . . . **IBM GALLERY,** 16 E. 57th St.: A few of the artists in a show of paintings by leading Americans of the first half of this century are Homer, Hopper, Dove, Henri, and Max Weber; through Friday, July 25. . . . **JACKSON,** 32 E. 69th St.: Large paintings by artists identified with the gallery; through Friday, July 18. . . . **KENNEDY,** 20 E. 56th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American landscapes and still-lifes stressing the theme of summertime; through Aug. 15. . . . **LANDAU-ALAN,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings by such gallery artists as Joe Brainard, Carroll Cloar, Jack Squier, and Paul Wonner; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **ODYSSIA,** 41 E. 57th St.: Drawings and watercolors by De Chirico, Schiele, Pascin, Giacometti, Picasso, Morandi, and other twentieth-century artists; through Aug. 29. . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Oils, watercolors, and drawings by German Expressionists; through Aug. 29. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.). . . **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists (for example, Cavallon, Brandt, Baber, and Boardman) and a few invited ones; through July 31. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10 to 4.). . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso (including two oils never before shown in the United States), Gris, Masson, Léger, Giacometti, Laurens, and González; through Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American landscapes by Bierstadt, Stuart Davis, and Walt Kuhn (to name a few); through Friday, July 18. . . . **WADDELL,** 15 E. 57th St.: Gallery artists, including, among the Americans, Will Barnet and Howard Kanovitz, and, among the Europeans, Alain Jacquet and Nicolas Schöffer; through Sept. 30. . . . **WISE,** 50 W. 57th St.: Works consisting of reflections in motion, by gallery regulars (LeParc, Piene, Mack, and such) and newcomers; through July 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

NOTE—The immense Nelson A. Rockefeller collection is providing the material for three separate current shows. At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St.: An exhibit spanning three thousand years of aboriginal art from Oceania, Africa, and the Americas, including about seven hundred and fifty bronze, stone, and wood carvings from Africa; textiles and feather hangings and objects of gold, jade, and shell from the Americas; and masks, ceremonial boards, and drums from Oceania. Through Aug. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is $1.). . . ¶ At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: About two hundred twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, plus drawings, prints, and illustrated books; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . ¶ At the **MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART,** 15 W. 54th St.: A selection of Mexican folk art, comprising about three hundred items—ceramics, toys, tinware, glassware, and objects in paper, straw, and papier-mâché—from the nineteenth century to the present; through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—A hundred and twenty painted Greek vases spanning three centuries, from the archaic period to the classical, together with nineteenth- and twentieth-century European drawings, all from the Walter Bareiss collection; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—About a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures by the "first generation" of Abstract Expressionist and Action painters, who became prominent in the nineteen-forties and the early nineteen-fifties, selected from the Museum's collection, augmented by recent acquisitions and promised gifts; through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ A comprehensive show of lithographs produced by such artists as Nevelson, Albers, Sam Francis, Hockney, and Krushenick at the Tamarind Lithography Workshop, in Los Angeles, which has pioneered in the revival of this craft in America; through July 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A summer exhibition of sculptures and works on paper, around a hundred and sixty pieces in all, from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 14. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—About two hundred oils, sculptures, and watercolors reviewing American art since the beginning of the twentieth century, chosen from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Sixty-one paintings and fourteen drawings by Thomas Cole (1801-48), outstanding figure of the Hudson River School; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Nineteenth-century French prints and drawings by Toulouse-Lautrec, Delacroix, Pissarro, Matisse, and others; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The treasure chest of the Morgan Hall has been reopened to an array of minerals and gems, among them the Star of India, the DeLong Star Ruby, and the Midnight Star. The whale is downstairs. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM OF DESIGN, Third Ave. at 7th St.—Fifty-two works by twenty-eight leading Japanese poster artists, who deal with such themes as politics, tea ceremonies, travel, and sports; *through Aug. 29. (Mondays* through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Fifty-four drawings by Italians, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth; through Sept. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A presentation of sculptures inflated by various means; through Sept. 1. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Selected manuscripts, drawings, letters, printed books, and bookbindings presented to the Library between 1949 and 1968 by the Association of Fellows; through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Six hundred photographic portraits by Cecil Beaton of who's who (1928-69) in various limelights. Your catalogue may be used as a scorecard for a guess-the-name game. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Admission is $1.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Drawings by George Catlin of early-nineteenth-century North American Indians; through Sept. 14. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, letters, typescripts, and illustrations new to the Berg Collection, a sizable portion being the Lady Gregory Archive; through Sept. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

MUSIC

RECITALS

Chamber Music with Alexander Schneider—The third in a series of four weekly recitals performed by Mr. Schneider and Isidore Cohen, violin; Walter Trampler and Michael Tree, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and Murray Perahia, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Tuesday, July 22, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Jazz in the Garden—Thursday, July 17, at 8:30: **JIMMY MCGRIFF AND HIS ORGAN TRIO**. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 24, at 8:30: **MUDDY WATERS BLUES BAND**. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

Creedence Clearwater Revival, Terry Reid, and Aum—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, July 18-19, at 8 and 11:30.

Crosby-Stills-Nash & Young and Country Joe McDonald—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, July 25-26, at 8 and 11:30.

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 755-4100 for news.)

Central Park Mall—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays and Sundays at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 17. Robert Russell Bennett will share in the conducting of a program of his own works on Thursday, July 17.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 16, at 7 and 9:30: Ten Years After and Fleetwood Mac. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 8 and 10:30: Buffy Sainte-Marie and Cashman, Pistilli & West. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8 and 10:30: Cannonball Adderley and Sweet Inspirations. . . . ¶ Monday, July 21, at 7 and 9:30: Led Zeppelin and B. B. King. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 23, at 7 and 9:30: Joni Mitchell and Tim Hardin. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 8 and 10:30: Cal Tjader, Ray Barretto, and Mongo Santamaria. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8 and 10:30: Sly and the Family Stone and Slim Harpo. (Through Saturday, Aug. 23. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in a series of concerts. (Fridays at 8:30; through Aug. 15.)

Randalls Island—A Latin-American music festival, with José Feliciano, Mongo Santamaria, and others, including (on Saturday) Ricardo Ray and Chucho Avellanet and (on Sunday) Tito Puente. (Saturday, July 26, at 8, and Sunday, July 27, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 759-2734.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 18, at 7: Paul Zukofsky, violin, and Gilbert Kalish, piano, in a recital. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program, with Earl Wild, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting another varied program, with Gary Graffman, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin. . . . [**NOTE:** A special concert will be given by Joni Mitchell, the Butterfield Blues Band, and Tim Hardin on Tuesday, July 22, at 8.] . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 7: Mr. Wild in a recital. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony in a Beethoven-Brahms program, with André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing a performance of Verdi's opera "Otello" in concert form, with Maralin Niska, soprano; Richard Cassilly, tenor; Sherrill Milnes, baritone; the Berkshire Chorus; the Tanglewood Choir; and the Berkshire Boy Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 27, at 2:30: Charles Wilson conducting a Sibelius-Beethoven program, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 31.)

Newport Folk Festival—Wednesday, July 16, at 8: A concert of traditional music and dance. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 17, at 2: Hootenanny. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 17, at 8: Johnny Cash with June Carter, Doug Kershaw, Carl Perkins, and the Tennessee Three; Len Chandler; Spider John Koerner and Willie Murphy; Jenkins, Jarrell, and Cockerham String Band; Key West Junkanoo Band; Buffy Sainte-Marie; Billy Edd Wheeler; and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 8: "The Blues," with Sleepy John Estes and Yank Rachel, Jesse Fuller, Son House, Taj Mahal, Buddy Moss, Big Mama Thornton, and Muddy Waters Blues Band. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 8 (a special concert at Rogers High School): "Fiddle Around the World," with Theodore Bikel, Buzinos Belios, Tex Logan and Don Stover, Old Fiddlers Club of Rhode Island, Pennsylvania Tambouritza Orchestra, Riendeau Family, Mike Seeger, Bjorn Stabi and Ole Hjorth, and the Turkish Cabaret Orchestra. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8: B. C. Harmonizers, Rev. William Carroll, Cook County Singing Convention, Everly Brothers and Ike Everly, Arlo Guthrie, Rev. F. D. Kirkpatrick, Joni Mitchell, New Lost City Ramblers, the Staple Singers, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8 (another special concert at Rogers High School): "The Bluegrass Story," with Bill Monroe and the Bluegrass Boys; Carlton Haney; Tex Logan and Don Stover; Don Reno, Bill Harrell, and the Bluegrass Cutups; Jean Ritchie; Mac Wiseman; and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 11: A free concert of gospel music. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 2: "Young Performers," with John Allen Cameron, Charlie Chin, Van Morrison, the Pentangle, Frank Proffitt, Jr., James Taylor, Jerry Jeff Walker, and Steve Young. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 8: Ramblin' Jack Elliott, John Hartford, Jean-Bosco Mwenda, Pete Seeger and the Hudson Sloop Group, "The Leadbelly Legacy" with Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, and others. (Festival Field.)

Waterloo Village Music Festival—Howard Mitchell conducting the National Symphony of Washington, with Van Cliburn, piano. The third in a series of six concerts. (Stanhope, N. J. Saturday, July 19, at 8:30.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Tentative schedule of final performances by the New York City Ballet—Wednesday, July 16, at 8:30: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 17, at 8:30: "Firebird," "La Source," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 8:30: "Jeux," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Fantasies," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8:30: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 3:30: "Firebird," "La Source," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . [**NOTE:** A special concert will be given by Buffy Sainte-Marie and the New York Rock and Roll Ensemble on Monday, July 21, at 8:30.] . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 22, at 8:30: "Stars and Stripes," "Agon," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 23, at 8:30: "Trois Valses Romantiques," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Prodigal Son," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 24, at 8:30: "Serenade," "Swan Lake," "Pas de Deux," and "Ballet Imperial." . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 8:30: "Stars and Stripes," "Agon," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Saturday, July

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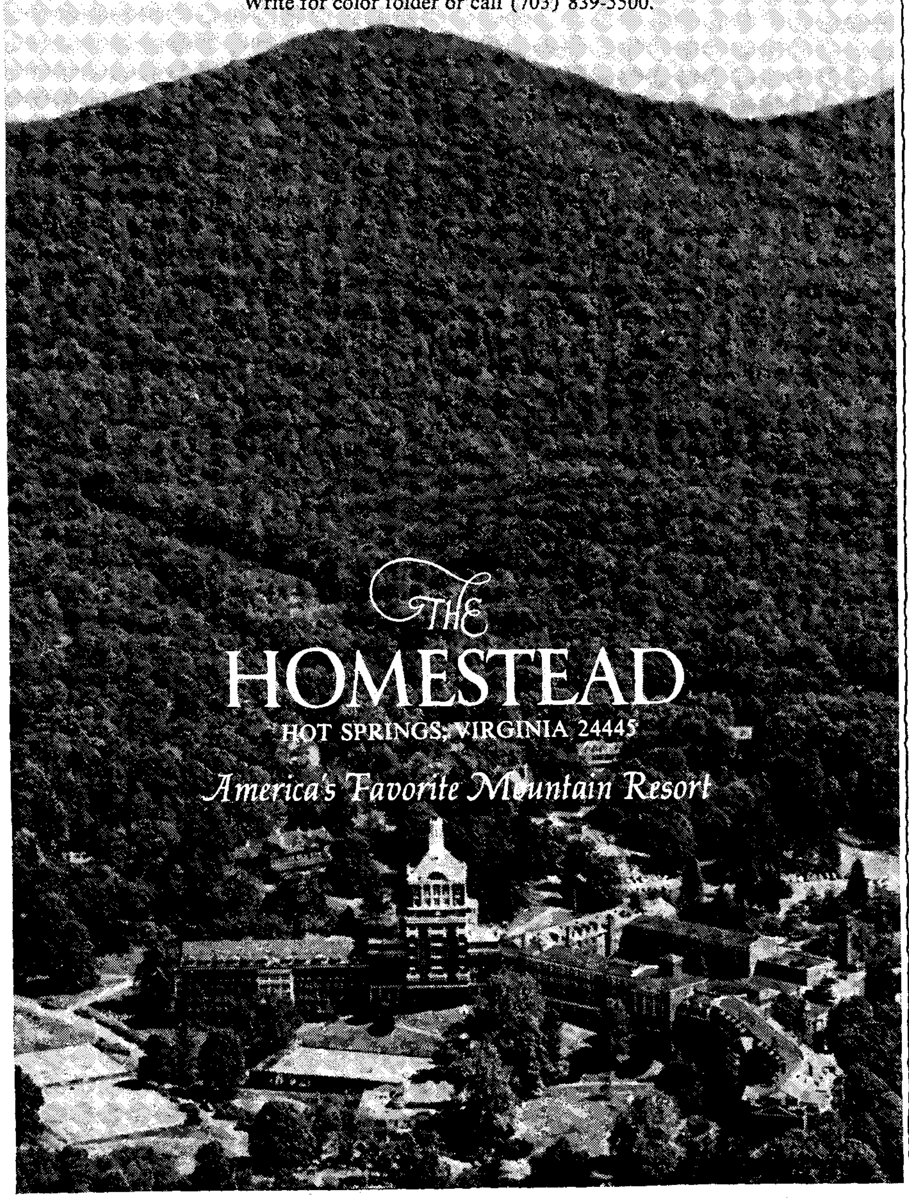

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

26, at 8:30: "Trois Valses Romantiques," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Prodigal Son," and "La Valse."... ¶ Sunday, July 27, at 3:30: "Serenade," "Swan Lake," "Pas de Deux," and "Ballet Imperial." (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Aug. 24. For information about tickets, call 759-2734, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 19: Ruth Mata and Eugene Hari and Norman Walker and his company.... ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 22-26: Maria Alba's Spanish Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

Connecticut College American Dance Festival—Opening performances of the season—Saturday, July 19, at 7: Twyla Tharp and dancers, outdoors, on the college campus.... ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8:30: Yvonne Rainer and group, in the Crozier-Williams Center.... ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8:30: Paul Taylor Dance Company, in Palmer Auditorium. (New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Wednesday and Thursday, July 16-17, at 8.... ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, July 18, at 8; Saturday, July 19, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); and Sunday, July 20, at 2.... SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Cincinnati, Thursday and Friday, July 24-25, at 8:05, and Saturday, July 26, at 4:05.

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 26. The Great American, Wednesday, July 16, and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 19.... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, Aug. 7. The New Jersey Futurity, Wednesday, July 16; the Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 19; and the Sorority, Saturday, July 26. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, July 24.... ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8, from Friday, July 25, through Friday, Oct. 17. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday, July 19, through Saturday, July 26.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Seven programs in a series of films directed by Robert Rossen: July 17 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Johnny O'Clock" (1947); July 18 at 2 and 5:30, "Body and Soul" (1947); July 19 at 3 and 5:30, "All the King's Men" (1949); July 20 at 2 and 5:30, "The Brave Bulls" (1951); July 21 at 2 and 5:30, "Alexander the Great" (1956); July 22 at 2 and 5:30, "They Came to Cordura" (1959); July 24 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Mambo" (1955).... ¶ July 16 at 2 and 5:30: "Raven's End" (1964), in Swedish, directed by Bo Widerberg.... ¶ July 19 at 11:30: "The Young and the Passionate" (1953), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini.... ¶ July 23 at 2 and 5:30: "King Kong" (1932), with Fay Wray. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

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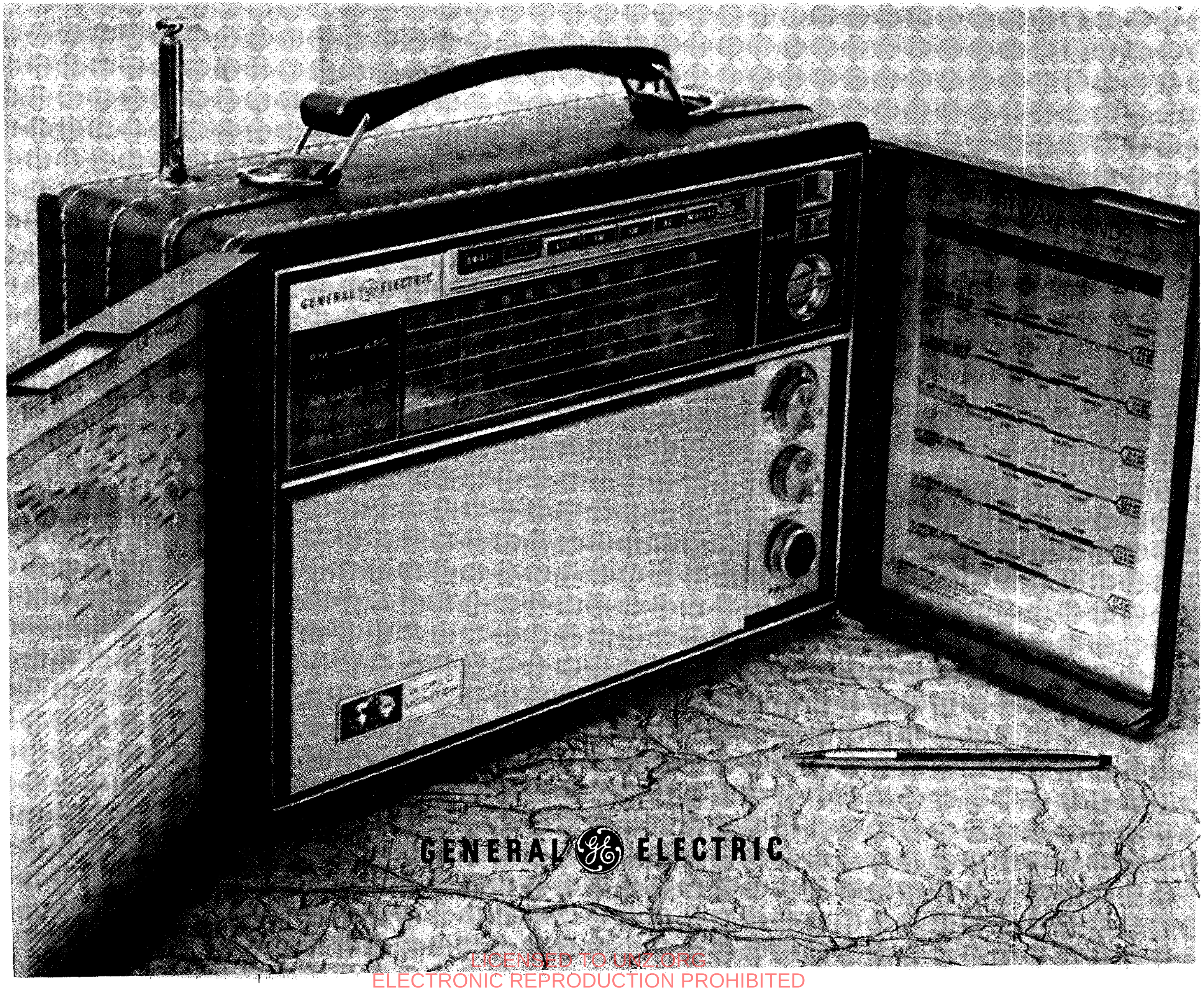


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24		

Aparajito (1957)—A sequel to the Indian film "Pather Panchali," accompanying the family through further trials and misadventures. Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 21.)

L'Avventura (1961)—A film that records a joyless affair between a young man and a young woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni. In Italian. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 18-21.)

The Balcony (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 16.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; July 16.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting July 24.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. In German. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 17-23.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 19.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—François Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; July 17-23.)

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 20.)

The Crime of Monsieur Lange (1935)—Directed by Jean Renoir. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 22.)

Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne (1945)—Directed by Robert Bresson. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 22.)

Don Quixote (1957)—The Knight of the Woeful Figure here is a Russian, Nikolai Cherkassov, in this Soviet version of Cervantes' classic. Directed by Grigory Kozintsev. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 24.)

Easy Rider—Dennis Hopper's important first piece of direction, made with a moving, simply stated film. Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper play two motorcycle riders, journeying east across America from an easy calm into the eye of the country's storm. Jack Nicholson gives a wonderful performance as a humorous Southern liberal who has a surreal vision of Venusians when he gives up Scotch for joints. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

W. C. Fields Shorts (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Finian's Rainbow—This pastiche isn't totally bad, and, granted the material and the overly familiar score, that's something of a triumph. Petula Clark and Al Freeman, Jr., are some of its redeeming features. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 22.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly in a film about the effect of war and death on two small children. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting July 24.)

Funny Girl—The triumphant début of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Goodbye, Columbus—Philip Roth on the theme of a bright young Jewish boy who is caught in the middle of a Jewish joke and not laughing about it, although the film itself is funny, because Richard Benjamin, as the hero, seems exceptionally alert to the familiar gambits with guilt-giving. Directed by Larry Peerce. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Go West (1941)—The Marx Brothers again, this time interpreting life on the wild plains. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting July 24.)

The Graduate (1967)—Life is full of perils for the pure, as Dustin Hoffman finds. Among the perils is Anne Bancroft, and among the rewards is Katharine Ross. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th, 688-1717.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. Directed by Jean Renoir. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting July 24.)

If . . .—A suffocating English school as a reflection of class society, in an attempted epic on violence and revolution. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 22.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas! (1968)—Peter Sellers as a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie. With Joyce Van Patten. Directed by Hy Averback. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 22.)

The Knack (1965)—A comedy of sex in London, with Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 16.)

The Lion in Winter—James Goldman's entertaining Broadway melodrama about the Plantagenets has been brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order. Peter O'Toole is in good, noisy form, but Katharine Hepburn is a bit much. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Loves of Isadora—Karel Reisz's finely intelligent study of the character of Isadora Duncan, wonderfully acted and danced by Vanessa Redgrave. Some hamfist in the movie industry not only added "The Loves of" to the original title but also lopped off nearly an hour of the film's running length. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

M (1932)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. Directed by Fritz Lang. In German. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through July 17.)

Midnight Cowboy—Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman look good as the ersatz cowboy and his seedy pal Ratso in John Schlesinger's garish interpretation of the book by James Leo Herlihy. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

The Moment of Truth (1965)—A picture about a Spanish matador by the Italian director Francesco Rosi. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 18.)

Monterey Pop—*Cinéma vérité* about a pop music festival two summers ago in California, photographed by Donn Pennebaker with a team of associated cameramen and a revolutionary way of recording sound. Showing with a grimly funny short by Richard Leacock about police chiefs on holiday conferring in Hawaii. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

The Music Room (1963)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 21.)

My Life to Live (1963)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 19.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's—A parody tribute to burlesque, with a minimum of plot and a maximum of evocative stage routines. The stars are a collection of aging, slightly overweight, bump-and-grind dancers whose numbers have been choreographed and photographed with fine satiric skill. This isn't so much a backstage musical as an onstage musical. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman (memorably, elegantly comic), and Britt Ekland, with her warm, big smile that is a happy substitute for acting. Directed by William Friedkin. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 23.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Somerset Maugham's classic. Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 17-23.)

Oliver!—Carol Reed and his crew demonstrate that a big expensive movie musical can be beautifully made—if you know how. With Ron Moody as Fagin. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Persona (1967)—A study of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 16.)

Petulia (1968)—Directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott as swinging moderns pretending to feel no pain at all. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 22.)

Popi—Alan Arkin, a splendid actor, as a Puerto Rican father teaching his young sons how to pass as orphans and Cuban refugees. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version, with added musical sound track. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 18-21.)

Red Desert (1965)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 16.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap and comes up with a teen-age tragedy that seems to be more Italian opera than English poetry. Unfortunately, there are no arias. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

The Sea Gull—Chekhov's play comes to the screen in a misguided version that is inadvertently funny instead of delicately comic. But Vanessa Redgrave is magnificent, and there are good pieces in the performances of James Mason, David Warner, Denholm Elliott, Kathleen Widdoes, Eileen Herlie, and Harry Andrews. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 22.)

The Silence (1964)—A chapter in Ingmar Bergman's survey of the human condition. With Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 22-23.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1957)—Directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ulla Jacobsson and Eva Dahlbeck. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 22-23.)

Stolen Kisses—A modern comedy-romance in an improvised style, by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; July 17-23.)

La Strada (1956)—The fortunes of a professional strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). Directed by Federico Fellini. In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (1927)—About the October Revolution (Russian). Eisenstein (also Russian) directed it. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting July 24.)

To Die in Madrid (1965)—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. With an English narration. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 18.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Warrendale (1967)—A progressive home for mentally disturbed children in Canada, observed and recorded by Allan King. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; through July 22.)

The Wild Bunch—The West in 1913, on the border between Texas and Mexico. Sam Peckinpah has directed a cast including Robert Ryan and William Holden. The film is very good, with Brecht's bitter realism about lone gunslingers who are unwittingly the victims of capitalistic politics. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Alexander" (in French), Philippe Noiret.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 22: **WARRENDALE**; and "Titicut Follies" (1967), a documentary film made at a state prison for the criminally insane.
From July 23: "Salesman," a documentary film.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through July 22: **IF . . .**; and "Inadmissible Evidence" (1968), Nicol Williamson.
From July 23: "Succubus" (in German); and "Live for Life" (1967; in French), Yves Montand, Candice Bergen.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 22: **IF . . .**; and **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**
From July 23: "What Ever Happened to Aunt Alice?," Geraldine Page, Ruth Gordon.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
MONTEREY POP.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Carol White, Paul Burke.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
POPI.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE LOVES OF ISADORA.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE WILD BUNCH.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Me, Natalie," Patty Duke, James Farentino.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"3 Into 2 Won't Go," Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Secret World," Jacqueline Bisset.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Carol White, Paul Burke.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24		

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Putney Swope," a Robert Downey film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
EASY RIDER.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Ring of Bright Water," Bill Travers, Virginia McKenna.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Marry Me! Marry Me!" (in French), Claude Berri.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Libertine" (in Italian), Catherine Spaak, Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 22: "How to Commit Marriage," Bob Hope, Jackie Gleason.
From July 23: "Castle Keep," Burt Lancaster, Patrick O'Neal.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Chairman," Gregory Peck, Anne Heywood.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
POPI.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
July 16: **BELLE DE JOUR** (in French); and "The Bliss of Mrs. Blossom," Shirley MacLaine, Richard Attenborough.
July 17-23: **STOLEN KISSES** and **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (both in French).
From July 24: **THE BIG STORE**; and **GO WEST.**

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 22: **THE SEA GULL**; and **PETULIA.**
From July 23: "Joanna" (1968), Genevieve Waite; and "Two for the Road" (1967), Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The April Fools," Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA STRADA (in Italian).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through July 17: **M** (in German); and "Death of a Cyclist" (1955; in Spanish).
July 18-21: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian); and **POTEMKIN** (silent).
July 22-23: **SMILES OF A SUMMER NIGHT** and **THE SILENCE** (both in Swedish).
From July 24: **GRAND ILLUSION** and **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (both in French).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through July 22: "How to Commit Marriage," Bob Hope, Jackie Gleason.
From July 23: "What Ever Happened to Aunt Alice?," Geraldine Page, Ruth Gordon.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State I, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Krakatoa, East of Java," Maximilian Schell, Diane Baker.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"True Grit," John Wayne, Glen Campbell.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Devil by the Tail" (in French), Yves Montand, Maria Schell.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"That Cold Day in the Park," Sandy Dennis.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
W. C. FIELDS SHORTS; and "The Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy" (1967), a film made up of excerpts from their old movies.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
"The April Fools," Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve.

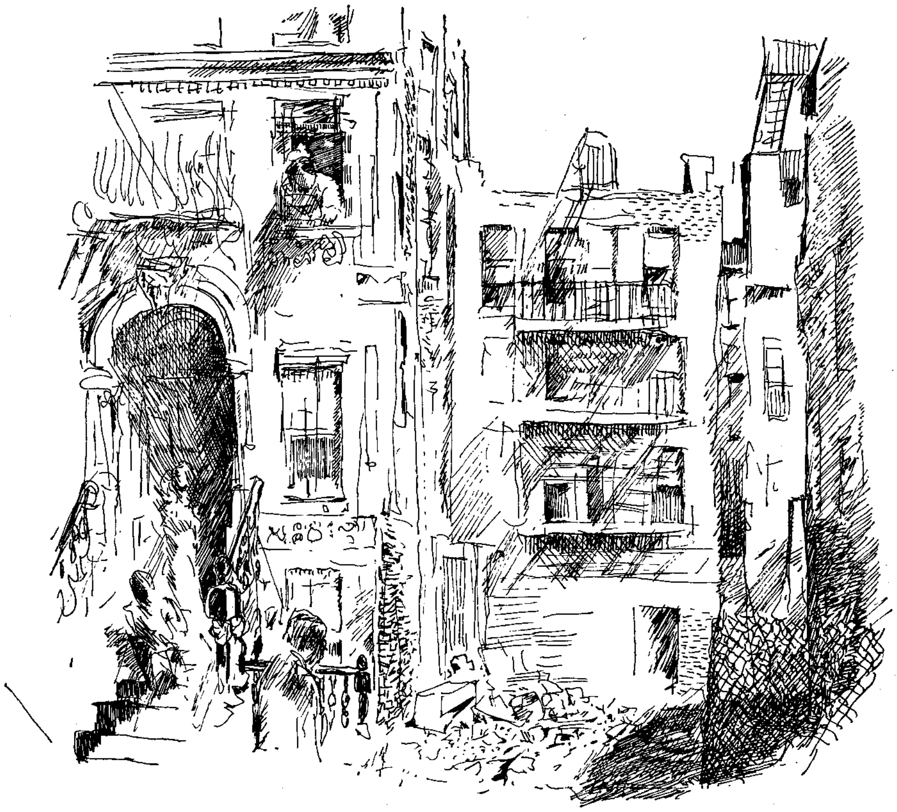
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Libertine" (in Italian), Catherine Spaak, Jean-Louis Trintignant.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
July 16: **RED DESERT** (in Italian); and **PERSONA** (in Swedish).
July 17-23: **OF HUMAN BONDAGE**; and **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German).
From July 24: **TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD** (silent).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 22: **FINIAN'S RAINBOW.**
From July 23: **THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S**; and "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 16: **THE KNACK**; and **THE BALCONY.**
July 17: "Things to Come" (1936), Raymond Massey; and "The Man Who Could Work Miracles" (1937), Roland Young.
July 18: **TO DIE IN MADRID**; and **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH** (in Italian).
July 19: **BREATHLESS** and **MY LIFE TO LIVE** (both in French).
July 20: **CAMILLE**; and "Anna Karenina" (1935), Greta Garbo, Fredric March.
July 21: **APARAJITO** and **THE MUSIC ROOM** (both in Bengali).
July 22: **THE CRIME OF MONSIEUR LANGE** and **LES DAMES DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE** (both in French).
July 23: A program of nine short films on the dance—"Graduation Ball," "Death and the Maiden," "Afternoon of a Faun," and others.
July 24: **DON QUIXOTE** (in Russian); and "And Quiet Flows the Don" (1960; in Russian).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
ROMEO AND JULIET.



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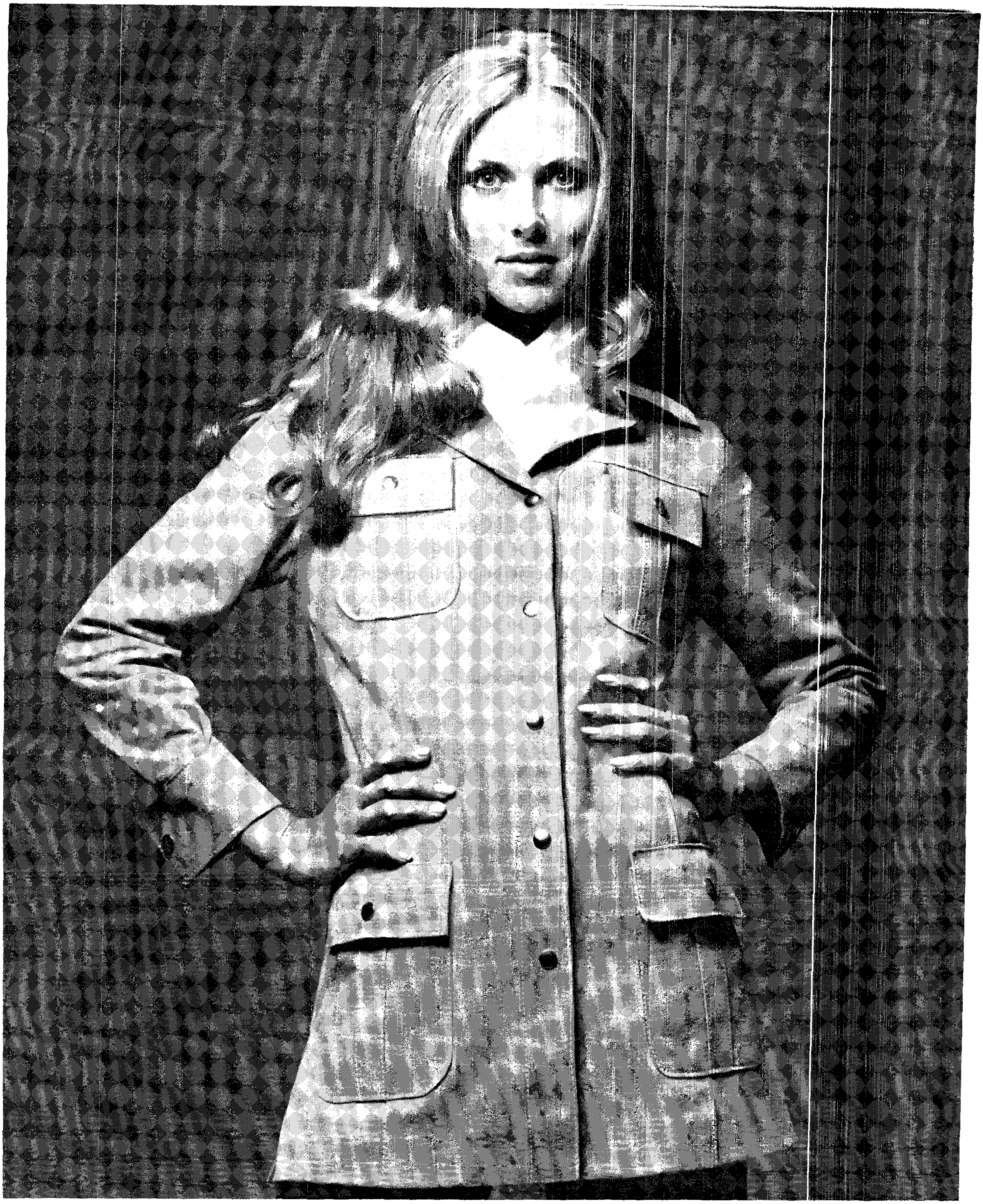

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PRESIDENT NIXON, we've noticed, has dropped his middle name from his official signature. He's now simply Richard Nixon rather than either Richard M. Nixon or Richard Milhous Nixon, and somehow we're not at all happy about this. Of course, as the President himself has almost certainly calculated, by signing only his first and last names to Presidential documents he gains 47.8 seconds per day of extra time in which to examine his options, but it's exactly this sort of efficiency on the part of the President that we have our doubts about. And we miss Milhous, which seemed to us to lend character and humanity to a name that might otherwise have been the creation of a Univac.

The President, we've frequently thought since he took office last January, is a man of conflicting personalities. On the one hand, he is the passionless executive, furrow-browed and without humor, ingesting data and feeding out decisions. This, we've felt, is the Richard Nixon side of his nature. And, on the other hand, he is the somewhat bumbling American father of a pair of daughters who want him to take up surfing, the cheerfully uxorious husband, and the sentimentalist who harks fondly back to his boyhood days in a bygone America and that faraway train whistle in the night—a man who appears to have a fairly good perspective on his own weaknesses and limitations. Milhous. Admittedly, one could argue that we're reading a great deal into something of enormous inconsequence, but if in dropping Milhous from his name the President is in any way trying to suppress this second, and more human, side of his nature, we suggest that he's on the wrong track. Indeed, it seems to us that, rather than an automaton-like ability to find exact answers to inexact questions, what a President of the United States needs most these days is sensitivity, compassion, tolerance, and a strong sense of his own fallibility. In short: Come back, Milhous—we need you.

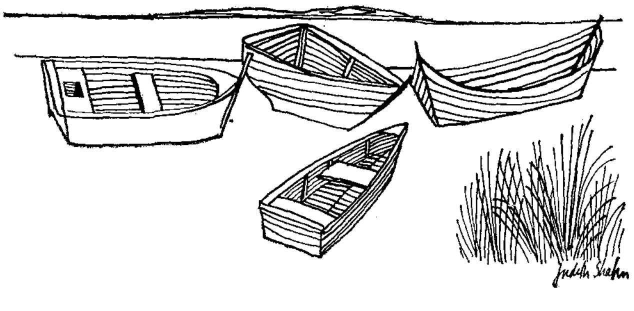
Opportunities

ONE recent Friday morning, we dropped by the Summit Hotel for a talk with Richard Clarke, a Negro employment consultant whose services are based on the logical but frequently disputed premise that black job-seekers are looking for the same things in their work that white job-seekers are. Over the past twelve years, Mr. Clarke has helped more than ten thousand college-educated blacks find jobs in industry, partly through the Hallmark Employment Agency, which he owns, and partly through an employment market called the Job Opportunities Center, which his consulting firm, Richard Clarke Associates, conducts annually in New York, Chicago, Washington, and Atlanta. When we arrived that morning, the 1969 New York Center was just beginning, in an assembly room on the hotel's mezzanine, where some eleven hundred job applicants were expected to register for interviews with representatives of sixty-three corporations that had set up temporary offices throughout the hotel. Fifty or sixty well-dressed young men and women were walking about the room or talking in small groups while about twenty-five girls sat at long tables helping job applicants arrange for interviews. Near the entrance, an attractive young woman in a blue-and-white dress was saying to a mustached young man, "Well, somehow I managed to get hung up in municipal government—child welfare."

"What sort of thing are you looking for?" he asked.

She laughed, and said, "Oh, anything administrative—but not governmental."

At a table where several girls sat answering telephones, we spoke with a receptionist, who told us that Mr. Clarke was at work in a suite on the twentieth floor. We found him there a few minutes later—a tall, genial-looking man in his early forties with a roundish face, standing in the midst of a group of people who were setting up lights, a movie camera, and television equipment. He gave some instructions to a girl who wore her hair in a high Afro hairdo, and then greeted us and said, "As you can see, we're getting ready for a press conference and a TV interview, and it's chaos, so let's go next door." We followed him into an adjoining room. "I go through this four times a year," he said, waving us to an armchair. "We held the first of these Centers in 1964, here in New York, and each one has been bigger than the one before. The Center lasts two days, and we expect about four hundred of the eleven hundred applicants at this one to find jobs. Roughly twenty-five per cent of the applicants are recent college graduates, and the rest have been working in industry for some time." He explained that this year's job applicants, who came from New York and four surrounding states, had attended a hundred and forty-four colleges and universities, including Rutgers,

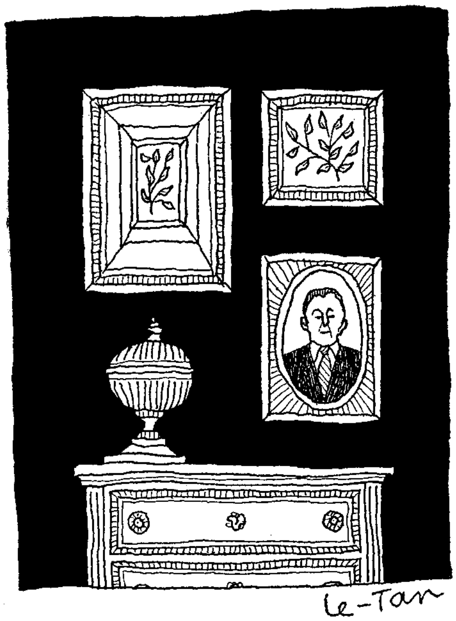


Fairleigh Dickinson, Spelman, Harvard, Columbia, Shaw, U.C.L.A., Chicago, Penn State, Morgan State, C. W. Post, Syracuse, Yeshiva, Colgate, Moravian, Cornell, Dartmouth, Pratt Institute, Ohio State, Fisk, Tuskegee Institute, Fordham, Pace, and Wellesley; that all the applicants had sent résumés to Richard Clarke Associates some time back; and that the company representatives had had a chance to see the résumés—identified merely by numbers—and to decide which applicants they wanted to see. The applicants had paid only their transportation costs, and each corporation had paid the Clarke organization two thousand dollars to participate.

"The advantages to industry are obvious," Mr. Clarke said. "A company will send recruiters down to Howard or Tennessee A. & I. to interview maybe five engineering graduates, none of whom they know anything about, whereas here they have a chance to interview forty engineering graduates, *all* of whom they know something about. From the employees' point of view, what we're concentrating on is vertical movement. For various reasons, including pressure from the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission—and I wish it were pushing much harder than it is—black college graduates are being hired by corporations. But they're having trouble climbing up the greasy pole of advancement. In many cases, they are simply not being allowed to move beyond a certain point—a certain invisible ceiling. Of course it's unfair, but it's also very dangerous, because, for the first time, Negroes are taking what I call 'risk educations.' They're coming out of college with their degrees in marketing or business administration or the sciences, and those degrees have *got* to lead somewhere or a tremendous disillusionment is going to set in." Clarke stretched his legs, and said, "In the black community, you know, we refer to 'the sacred six'—the only professions that used to be open to Negroes: teaching, preaching, healing, sociology, civil service, and welfare. Well, now blacks are branching out into other fields, and we need people who can come back to the community and say, 'Hey, it's all right out there.' I'm especially worried about the kids. Most of our old folk heroes have become outdated or irrelevant, and I'm worried about what will happen if the class of 1970 can't look at business and see blacks who are making it there. And if the company recruiters come back to the campuses next year and the kids recognize them as the same black recruiters who talked to them when they were freshmen, they're going to say, 'Man, why aren't *you* making it? If your company is so good, why haven't *you* moved up the ladder?' "

Mr. Clarke smiled, and went on, "You know, whites still too often think of Negroes as a bloc. We're *individuals*. Oh, yes, we are of necessity bilingual—we all speak ghetto Swahili—but that doesn't mean we are all interpreters of the latest black-nationalist leader. Believe me, we want to lead our own lives and pursue our own careers and get the good things out of society, just like anyone else. And our young graduates are looking for cerebral satisfactions in their work, too. Black Capitalism? Let me tell you something: One dashiki does not a militant make, and one black-owned candy store does not Black Capitalism make. Give me a brokerage house or a bank—that's Black Capitalism."

We asked Mr. Clarke how he got started in this kind of work, and for a moment he looked at us thoughtfully. Then he stood up and began to pace the floor. "I came out of City College with a degree in business administration in 1955," he said. "I started looking for a job, and one morning I went into an employment agency with an ad from the *Times* in my hand. Three other fellows were there to see about that job, too—three white fellows. When the girl saw what job I had come for, she said, 'Oh, that job's been filled.' " He pushed his hands into his pockets and said, "I believed it. I *believed* it. I was so naïve! I started to leave, and the three white guys started to leave, too, and as I passed through the door I heard her saying, 'Oh, come back. I didn't mean you three. I just meant *him*.' The next day, I got to rapping with some friends about it, and we said, 'Why not an employment agency for Negroes?' There wasn't such a thing in those days. A couple of years later, I opened my own agency. Now it's the largest in its field."



We stood up, and Mr. Clarke started toward the door, saying, "I'd better get out there for that press conference." Then he stopped, and added, "But just to show you how far we've come, I'll tell you that the first man I placed in a job, back in 1957, was the top man in his class at City College. He was hired as a bookkeeper, at eighty-five dollars a week. This morning, one of our applicants told me he had been offered a job at thirty-five thousand a year. And I just talked with a girl downstairs whose first interview produced an offer from Grumman Aircraft. She was all excited, but I told her, 'Don't take it, Baby. Don't take it yet. Go to your five other interviews. See what the others have to offer.' " As he opened the door, he said, "This is the first time blacks have been in a position to pick and choose in this country, and we should savor it."

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A SUBURBAN correspondent informs us that the Chef's Special at a recent cookout held by a troop of Boy Scouts in Scarsdale was frozen crabmeat and rice with cheese sauce.

◆

DIALOGUE overheard at a preconcert picnic at Tanglewood, between a middle-aged woman and a middle-aged man:

"Ah, I know where we met. At Elaine's. You are a cousin of Elaine."

"No, I am not a cousin of Elaine. Just good friends."

"Not a cousin? I thought you were a cousin of Elaine."

"No, not a cousin."

"And how is Elaine?"

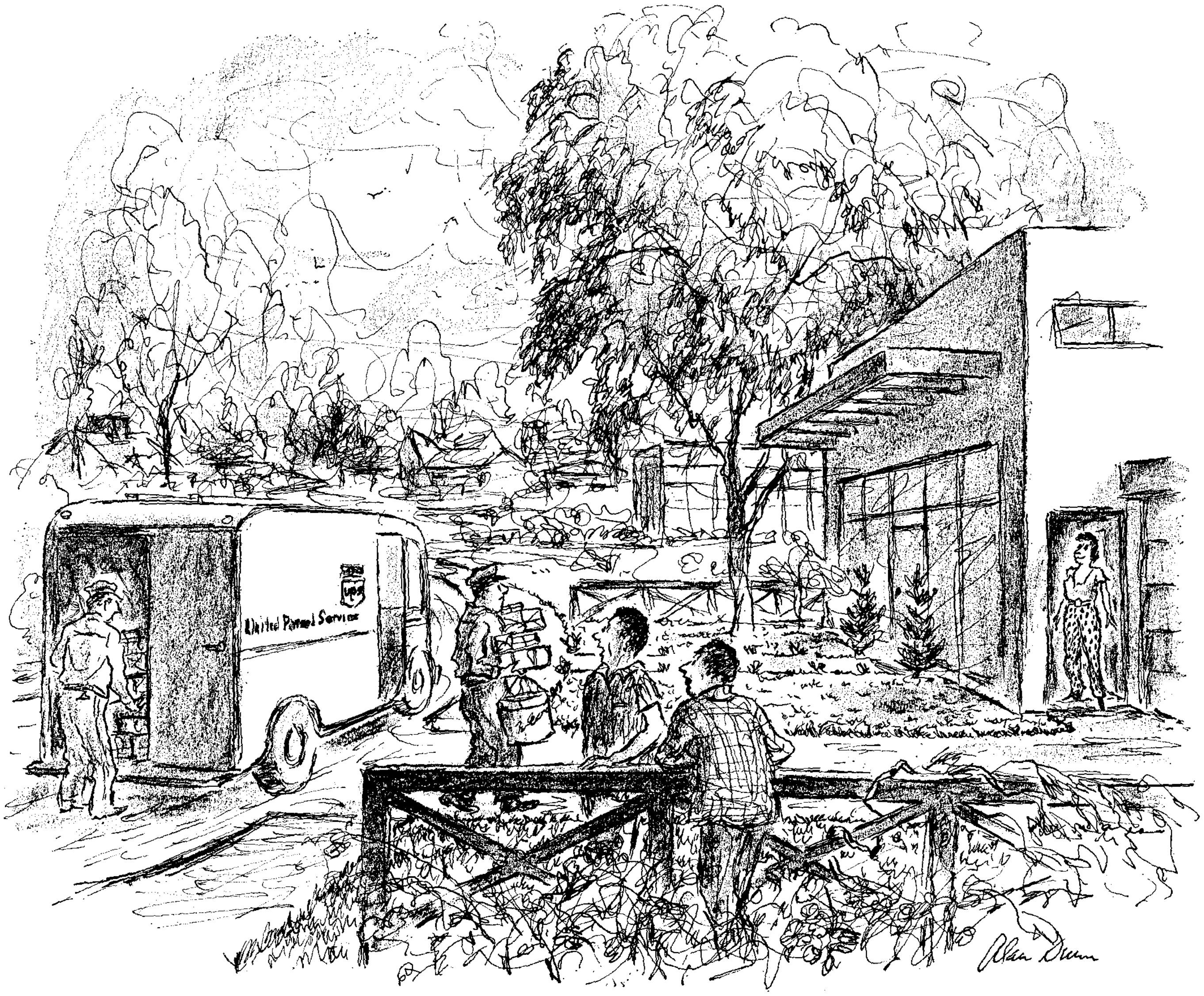
"I haven't seen Elaine for some time."

"Oh. Is she still alive?"

"I really don't know."

Long-Winded Lady

WE'VE heard again from the long-winded lady, who writes: "We had a visitor from California on the Fifth Avenue bus going downtown tonight—a very young man who was seeing New York for the first time. He joined a group of us who



"They'll never succeed in cooling the economy while Phyllis is around."

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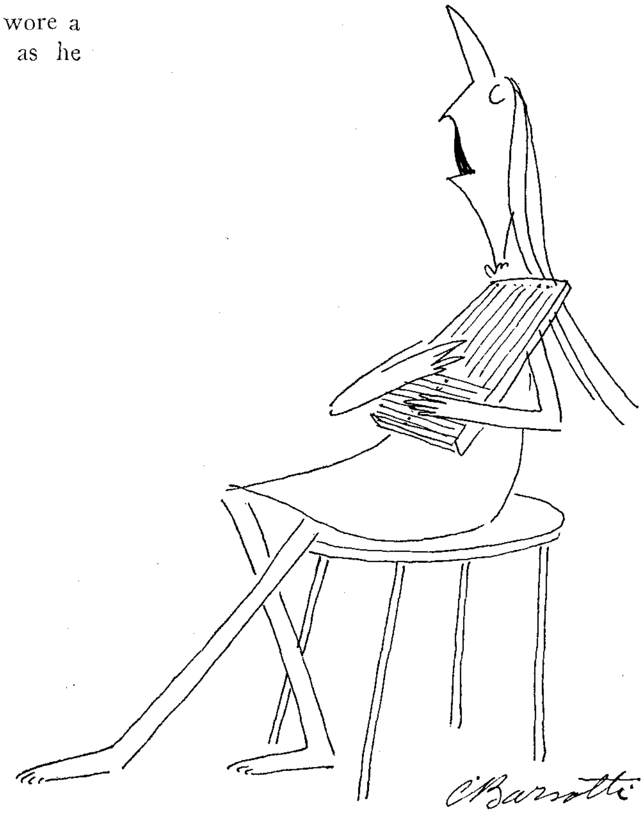
were waiting for the bus outside the glass bank at Forty-third Street and Fifth Avenue, and he arrived very suddenly, in haste, embracing a flowing plastic bag that had clothes on wire hangers inside it. He was also carrying a slim black case—a distinguished-looking case made of some rough leather—and a bunch of flowers in a green paper cone. He wasn't out of breath or flurried, and he didn't seem ill-at-ease, but he looked quickly at each of us, as though he were wondering whether he had *got away with it*. It was exactly as though he had been planning to hurry up like that and stand with us, pretending he was one of us, or hoping he was one of us. It was as though he had been hiding around a corner, or in a parked car, or even under the street, in a manhole, waiting for the one and only moment that would be right for his arrival among us. There was nothing furtive about him, but he walked up in an unusual way, very lightly and quickly, and then stood for a few seconds looking around at us all. There were about ten of us there, waiting for the bus, but for those few seconds we might all have been standing in the middle of a desert, having been brought together for a reason that was a secret to us. When nothing happened, and nothing was said, the young man began organizing himself—settling in. He stepped to the nearest tree and hung his clothes on its lowest branch, about five and a half feet from the ground. It was gray and windy there on the corner of Forty-third and Fifth. It was about seven o'clock—the tired end of a long day—and nothing was happening at that busy intersection except that people were hurrying home. Sticking out of the top of the young man's plastic bag as it hung on the tree were two wire hangers. One had a short white raincoat on it and the other a suit of light-colored clothes, and the flimsy transparent envelope that enclosed them was much too long, and fluttered piteously as it was blown against the tree by the wind. With his clothes out of the way, the young man was able to get his hands sorted out. He was carrying the slim black case, which was just an inch or so longer than an attaché case, in his left hand, and at this point he transferred the flowers to his left hand as well and stood very straight, waiting, as though the first part of his plan had been carried out and the next part might now begin. The flowers were deep in their cone of green paper. I could not even see what kind of flowers they were. The young man was tall and slender, with brown hair and very pale, clear skin. He might have been nineteen, maybe twenty-one. He looked English, but I felt perfectly sure that when he spoke he would speak in German—perhaps in Russian, but more likely in German. He did not look as though English were his language. He wore a navy-blue suit with a snowy-white shirt that had a button-down collar, and his tie, which was navy blue, was very long and hung straight down, without a pin or anything to hold it. His general appearance was astonishingly conventional, and his hair was so well cut and brushed that it looked old-fashioned on such a young man. *He* didn't look old-fashioned. He was a twentieth-century young man of no special vogue or group, and his bearing suggested that there had been a few exactly like him in every generation since the world began. He was a literary and historical figure of a young man, an eternal or ideal type, an apprentice hero, eligible in society, promising at the office, and doomed in wartime. His particular wars would have been the First World War and the Crusades. Among authors, Jane Austen knew him well, although he belongs more to Galsworthy than to her, and James Montgomery Flagg drew his likeness over and over and over again, most often in summertime settings: tennis, croquet, punting on the river, picnics on the lawn, bicycles with two sizes of wheels—one for show, one for balance. In the distant past he was much closer to St. George than to Galahad, and he was definitely related to Rupert Brooke, Thomas Chatterton, and the innocent ones among the troubadours. I cannot remember him in Shakespeare, except perhaps as Rosalind, but Rosalind was arch and self-conscious, and this young man wore a very plain, solemn expression as he waited with the rest of us for the bus that would take us all downtown. The Fifth Avenue buses now turn off at different points on the way down the Avenue, according to their different numbers, and it is all confusing where it used to be perfectly simple. Most of us were waiting for the No. 5. The No. 5 is the bus that in days past would have gone straight down the Avenue and under the Washington Square Arch and into Washington Square Park and back uptown on Fifth Avenue again. You could stay on that bus all day, riding up and down Fifth Avenue. Now the downtown No. 5 bus turns east on Eighth Street and disappears, because Manhattan has been proclaimed a one-way city and we have to do as we are told and go in herds, all in the same direction. The only way to get uptown on Fifth Avenue these days is on foot. It is the same with most of the other avenues—most of them are one-way uptown or one-way downtown—and it is disconcerting, because half of the city is lost to all of us. It is as though we were allowed to see people only from the front or only from the back. It is also as though the city were standing still. The avenues are no longer great thoroughfares or boulevards to be gazed at and known but channels through which we are bundled as efficiently as possible. Well, the No. 5 finally came along and most of us climbed into it. The young man was the last to board, and he stood waiting his turn with his case and his bunch of flowers in his left hand and his clothes, in their fluttering envelope, held aloft in his right hand. He clambered up into the bus, looking all bones, as though he were climbing a stepladder that was not balanced against anything. He put his clothes on the seat next to the door and he spoke to the driver. 'How much do I owe you?' he said. He spoke English naturally, and his voice, like his appearance, was unaccented except by its clarity. After paying his fare, he sat down in the second seat from the door, beside his clothes, which he propped up carefully to keep them from wrinkling. Then he set his case on the floor, behind his legs, and put the flowers down alongside the clothes. Before putting the flowers down, he turned the green paper cone up to his face and stared into it. When all his possessions were disposed of, he sat up straight and began staring across the bus and through the opposite window, and he turned his head and looked through the front window, which gave him the driver's long view of the Avenue ahead.

"Our bus was going as fast as it could down the middle of the island, and all that the young man could see were closed buildings and hurrying forms on the sidewalks, and he was afraid he was missing something. And he was anxious. He turned to a lady next to him and said that he wanted to go to Ninth Street. He said, 'I told the driver to let me off there. I hope he doesn't forget.' Before we reached Lord & Taylor, the lady and all the rest of us who were close by knew that the young man was from California, and that it was his first visit to New York. 'It is very nice here,' the lady said. 'It is a nice place.' She asked him no questions. She seemed not to want to talk to him, and her manner toward him was more one of patience than anything else. She was very tired. She was about sixty-five, and she wore her clothes as though she did not care what she wore or how she looked. There was a turban of dark gold bound around her gray hair, and she wore a brown suit, and black shoes and gloves. She had a huge, bulging handbag of black alligator, and she also carried a manila envelope that was too full of papers to be fastened, and two books—one a study of marriage and divorce in the United States, and the other a paperback detective story by John Dickson Carr. She had no interest in the young man or in anyone else. He spoke rapidly, in a pleasant voice, telling her that he was going to 21 East Ninth Street, and that New York was strange after the other cities he had seen. The bus became crowded, and although several people glanced at the seat that was occupied by his clothes, he made no gesture toward gathering the clothes and the flowers into his lap and did not seem to notice that there were almost no seats left vacant. He was unquestionably



"So Namath he tell the Commissioner, 'Mr. Commissioner, you doin' me wrong . . .'"

well brought up, and he must have been exceedingly valuable to the people who brought him up. He thought highly of himself, and although he was unassuming, he was not modest. Someone must have told him that all he had to do was be himself and things would go all right, and he was being himself—unassuming but not modest. He was very handsome except for his nose, which, like Marilyn Monroe's nose, was indefinite, and blurred almost to thickness. But Marilyn Monroe's nose made her beauty even more touching than it might have been if her face had been perfect, and the young man's nose saved his face from prettiness. His eyes were brown and wide open, and blankly attentive, like the eyes of some children when they are alone among the grownups and listening hard at some solemn occasion—a funeral or a wedding. When we came to Twenty-third Street, he said to the tired lady, 'What's that?'

" 'What's what?' she asked.

" 'I thought I saw a park,' he said.

" 'Oh, the park,' she said, but she could not remember the name of Madison Square Park, and, in her annoyance, she roused herself enough to look out and say, 'That's the Flatiron Building.'

" 'The what building?' he asked.

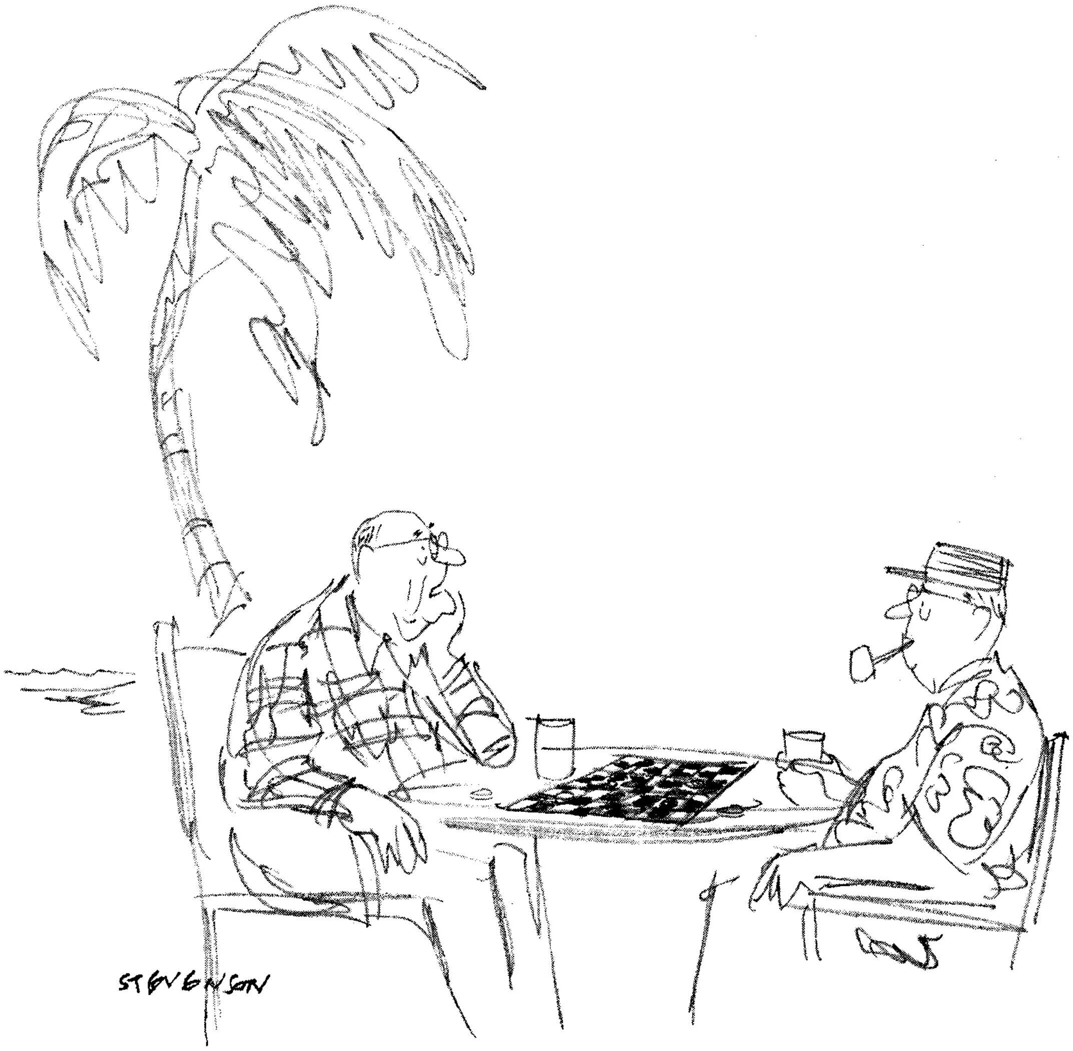
" 'The Flatiron Building, because it's shaped like a flatiron.'

" 'Like a flat what?' he asked.

" 'A flat *iron*,' she said. Then she said, 'Flat i-r-o-n. Flatiron, like a flatiron.'

" 'Oh, yes,' he said, and he stretched his neck to look at the red glass panel in the window of the cigar store on the ground floor of the Flatiron Building, which we were just passing. 'It's very odd,' he said politely.

"The tired lady did not tell him that at Twenty-third Street we began riding through one of Fifth Avenue's most dismal stretches—a perfectly plain and forthright commercial area, with nearly all the buildings dating from the last century, which becomes so bleak and lonely when working hours are over that it is hard to walk through there on a holiday or a Sunday. But Fourteenth Street is all shops and bright lights, and seems like the beginning of a friendlier country. The young man saw the change and started looking over his shoulder to see if he could read the street names. 'I don't want to miss my stop,' he said. And the tired lady broke down and gave him the information she had been trying to keep to herself. 'I get off at your stop,' she said. When he heard that, he settled back, but he kept his head turned to watch the Avenue approaching and vanishing as we rode along. He saw the Washington Square Arch ahead and remarked on it, and was not told that it does not make as fine a sight as it used to, since the high new buildings have risen up behind it south of the Square. The bus pulled up at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and the young man was the last to get off. He climbed down as he had climbed up, with his clothes aloft in his right hand and the flowers and the case clutched in his left hand. He stepped onto the sidewalk distrustfully, as though he feared it might be moving, and he looked down at his feet, and at his flowers. 'I hope I haven't forgotten anything,' he said. The tired lady was walking away from him, but she turned back when she heard his voice. 'Have you got your flowers?' she asked. She showed him the corner to wait on until the light changed, and said firmly, 'It will take you exactly two minutes to reach No. 21.' And without a goodbye she vanished, hurrying away on West Ninth Street into the shadows along the wall of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The last I saw of the young man, he was crossing Fifth Avenue under full sail, walking as lightly and as quickly as when he had joined the crowd of us outside the glass bank. There was nothing out-of-the-way about him. He was a Californian visiting New York for the first time, and what was foreign about him was that he was just what he seemed to be—not merely a stranger but the Perfect Stranger."



"I don't seem to have many golden memories."

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NINETY-NINE YEARS IS NOT FOREVER

> Eventually an actor, Rip Torn, and David McMullin, chairman of Leacock-Pennebaker, were hauled off to the clink and slapped with nearly a dozen charges (later reduced to four mild summonses). Throughout it all, Godard and Leacock had got a lot of great shots of the police belaboring people, and Pennebaker had got a lot of great shots of Godard and Leacock filming the police, and Leacock had even got some shots of Pennebaker filming Godard filming the police. Everybody was fairly ecstatic about the whole thing. . . .
>
> At one point Pennebaker spotted actor Rip Torn walking, apparently oblivious to cameras and anything else, through the woods with a claw hammer in his hand. His sixth sense quivered, so he shouldered his camera and set off in pursuit. For several minutes Pennebaker stalked Torn, shooting away. Suddenly they came upon Mailer, who was taking a break with his wife and children. "I knew all along that something was going to happen"—but what? Rip Torn hit Norman Mailer on the head with his hammer.
>
> There was a lot of blood. The two men struggled. Mailer yelled for help. His wife and children were screaming hysterically. Pennebaker, seeing it all through the lens of his camera, felt sick. . . . Others arrived to separate Mailer and Torn. No one could definitely decide whether the attack had been "real" or not, and Torn (whose ear Mailer had practically bitten off) wasn't telling. Pennebaker was left with some great footage and a small trauma.—*Avant-Garde.*

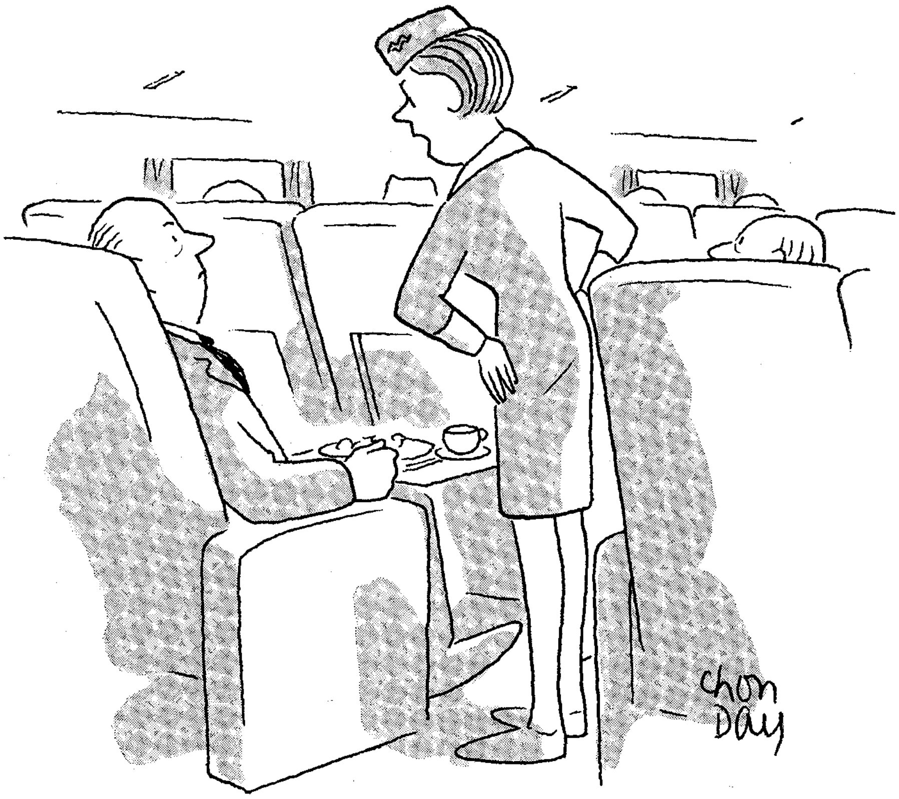
TELL you something, babes, film is the most exciting of all the arts. Nothing to compare with it. Name a film? Man, I don't *see* them. The last flick other than my own I saw was "Home in Indiana," with Lon McCallister and Walter Brennan. I *make* them. That's exciting. The name T. B. Dollermacher on the credits means *verismo* with a capital mo. And it's exciting for the actors, too, I'm here to say. One of my best actors is doing a stretch in the slammer in Georgia. Would you believe ninety-nine years? Man, those crackers are really heavy on a pot bust. Hated to lose that guy, too. Couldn't act for sour owls, but in my flicks that's an advantage. You see, if you want to look like real people you should come on real terrible, because real people are pretty grungy actors when you come right down to it. Like all those schlockmeisters on "Candid Camera."

Anyway, we were in this hincty little town in Georgia doing this flick about this rural pothead, called "Georgia High," which incidentally I did for fifteen thousand and a percentage of the grass. You liked that line, huh? The script calls for this head to bogart this joint on the steps of the local police station and then get busted. Well, you can't fake something like that, so my lead actor agreed to go down to the sheriff's station and actually do it. I says groovy, and we make it down there. I got this shoulder camera, loaded with Tri-X, plus a tape recorder which we use for sound synch. Hide a transmitter mike on your actor and you're in business. Who needs studios? Anyway, when we get there my nutball has forgotten his stash. Luckily, this other head with us has this little bitty roach in his pocket. So we make a Jefferson airplane out of it, so my actor won't burn his fingers. The way you do that is split a match and stick the roach in the split; this was coined by students at Mo. U. who went to Jefferson City to get high. Anyway, he sits down on the steps in front of the sheriff's place, lights up, and takes a few tokes. Pretty soon, out the door comes this great big porcine member of the heat, all belts and bullets and pistols and keys and flashlights and clubs and helmets. You know the look they have, like they've been squeezed into their uniforms with a sausage-stuffer. Taking his cue, my buddy bogarts the joint and it bounces right off the heat's size-13D black brogues.

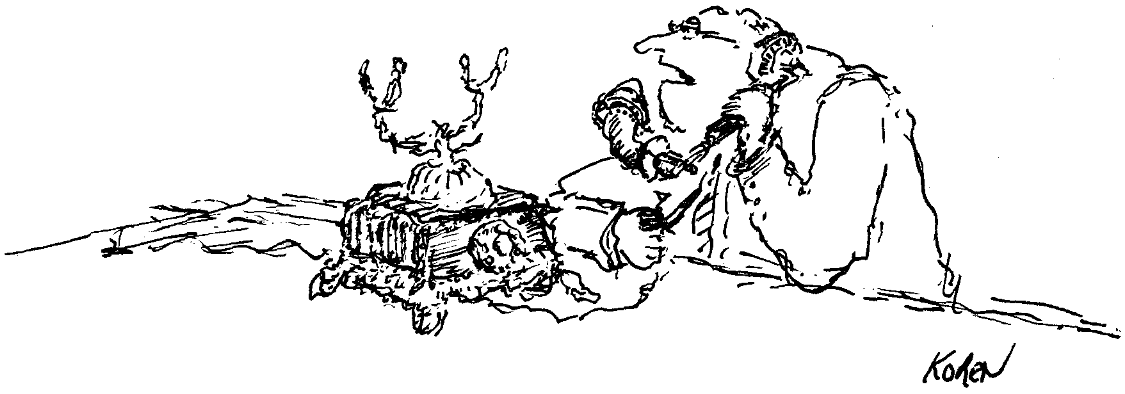
Well, The Man, being rural, figures this is just a Bull Durham roll-your-own. But then he spots this freaky-looking cat and decides to check him out. Anyway, a full bust ensues. Christ, it was beautiful. A big frisk. Hands on the neck, up against the wall. Handcuffs. The whole bit. The heat even read off the Miranda warning. Have you ever heard that done in cracker dialect? Wild! The sound level was perfect, too.

Of course it was a very bad scene, and I needed absolute zero cool to keep the camera going. After all, this was my best friend. I even followed them into the station and caught some great action shots where they worked him over and then cut off his Commie-Jew-degenerate-dope-fiend long hair. Great footage! If you saw the picture, you noticed how the camera shakes there a little bit. Judith Crist loved that tremble. She said it evoked "the essential unclarity of violence." Actually, I was just shook up seeing my buddy get it. But art transcends all, man. If I'd pulled my finger off that camera button, I wouldn't deserve the name of *auteur*. It was the chance of a lifetime. Beautiful!

I felt a bit remorseful about it later, of course. After all, it wasn't like the guy was a total stranger, where you can be really detached. On the other



"Well, if Southwestern gives you seconds on cauliflower au gratin, why don't you fly Southwestern?"



"I am calling from an antique phone, Operator, and I want Information, not Directory Assistance."

hand, ninety-nine years isn't forever. And Georgia doesn't have the worst prisons. They say Arkansas is raunchier. I even went up to visit him at the penitentiary. He's in solitary to keep him from corrupting the good prisoners. Got some great footage. Once you've seen a man *really* break down and cry, you know that when you saw the same thing in commercial flicks it was pure Du Pont.

I THINK the worst thing about this business is the way you keep losing actors and other people just when you've begun to get attached to them. It's like this stew in that airline ad. You've seen it? She says it's sad because you make such nice friends on every flight and then you never see them again. That really gets to me. Take Greg What-Was-His-Name. Anyway, it doesn't matter—he's in Vietnam now. We came up with this idea for this absolutely stone-great scene, where Greg would chew out his draft board with this real heavy language. I mean gut them, man. Leave them wasted. I'm right behind him, of course, schlepping the camera and the tape recorder. It was beautiful. That look of moral outrage that suffused the board members' faces when he told them they were a passel of menopausal, anal-sadistic coolie-burners was something that could never have been counterfeited. I still say he can appeal the whole thing—the courts say they had no right to do what they did—but he doesn't seem to answer my letters. I suppose when you're out patrolling the D.M.Z. the mail service isn't too hot.

Then there was my kid brother, Brad. The one with the bad complexion. He was a real up-front guy. First, he gets busted out of Everett Dirksen High School for setting fire to the drum majorettes' uniforms. It was the nearest he could come to an anti-R.O.T.C. demo, and I needed the shot for my "Diary of a Tenth-Grade Maoist." Then, just last spring, we were doing this film on bike freaks—you know, outlaw cyclists, on those choppers with the high-rise handlebars. Beelzebub's Bastards, they were called. I remember we were sitting around rapping one night, and Brad says, "You know, they say these studs will jump anybody en masse who fools with any cat in their club." I said, "Let's find out," and he was game. A real little Godard. So the next day he throws this glass of beer right in the face of this scuzzy broad who was sitting with a particularly rank member of the Bastards, name of Toad. By God, were we ever right! What a scene! They came at him like Siva the Destroyer—you know, all arms. As I was shooting, I remember thinking, Those bicycle chains must be hurting him, and yet I couldn't let myself *believe* it. Know what I mean? I figured he'd come out O.K., and he did, except that the mouth doesn't come together too good on one side. I told him that if I ever needed a guy with a crooked smile, I'd definitely pencil him in. I got some great shots of him in Bellevue when I gave him this good news, but the acoustics in that place are nowhere, man.

I tell you, babes, it's lonely out here in front. Of all the gardes, the avant is the saddest. Now, on top of everything else, I got this real career crisis. Or you might call it a *crise de nerfs*, the way they do in *Cahiers*. What it boils down to is, am I an artist, like Blake or Brecht or Pennebaker, or am I pure polyethylene? When I can't stand the heat, will I split the kitchen? You see, there's this scene in my new flick, as yet untitled, in which these two gorilla-size D.A.R. moms walk into the office of the leading practitioner of *cinéma vérité* (starting to get the point?), call him a Commie rat fink who is destroying the minds and morals of our youth, and then pull out these cans of Mace from their knitting bags. Even though their aim is a little wild, they get him pretty good around his gray, discerning eyes, and who knows if he'll ever be able to read a light meter again? His pupils get this strange look, like they've lost the ability to zoom. There's only one way to shoot that scene, isn't there? You couldn't fake something like that.

—F. P. TULLIUS

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DAYS OF GRACE

No longer numberless the Berkshire breakfasts
on a mountainside behind us we can see
only as if reflected by the counterpart
across the narrow Valley at our feet. Through its
very V a stream of snowy mist, any warm
summer morning, may as from a ballet bar come
sweeping — Les Sylphides — up the long slope of our sheep-
meadow: pose . . . advance . . . retreat . . . advance again . . .
to and fro, but never overstep their stage's
border of this knee-high, Shaker kitchen-garden wall.

At my shoulder, an indomitable ivy's
mountaineering has fingered, green-deep, all the nicks
and crevices of English bonded, pale-pink bricks
(circling only owl-eyed windows) almost to the eaves.
The high triangle under rooftree tells what time
have leaves of life and ivy to complete our climb.

—HAWLEY TRUAX

ROBERT

HE knew the land all right, every hill and hollow, but not what would be done with it—whether it would go for taxes, or whether some relation of the Joneses would appear from a distance and claim it. There were no kinfolks he had ever heard of in Mississippi, and he, Robert, was just a colored orphan they had taken in and gone to pains with, way and beyond what anybody else would have done, making him, now that he was spared to live after them, bound to see to everything and hold it together for whoever might, in the end, come. Off and on, his memory repeated what they had said to him so often: Robert, fasten up good at night now. Don't let the hawks and things get too many chickens. Robert, pray.

A little mother (he had always *thought* of her as little—as scared, her legs pumping) had brought him here to the Langdon Jones place when he was only a few days old, and left him in the night, without making her presence known. The story went that young Mr. Langdon's father's dogs barked, and that started them to looking for whatever it was that had caused the disturbance. Mrs. Jones insisted afterward they had to hunt for her—the idea, abandoning a baby in the cold of a January night—but nobody was much interested, as not a soul up or down the Creek even knew of anyone expecting a child. It was probably just one of the notorious Bogue City dance-hall girls, caught, and as soon as she could she sneaked up toward the King County line with it and left it at the first house she saw lights from—although she couldn't have picked any better people, as far as that went.

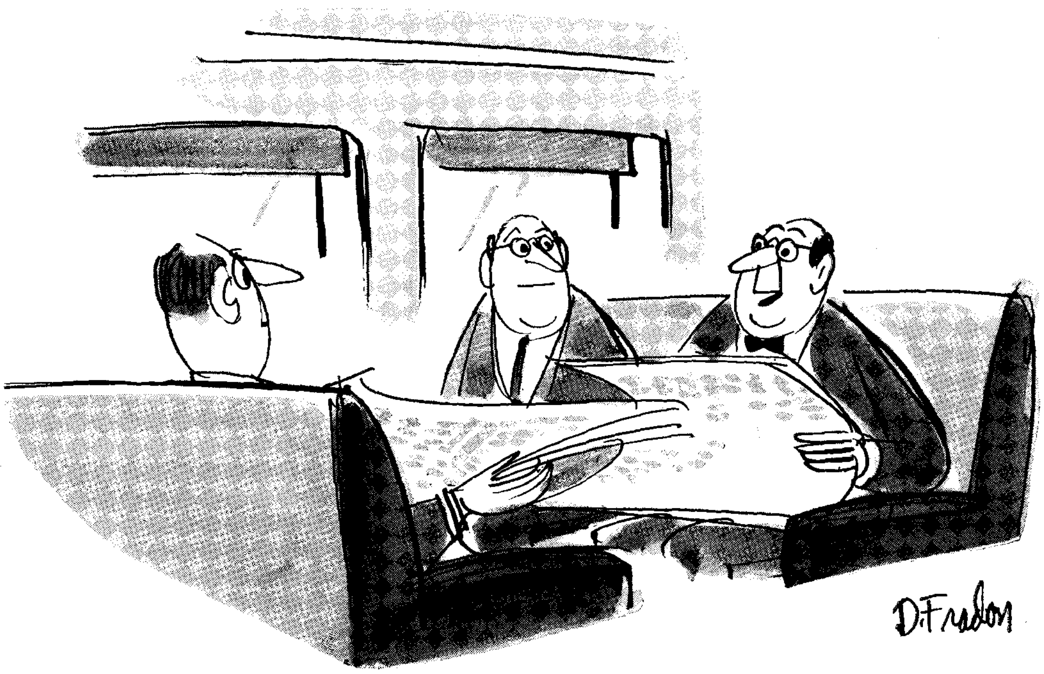
In the afternoon, when he had finished with all of the outside work and had locked himself in the house, Robert sat in the wicker chair that had always been designated as his and read from the *Christian Herald*, which still came, or from a book called "Understanding God," which Mrs. Jones had said he couldn't help benefitting from. They had thought you should use all the day there was and not resort to the coal-oil lamp until the words began to fade. By watching what you were doing, you could leave just enough to see a match by, strike it, and in its light light the lamp. It was his duty to read a chapter of the Bible then. Start the night with Scriptures, Robert. But as soon as this was done he could go to the sideboard in the hall and get out the map of the place that Mr. Langdon had taken so much heart from in his last days, unfolding it to study the four lines that made the boundaries up. Going clockwise, you began at the pavement that ran to New Orleans. Then you turned west for two miles until you hit the Mississippi. Then north a little to Fornika Creek, which would take its own good time meandering back to where you started out. The Creek boundary, Mr. Langdon said, was all that made it possible to raise cattle on this bad clay land. When they had worn themselves out trying to get the sparse grass and honeysuckle vines, they could always, by taking a few more steps, have all the water they needed to fill up. People thought if a place was on the Mississippi River you had water, but that just wasn't true. If the stock could get down those steep bluffs without breaking a leg, they would sink right away in the quicksand or get spun around and drowned. Only twenty-three head were left now anyway, and that looked like the end.

The bull had died of something like a cold. The caretaker on the next place up—Roosevelt somebody or other—offered *his* when Robert met him in the woods one day, but Mr. Langdon thought it wise to stay away from too much hobnobbing with Negroes. It didn't take any time at all to lose good ways. Also (and this had occurred to Robert more than once), who would he be borrowing a bull for, in case he was called to account, with all the Joneses dead?

Sometimes the whole place, the hundreds of acres, overwhelmed him to try to think about. The wrecked and rusting machinery that couldn't be used, the sagging fences with their gates everlastingly falling off the hinges so that the stock could break out, every other tree ruined by the ice storm. And then he would remember again it was his to look after only until new owners appeared with some kind of proof. Ask for proof, Robert, unless the Sheriff himself is with them. Then he would have to be on his way,

MATCH THE LUCKY COIN
$ PLAY SUPER STAKES
"GAS - FARO"
FUN · FOR · ALL · MOTORI
GAS
WIN
PLACE
SHOW
AIR
GAMES
PEG-DO-RE-MI
TRY A WHIRL: PETR-O-LETTE
DOUBL OR NOTH

not expecting new people to walk up on a Negro and make family of him. Go quietly, they had said, without any words except to thank them. Say something natural sounding to their ears, like much obliged.



"You know, I've been keeping a record, and in the last year I've agreed with eight hundred and sixty 'Times' editorials, disagreed with three hundred and thirty-five of them, and had no opinion on two hundred and sixty-five."

• •

What he knew of himself he knew from his benefactors. The first thing they did, they told him, when they realized they couldn't catch the hussy and make her take him back, was to send word to the doctor up in King's Town. He was to come and examine for any foul contaminations that their cook might have missed. But because he was old and had seen too much of human nature by then, he wouldn't come, using for excuse that people were dying right and left. After that, they did think of one more thing. They would carry him to the nuns in New Orleans, who had taken vows to get their hands on anybody that they could. However, by the time they sat down and figured on how much the train fare would be to get him there and then get whoever rode down with him back, they had given up on this. Finally, it was decided to raise him on Presbyterian precepts right here, to see what could be done with someone never exposed to any bad influence except his own lower nature. If it worked, they would have every reason to presume that they had earned their crowns beforehand, in addition to which he, when he was nine or ten, would quite naturally want to think about catching up with some of his obligations.

Over and over, they told him how it had been. A lot of people would have thought it was their misfortune, but we tried to look on it another way. What was God trying to do, with us on the edge of the County, as it was, and not at all well off? We had to go a little cleaner—that was one thing—keep ourselves a little more above reproach. People asked if it might not get tricky when you reached a certain age, with young Mr. Langdon himself being only one year older—meaning at such close quarters. And so, from the beginning, he had been transported into their anxieties for him and also for themselves. You were no beauty. Even the cook acknowledged that. Thin and huge-eyed. Milk wouldn't stay on your stomach. We had to get limewater and a special powder to mix with it to save you. And now those who had been doing the talking, who had gone to all the trouble when they couldn't afford to, were dead, and he was alone in their house. God had showed Himself again to be no respecter of persons.

It had hurt them terribly when he first began to sin. Forgive us if we have overlooked anything in his moral makeup. Thou knowest Thy child Robert—thinking of pride and selfishness. Pride when he twisted his tongue to make poetry of the words he was reading from the Bible, trying to outdo Mr. Langdon. Selfish when he was out picking figs and, coming in, ate the sweetest of them, skin and all. The Bible words he made himself speak stern and slow, but he didn't try to help the other—just ate on the far side of the great drooping trees, stuffing his mouth with the single taste the sun had put there, good beyond belief. Already growing in him then, along with the pride and the selfishness, was a slothful sense of love. He would hide from the Joneses when he felt it, lean against a wall to be alone, or take too much time going to the gully with the ashes, stooping over it to let the acrid smell of the dead fire come up into his nose. It was as if he had secret news that he was loved, and yet did not know who. Sometimes he felt surrounded by this love, bathed in a confidential certainty of it. When he had to go back into the house, Mrs. Jones would have changed for the worse, walking about in her blue chambray skirt and shirtwaist, with her high-topped shoes and wobbly ankles. At such times he was ashamed of her—a silly prisoner of the house, vague and bespectacled. Robert, what have you to show for your morning?

They made excuses for his being lazy. He works like fire when he's well, but now he's got malaria. They gave him courses of quinine and he swallowed the bitter white powder in a spoonful of molasses. Look at him now. He's stepping around faster already. That's all it was. In a swampy climate, you need it every so often.

Chickens tickled him, running wild, heading at dizzy angles to where they thought they saw more corn. But pigs were never anything but desperate. The cows were best, shouldering each other out, staring at him single-mindedly to see what he was going to give them. Feeding was a pleasure, but his woes began in April with the garden. He had the whole thing to scrape and then scrape back again, as by the time he reached the end the beginning was as bad as ever, up and green with cockleburs and grass. Robert, look at your cucumbers. Do the best you can with *them* today. Didn't you notice the tomatoes are smothering? And he would hoe and pull grass in the tomatoes until Mr. Langdon rode in from school at four o'clock and it was time to milk.

In the eveningtime, Mrs. Jones

made Mr. Langdon teach him every word he had learned in school that day. Between dark and prayers he was at his books, studying the pictures that they showed—some far-off dock where there were bananas piled, waiting for a sea ship. Mr. Langdon was painstaking with the number book, explaining, making him add and take away until his head went dizzy. The air of the hall was solemn. Then, as the clock moved its small hand from eight to nine and struck, the hour had come for prayers. God, who had been caring for them all day long, keeping them breathing while they forgot their obligations to Him, was ready to be thanked. The Illinois Central calendar on the kitchen door was consulted to find the fact about the date. Now, on this seventh day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty, let us thank Him, daring to use the words He left. And the boys knelt side by side on the floor while Mrs. Jones sat on the bench because of her rheumatism, but folded her hands and kept her eyes closed, too. Talking directly to God had, it seemed to Robert, an effect on those noises coming in from outside. If it was raining, the prayer belittled the rain and relegated its sound back to the class of mere weather. If hounds bayed from a distance, their tone changed—foreboding still and lonely, but knocked back from impinging on the innocent order of the hall. God was like that—able to settle anything or anybody back to dust.

PEACE MARCH

South of Grant Park someone lets go
an orange balloon lettered PEACE,
and it starts on its tour of Chicago:

up, up, up over Soldier Field
and the sparkling dome under which nebulae
breed new worlds three times daily,

over hawthorns swollen with rumors of spring,
and the old man with the unzipped fly
who talks to pigeons,

over the boy with the swastika on his jacket,
and his girl, in hair to her boots,

hesitating over the Indian chief
on his stone horse whose maleness
embarrasses tourists with cameras,

and, in a gust off the Lake, veering west
over Saks' and Bonwit's, over policemen
in goggles and helmets, chewing Wrigley's
and waiting for an attack by bearded
young men from Mars who speak English,

almost as far as Picasso's unworldly bird—
the gift the whole city is proud of and no one likes—

and back, scraping the Playboy beacon
and passing over the Tribune Tower,
bested by the enormous headline
YANKS CRUSH REDS IN DMZ,

to Lincoln Park, where two girls in tight dresses
speaking in rapid Spanish finally see it
just as it bursts on an oak

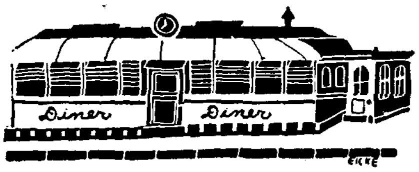
next to the Small Mammal House
and hangs there, as rare as a tropical bird
that has flown in the wrong direction.

—LISEL MUELLER

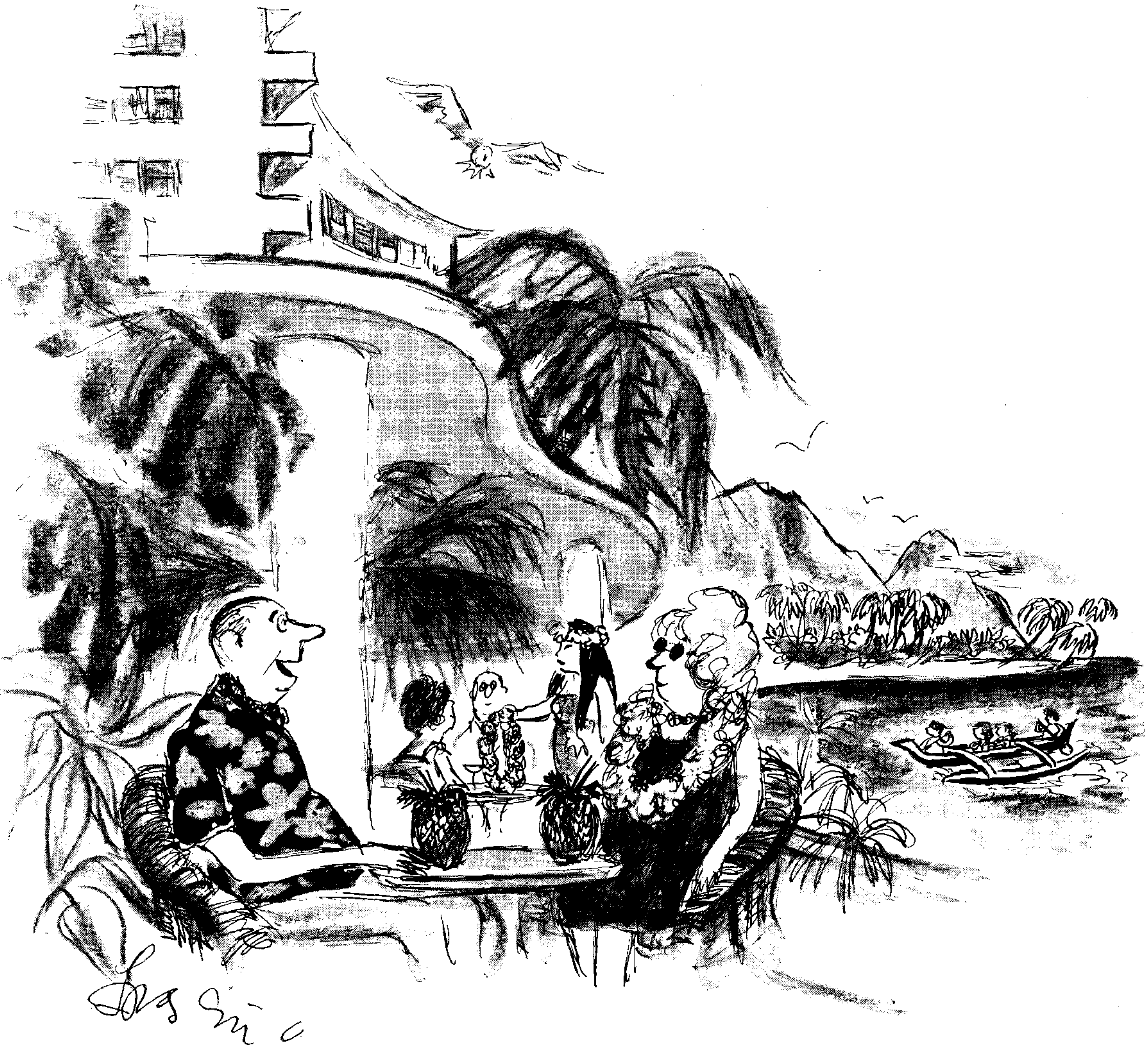
He slept in a little room behind Mr. Langdon's, which must have been used once for a storeroom, as it was still full of dusty trunks and boxes, although it had a hearth, like all the others. He was allowed to build his own fire as soon as it was night. The kitchen smells came in here, the delicious hot-grease smells, and he could look out of the window into the yard below and hear the frogs. The minute he lay down on the cot, his feelings of love began, encouraged by privacy, until they disappeared in their own bright flush just as he was straining to recover them. In the end, he decided that the one who yearned over him, who loved him so, was not anybody he had ever seen—not the good-natured cook, who came now only to fix Christmas or Easter dinner (time for a cook, our Lord has risen), not the minister or his wife, who had a cast in one eye but smiled on regardless, or any of the prim neighbors who brought fresh-baked bread and took back a dressed chicken. No, this being was identical to himself but not himself—a twin. Likely as not he was here in the house all the time, but couldn't let the others know. Likely he, too, heard the bobcats fighting and courting along Fornika Creek, this other one.

Mrs. Jones wanted him well wrapped whenever he went out in cold weather. Mr. Langdon was taller, and as soon as a shirt or a pair of pants was outgrown it was mended and done up for him. He tried to glance in the armoire mirror to see how new things became him, but he was warned against this. A great-aunt of Mrs. Jones had looked at herself once too often, and as far as they had heard she never did get straight. Anyway, what he saw was not to his liking, but strange and dark, unknown. It was better in all ways to do as they advised.

They wished there was a Presbyterian church for him to go to, but there wasn't, and he stayed in the buggy in front of theirs, enjoying the music and listening second hand to the minister's voice. He learned to hum the hymns, but kept a lookout, lest someone walking by would think he was peculiar. You don't miss church, do you, Robert? The associations he might make if there was one would be risky, and they would have nothing in common with him.



LIFE would have gone on, it seemed, in the same way, except that the year after Mr. Langdon finished high



"*You have to hand it to that guy Gauguin. He certainly knew where it was at.*"

school he began to court. At first, his mother kept silent about it, taking her embroidery to the front windows and sitting up to listen for his horse returning. But after a while she began to worry aloud to Robert. Didn't he know they hadn't anything to marry *on*? As it was, a walnut man had to come in every fall and cut enough furniture trees for them to pay the taxes. The only money now was from the sale of cattle and pigs, and every year their number seemed to shrink. Not enough feed, probably. However, despite all this, Mr. Langdon left nearly every dry evening and returned in a state of simperish bemusement from which he confided nothing. He was going to take some kind of examination for the post office, he said, but then someway he found out they wouldn't hire him and so he didn't have to.

The main thing you'll have to do, Robert, when the wife comes, is make sure you keep back. She's not used to these woods, and at first she'll be afraid. Everybody's heard about you, as far as that goes, but just keep your back turned to show respect. The best of the chicken houses had been cleaned and fixed up the week before the wedding, and he had moved out to it with his cot and all his covers and the wicker chair. He didn't see Mrs. Jones much after that—she who had been his kind mother—and when he did see her she seemed different, talking in a new voice so as to please the wife. Mr. Langdon, though, was just the same as he had been before he'd gotten married. He ran back and forth to the chicken house a dozen times a day, seeming to need company. Have you fed yet, Robert? How is the garden coming? He insisted that Robert keep his seat, and he himself would sit on the edge of the cot and put his face into his slender hands. We have been so much together, he would say, prayed together, I can't get it out of my head you ought to be handier. Wearing now at all times a coat and tie, he looked into the cobwebby corners of the chicken house, thinking. All his people had taught school, he said, and he might take that up. But he never did.

AFTER both of the ladies were dead, a few years later, Mr. Langdon had insisted that Robert come on back in the house and take his old room. And once in a while he would talk about the wife. She was so thoughtful, Robert. You can't imagine how thoughtful she was. But she couldn't handle milk. Her clabber was too thick—let it drip too long, it might have been. Sometimes he said he had come to believe he shouldn't have married at all. There isn't a man alive that doesn't want it, though—to be of one flesh. If there just wasn't so much suffering that went with it. He was about convinced he'd killed his mother, putting a wife over her without sufficient notice, and then killed the wife with bad judgment. In what respect his judgment had been bad, he didn't say.

Her people had her afraid of you from the very start. What is that man doing, living in the chicken house? You wouldn't understand this, I said, but it is a near perfect Negro. We gave him all our morals. She listened, but she couldn't change her and her people's way of thinking in too big a rush.

And now, coming down to the present, that was the way it would likely be with whoever came to own the place. They wouldn't know him, or how the Joneses raised him. Sometimes he started for the armoire, to try to tell what they would see, but then he'd think better not—the aunt went crazy.

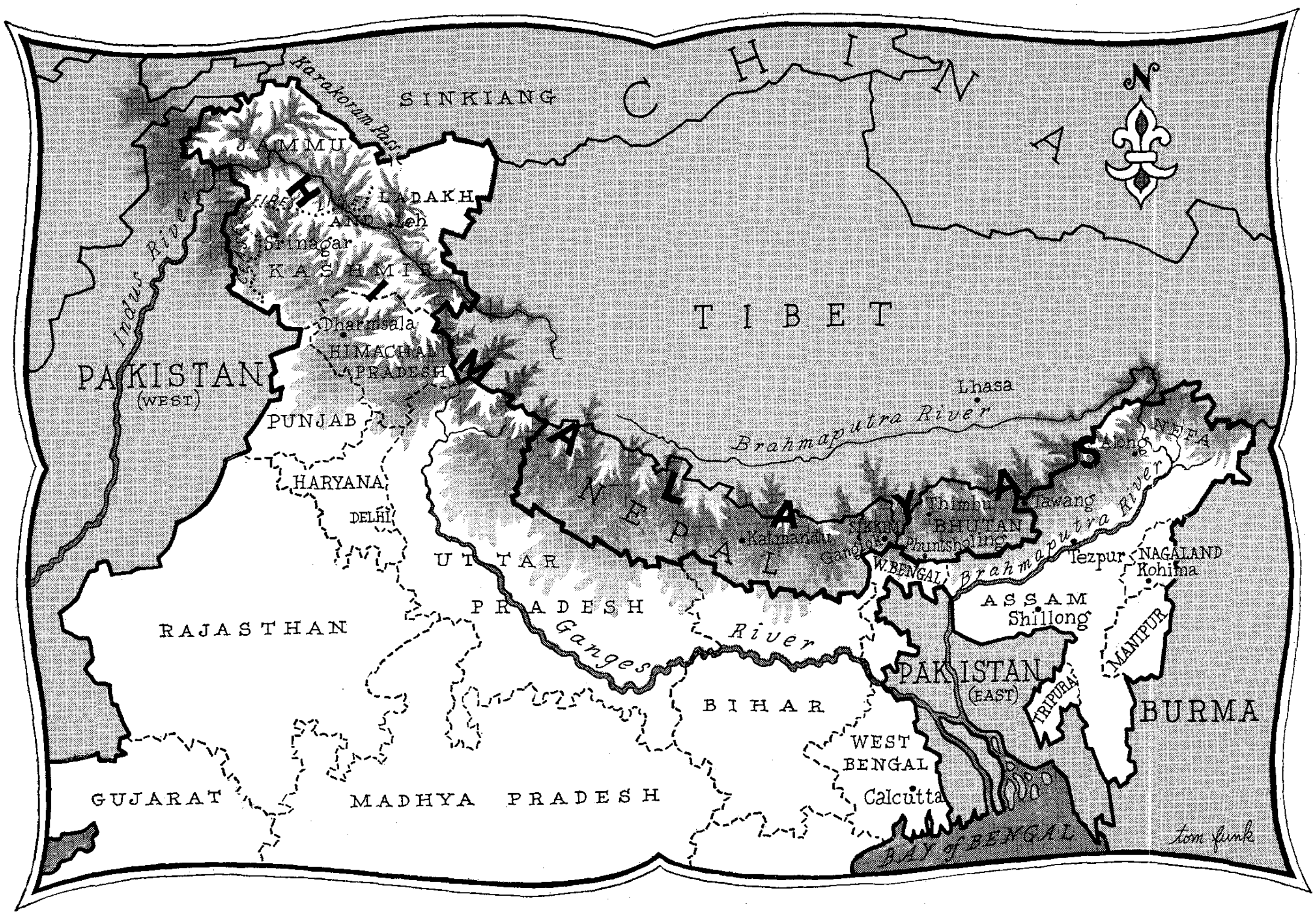
When the lamp was finally dark and the house had settled into its last quiet, he would wonder how he *could* go when the time came, how he could just light out and leave. But he would have to, that was all, and he would say a time or two out loud, so he could notice how it sounded, what they had said to end with—much obliged.

—BERRY MORGAN

A REPORTER AT LARGE

INDIAN JOURNAL

V—THE HIMALAYAS: TOWARD THE FOREST OF ARDEN


SINKIANG
CHINA
Karakoram Pass
JAMMU
LADAKH
FIRE LINE
AND
Leh
Srinagar
KASHMIR
Dharmsala
HIMACHAL PRADESH
HIMALAYAS
TIBET
Indus River
PAKISTAN (WEST)
PUNJAB
HARYANA
DELHI
UTTAR PRADESH
RAJASTHAN
Ganges River
NEPAL
Katmandu
SIKKIM
Gangtok
Thimbu
BHUTAN
Phuntsholing
Tawang
Along
NEFA
Lhasa
Brahmaputra River
W. BENGAL
Tezpur
NAGALAND
Kohima
ASSAM
Shillong
MANIPUR
PAKISTAN (EAST)
TRIPURA
BURMA
BIHAR
WEST BENGAL
Calcutta
BAY of BENGAL
GUJARAT
MADHYA PRADESH
N
tom funk

CHINI HINDI BYE-BYE: In the course of a prolonged visit I am paying to India, in 1966, I decide to journey to some of the isolated principalities and regions along the Sino-Indian border in the Himalayas, but I soon learn that reaching them is not easy. To go as a civilian to some of them, one must, among other things, receive clearance from several ministries and give assurances that the identities of all officers, civilian and military, and the exact positions of any military posts there will not be revealed. I complete the tortuous formalities and get ready to go.

The Himalayas are the highest mountains in the world. Formed in the same geological period as the Caucasus Mountains and the Alps, they extend in a broad curve for fifteen hundred miles from southeast to northwest, bordering the Indian subcontinent, lying between the arms of the Indus and Brahmaputra Rivers, and climbing from the northern Indian plain in three intricate parallel chains—the Outer Himalayas, the Lesser Himalayas, and the Greater Himalayas—which become successively higher, until the mountains buttress the southern face of the Tibetan plateau. The Outer Himalayas are no more than three or four thousand feet high, but the peaks of the Greater Himalayas reach nearly thirty thousand feet. Because of monsoon winds from the Indian Ocean, parts of the Outer and Lesser Himalayas are drenched in as much as a hundred and twenty inches of rain a year, and because of cold winds from Central Asia parts of the Greater Himalayas are frozen in perpetual snow. (The word "*himalaya*" is Sanskrit for "abode of snow.") In the Himalayas, glaciers descend as low as eleven thousand feet, and earthquakes and avalanches are frequent. Most of the major Indian rivers—the Jhelum, the Chenab, the Ravi, the Sutlej, the Beas, the Jumna, the Ganges, the Sarda, the Gogra, the Gandak, the Kosi, the Tista, and the Subansiri as well as the Indus and the Brahmaputra—have their sources in the Himalayas, where, together with smaller rivers, they irrigate valleys inhabited mostly by tribal peoples who, shut away from the outside world, have preserved their ancient customs and traditions. For the Hindus, who have always worshipped rivers and mountains, the Himalayas are more than mountains; they figure in the Hindu sacred writings both as the source of the Ganges, the most sacred of all rivers, and as the home of the old gods. Most Westerners who have travelled to the Himalayas have fallen under their spell. W. Crooke, an Englishman who lived in India in the nineteenth century, described with rapture the dramatic spectacle of the Himalayas seen from different places and at different times and seasons, and viewed in the light of Hindu religious mythology:

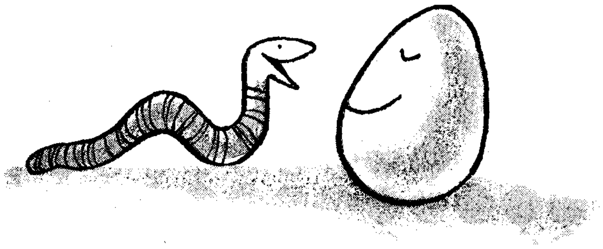
> We have a scene which only a poet or painter could depict—a chaotic mass of mountains, thickly wooded hillsides seamed with deep ravines, dark blue ranges piled one beyond another; and, as a background to the landscape, the immense snowy peaks, never trodden by the foot of man; the evening falls and they fade slowly into the darkening sky, peo-

> pled by innumerable stars.... As the mists dissolve from the lowlands, we have an unrivalled panorama of wood and silver streams encircled by rocky or forest-covered hills, now glowing with the amber tints that accompany the fall of the leaf, now at night lit by the fierce glare of a jungle fire, and here and there in the distance the emerald green of rice or wheatfields. Grander still is the first burst of the monsoon, when the water-laden clouds from the ocean impinge on the mountain barrier and pour a deluge over the lower hills, setting every rivulet in flood, and sometimes bearing down the wooded hillsides in a chaos of ruin. By and by the damp billows of fog roll up from the valley and shroud the landscape in an impenetrable pall of vapour.
>
> All this, to the Hindu of the Plain, is the land of myth and mystery, associated with the most ancient and sacred traditions of his race. Here live his deities, each in a paradise of his own, on the summits of the trackless peaks. Here the Pandavas [a legendary family of heroes and demigods] sought a way to heaven amidst the eternal snows, and in dark caves and secluded hermitages the sages of the old world puzzled out the secrets of life and time. In sequestered valleys, deep amid the bosom of the hills, were shrines, like Kedarnath and Badarinath, which were far beyond the range of the Pathan and Mughal who raided and ravished in the Plain below. . . . Every rock and spring and stream is the home of some legend told by the forefathers of the people.

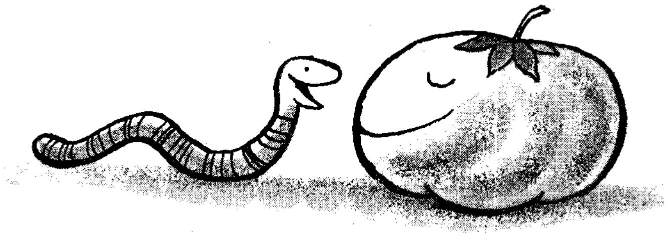
The Himalayas have always served India as a natural barrier against invasion from the north. The kingdoms of Nepal and Bhutan and the Protectorate of Sikkim, lying within these mountains, have, with Tibet, the "forbidden land" of fable, provided an additional shield. The conquerors of India—Aryans, Macedonians, Moguls, Persians—came not through the Himalayas but through a corridor in the northwest leading from Central Asia, and after the partition of India, in 1947, the defense of this corridor became the concern of Pakistan.

The dominion over Tibet, at first military and then political, that the People's Republic of China established within several years of its founding, in 1949, made parts of the Himalayas a common frontier between India and China, and through the fifties and the early sixties the two powers were engaged in a continuing quarrel over territories along the Sino-Indian border: over the North East Frontier Agency, or NEFA, in the Assam Himalayas; over Ladakh, in the Punjab Himalayas; and over the so-called Middle Sector, in the Kumaun Himalayas. Topographically, the curve of the Himalayas is divided into four sections—from east to west, the Assam Himalayas, the Nepal Himalayas, the Kumaun Himalayas, and the Punjab Himalayas. NEFA is the northeast frontier of India, and Ladakh, which is the easternmost district of the State of Jammu and Kashmir, constitutes part of the northwest frontier. Both China and India tried to establish their claims to these two territories by appealing to place names, to old maps, to old treaties, and, more generally, to religious and racial affinities. Various arguments were marshalled in official letters and diplomatic notes and in extensive reports, some of which covered the history of Sino-Indo-Tibetan relations for two thousand years. The Sino-Indian discussions that began in the fifties were so vague in their early stages that it was difficult even to grasp exactly what areas were being disputed. In any event, neither side pressed its claims decisively, partly because at this time the Chinese were still busy extending their dominion over Tibet, and partly because the Indians did not as yet attach any great importance to NEFA and Ladakh, which, even during the expansionist period of the British raj, were considered so primitive and remote that most of the time they were left alone, being visited only by occasional parties of explorers, climbers, or surveyors. Then, in 1954, China consolidated her political hold on Tibet and concluded with India a treaty known as the Agreement for Trade and Cultural Intercourse. The spirit of this treaty was embodied in the preamble, which set forth the so-called Panch Shila, or Five Principles, whereby the two powers agreed to refrain from interfering in each other's internal affairs, to respect each other's territory and sovereignty, to work toward each other's benefit, to forswear aggression, and to adhere to the ideal of peaceful coexistence. Soon after the treaty was signed, however, the Indian government received reports that a Chinese patrol was camped in Barahoti—a barren area two miles square and sixteen thousand feet high, for which the Chinese name was Wuje—in the Middle Sector. India dismissed this violation of the Panch Shila as of no importance and accepted a Chinese suggestion for a discussion about the Indo-Tibetan border. Prime Minister Chou En-lai thereupon began a series of visits to India to take up with Prime Minister Nehru the Chinese claims not only to Barahoti but also to a total of over fifty thousand square miles of territory in NEFA and Ladakh. Chou En-lai, as part of China's claim to NEFA, challenged the validity of the McMahon Line, the eastern Indo-Tibetan border from Bhutan to Burma; this had been designated by Sir Henry McMahon, who had led the British delegation at the 1913-14 Simla Conference—a meeting that was held to determine Indo-Tibetan and Sino-Tibetan boundaries and was attended by

"Can't we come up with some gimmick like profit-sharing to combat the decline in religious vocations?"



"Say! You're a good egg!"

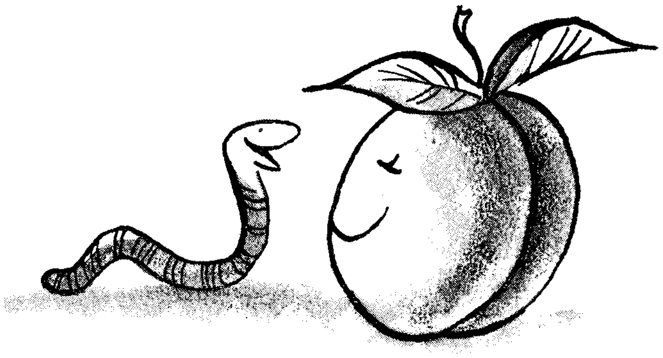


"Hey! You're some swell tomato!"

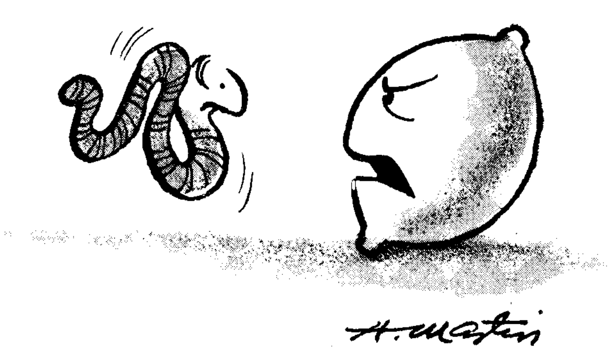
all three interested powers. While the discussions between Nehru and Chou En-lai were in progress, India, which had only scant forces in the disputed areas, was startled to discover that the Chinese had clandestinely built a motorable road across the Aksai Chin, a plateau in Ladakh. This road gave the Chinese a relatively convenient overland approach to Tibet from Sinkiang, *de-facto* control of twelve thousand square miles of Indian-claimed territory in Ladakh, and an excellent base for military operations in the rest of Ladakh. The Indians belatedly set up military and administrative posts of their own in Ladakh, and in 1959, around the time when the Chinese completed their absorption of Tibet, and when the Dalai Lama, the spiritual and political ruler of Tibet, sought and received asylum in India, there were serious clashes between Chinese and Indian troops. The Indian troops got the worst of it, and Nehru was roundly attacked in the Indian Parliament for allowing himself to be duped by the Chinese for five years into a one-sided observance of the Panch Shila. He wrote to Chou En-lai, "Reports have reached us that some Chinese officers in Tibet have repeatedly proclaimed that the Chinese authorities will before long take possession of Sikkim, Bhutan, Ladakh, and our North East Frontier Agency. I do not know what authority they had to make these remarks, but I would like to draw Your Excellency's attention to them, as those remarks have naturally added to the tension on the frontier." Tibetan refugees had started arriving in India and were saying that China regarded NEFA, Bhutan, Sikkim, Nepal, and Ladakh as her own, referring to them as "the five fingers of her Tibetan hand." Despite the 1959 military clashes, and many more in the next three years, Nehru remained publicly unconcerned about the Chinese claims, and so did V. K. Krishna Menon, who was India's Defense Minister from 1957 to 1962. (Menon was also India's representative at the United Nations from 1952 to 1962.) When, in the summer of 1962, the Chinese made their strongest border incursions thus far, Menon dismissed them as nothing more than a little jostling, and said that all was well on the Sino-Indian border. Nehru said that India would not, on any account, engage in a war with China, that nothing would be allowed to disturb the historic peace existing between India and China, that he would rather India "sank and died" than that she should become a "camp follower of a military bloc," and that if China and India ever found themselves at war Pakistan would take the opportunity to invade India. It was said that Nehru and Menon had thought from the beginning of the controversy that India's main enemy was Pakistan, and had believed that if China and India ever did find themselves at war the Soviet Union would come to India's rescue, as a reward for India's neutrality in the Cold War.

On September 8th of that same year, the Army of the People's Republic of China crossed the McMahon Line at Thag La Ridge, and on October 20th it invaded India, moving down through the passes and over the trails that led out of Tibet. The Chinese not only attacked NEFA but also overwhelmed and captured several military outposts in Ladakh and breached the border of the Middle Sector in and around Barahoti. During the first few days of the invasion, the Chinese took possession of strategic passes at both the eastern and the western ends of NEFA, putting themselves in a position to encompass the whole of it. In Ladakh, coming, guerrilla-fashion, westward from Tibet and southward over the Karakoram ranges from the province of Sinkiang, Chinese troops took possession of the trails running along the important Indus and Shyok Rivers, and thus gained control of Chip Chap Valley, the Lake Pangong area, and the village of Demchok—which is to say, the whole of eastern Ladakh, from north to south. The capture of this territory put them within reach of Leh, the capital of Ladakh and the key to the Indian defense of eastern Kashmir. India, fearing for her survival, resisted as well as she could, and the two countries, which together represented a third of the world's population, and which since the Chinese absorption of Tibet had shared a twenty-two-hundred-mile frontier, were at war, in a confusion of irregular slopes and sheer ridges anywhere from fourteen thousand to twenty-one thousand feet high and perpetually subject to sudden landslips and avalanches.

The Indian Army, thanks to the many Gurkha, Sikh, and Jat regiments that had fought in the Second World War, had an illustrious reputation, but since Independence it had been weakened by the loss of its British officers, by the difficulty of finding and training successors to them, and by bureaucratic, political, and financial problems, and it had also become a victim of the religious, racial, regional, and linguistic schisms besetting the country at large. The Army had a total strength of four hundred and fifty thousand men, and a substantial portion of them were deployed along the West Pakistan border; if it had not been for the enmity with Pakistan, it was said, the Army might well have disintegrated by that time. India did not feel that she could safely divert her troops to the fronts opened up by the Chinese, and the beginning of the invasion found the Indian Army with just one division, of between twelve and fifteen thousand men, in Ladakh; two or three divisions in the plains of the State of Assam; only a semi-military police force in NEFA; token defenses in Sikkim; and not so much as a platoon in Bhutan, which, though it had hundreds of miles



"*Wow! You're some peach!*"



"*Aw, dry up, you worm!*"

of common frontier with Tibet, had consistently refused Indian offers of military aid. As for Nepal, it had been flirting with China for some time now, and, in spite of an Indian warning that political and military penetration follows economic help, its king, Mahendra Bir Bikram Shah Deva, had arranged for a highway to be built, with the aid of Chinese money and technicians, connecting Katmandu, the capital of Nepal, and Lhasa, the capital of Tibet. Moreover, India, having spurned military alliances and possessing scarcely the rudiments of an armaments industry, could not equip such troops as she had been able to mobilize against the Chinese; the soldiers had to make do with single-shot rifles of a type used in the Boer War. And the lack of troops and weapons was just part of the difficulty. Because the fighting was going on across an area of hundreds of square miles, where posts might be as much as a week's march apart, the Army groupings of brigades and battalions were futile. Despite an absence of good, or all-weather, roads in the mountains, all those supplies which were not airlifted had to be taken up by motor convoys. Owing to the sub-zero cold and the rough terrain, all types of vehicles stalled, and airplanes taking off and landing at such high altitudes could carry only small loads. This meant that a man fighting in the mountains required upward of twenty coolies to maintain him; even troops that had become acclimatized to Ladakh by long service there could carry no more than a third or a quarter of the weight they could carry in the plains, and such troops were few. Most of the soldiers were from the parched flatlands and had never seen a snowflake, and they had been rushed to the Sino-Indian frontier in their summer clothes, sometimes without blankets. Then, when snow clothes and blankets and other provisions were air-dropped to them, the equipment was more often than not lost among the ravines and precipices, and the soldiers, already suffering the paralyzing effects of altitude sickness, were left at the mercy of frostbite.

The Chinese faced some of the same difficulties of mountain warfare, but their Army, whose total strength was estimated at two and a half million, was said to have in Tibet seven hundred airworthy planes and fourteen divisions composed of warmly clad and well-armed troops who either had originally come from mountain areas, like the province of Sinkiang, or had been acclimatizing themselves for years to the altitudes of Tibet, much of which lies above sixteen thousand feet. It was also said of the Chinese Army that its men had gained considerable experience of guerrilla warfare in the mountains of Korea as well as on the Tibetan plateau, and that it had in Tibet a network of phenomenal roads going over theretofore impassable terrain, along with a system of forced labor whereby the entire populations of villages were conscripted into a sort of ancillary army of coolies, who were now believed to be getting supplies to the invading Chinese troops with unflagging efficiency. Certainly the Chinese Army had at its disposal a superior armaments industry, which had been developed with the assistance of Soviet technology.

Analysts everywhere debated the motives of the Chinese. Had they been preparing for such an invasion all along, and had they used the many years of discussion as a smoke screen for their preparations? A few analysts argued that the Chinese invasion was not premeditated—that the Chinese had resorted to force only after years of pointless discussion, during which they had asked for nothing more than Indian recognition of their control of Aksai Chin, and that even now they had attacked NEFA only to barter it later for possession of Ladakh. (In any event, it was true, as the Chinese asserted, that both Ladakh and NEFA had strong racial and historical links with Tibet.) But most analysts argued that the Chinese invasion had been long in the planning, and that its purpose was multiple: to pull into China's orbit, or to annex outright, Sikkim, Bhutan, and Nepal; to replace India as the leader of the Afro-Asian world; to use this international position to purvey Communist ideology; to inflict on India a humiliating defeat; and to undermine the Indian union by weakening India's democratic system, discrediting India's leadership, and subverting the loyalties of the tribal peoples who lived in India's borderlands. According to the Chinese themselves, the invasion, like all previous military provocations, had been the work of the other side. The official Chinese Communist press agency, Hsin Hua, declared:

> In the last two years, first in the western and then in the eastern sector of the Chinese-Indian border, Indian troops crossed the line of actual control [presumably where Chinese or Indians had set up military posts in order to back up their claims to the disputed territory] . . . nibbled Chinese territory, set up strong points for aggression, and provoked a number of border clashes.
>
> Relying on the advantageous military positions they had occupied, and having made full preparations, the Indian troops eventually launched massive armed attacks all along the line on the Chinese frontier guards on October 20, 1962. . . .
>
> The Chinese Government served repeated warnings in regard to the increasingly serious Indian encroachments and provocations, and pointed out the gravity of their consequences. The Chinese frontier guards all along maintained maximum self-restraint and forbearance in order to avert any border conflict.
>
> However, all these efforts by China proved of no avail and the Indian acts of aggression steadily increased.
>
> Pressed beyond the limits of endurance and left with no room for retreat, the Chinese frontier guards finally had no choice but to strike back resolutely in self-defense. After the present large-scale border conflict broke out, the Chinese Government quickly took initiative meas-

ures in an effort to extinguish the flames of conflict that had been kindled.

The Chinese "initiative measures" to "extinguish the flames of conflict" took the form of proposing, on the twenty-fourth of October, terms for a cease-fire which called for new talks between Chou En-lai and Nehru, and, pending demarcation of the border through these talks, the withdrawal of Indian and Chinese troops twenty kilometres (a little over twelve miles) behind "the line of actual control" as it existed before the outbreak of the fighting. The Chinese had more than once proposed a similar withdrawal during the military clashes of previous months, but until the invasion India had insisted, as a minimum condition, that the forces of both sides withdraw to "the line of actual control" as it existed in 1959, when, the Indians contended, the Chinese had started openly extending their "line of actual control" by means of military operations. (The Chinese had, of course, been surreptitiously extending their "line of actual control" since 1954.) India now rejected the cease-fire proposals, but the Chinese, after a week of straight successes and of a rapid advance that met with little resistance, unilaterally stopped fighting. From military posts on the various fronts came reports that the Chinese were regrouping and were extending their supply roads to their newly established forward positions. The Indians used the lull to send supplies and reinforcements to NEFA and Ladakh. For most of the year, Ladakh, because of its altitude, was accessible only by air, and airplanes could fly in and out of its valleys during only a few hours a day. Some parts of NEFA could be reached by road, but to supply even such military posts as were situated on the best road meant that a convoy of trucks and jeeps leaving the corps headquarters of the Eastern Command, in Tezpur (a town on the north bank of the Brahmaputra River, in the plains of Assam), had to go to the foothills and then lumber up the main hill road, mostly unpaved and climbing almost vertically to Bomdi La ("*la*" means "pass"), which, at nine thousand feet, was one of the highest administrative posts in the country; from there to Se La, at fourteen thousand feet, which was India's main defense post in NEFA; and, finally, to the village of Tawang, which lay in the shadow of Bum La, a pass sixteen thousand feet high—and Bum La was already in the hands of the Chinese. This was a mountain journey of two hundred miles, which under good conditions might take three days but under bad conditions could take as long as two or three weeks. From Tawang, supplies were taken up to outlying military posts by coolies.

The reprieve from the Chinese onslaught lasted three weeks. Then the Chinese Army struck again, moving down, where the terrain permitted, in seemingly unending columns, flanked by hosts of coolies bearing ammunition. In Ladakh, the Chinese employed the tactics of the pincers movement to take many posts and villages, and to encircle and shell the airstrip of Chushul—one of just three airstrips in the whole of Ladakh. In NEFA, they employed the same tactics: at the eastern end, near the Burmese border, they captured the village of Walong and started moving south on the trails leading to Tezpur; at the western end, marching down from Bum La, they quickly captured first Tawang and then Jang, a village near the border of Bhutan, and after that they concentrated four brigades with heavy artillery on Se La. The Indian high command, considering this pass unassailable, had decided that the Army should make its main stand there, and had in readiness at Se La the 4th (Kitehawk) Division, which had proved itself in the Second World War at El Alamein and at Monte Cassino, and also in battles in Burma, and which had just been armed with modern weapons, supplied for the emergency by Britain and the United States. The battle, when it came, was fierce, but the Chinese could not be stopped. A reporter for the *Christian Science Monitor* later interviewed some of the Indians who had taken part in the Se La battle, and wrote:

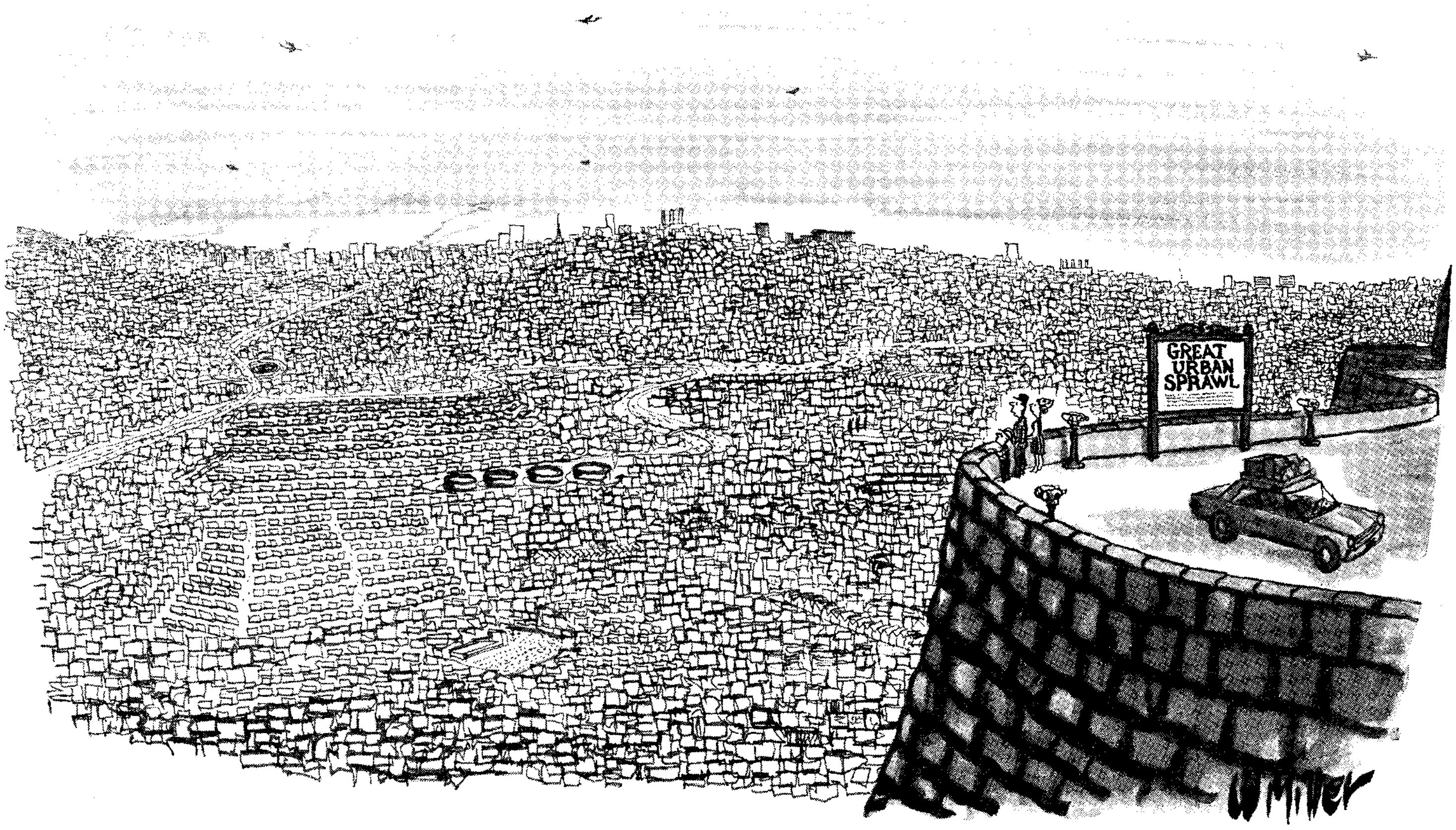
> A corporal gleefully related to this correspondent the following story: . . . Firing into wave after wave of Chinese—the second wave trampling the casualties of the first wave underfoot—the ammunition became exhausted.
>
> Seeing the position was well nigh hopeless, the corporal then jumped out of his defensive position—he is a famous Indian army wrestler—and advanced unarmed toward the enemy, calling out that he was prepared to fight, man to man.
>
> The Chinese, puzzled by this seeming madness, halted. The corporal was followed by all his remaining Indian colleagues, who also offered to fight and wrestle the enemy into submission. The Chinese Communists are automatons, unused to anything unusual, the Indian claimed. They suspected a trap. They retreated. The corporal lives to tell the tale and get his hand warmly shaken by the visitor to his Himalayan hideout.

The Chinese "retreat" described by the corporal was temporary. After encircling and trapping the 4th Division and capturing Se La, the Chinese troops took Bomdi La. This put them only eighty miles from Tezpur, with the road to Tezpur lying below—undefended, for the most part. Indeed, within a day a Chinese contingent had come down into the foothills to an Indian checkpoint at the edge of the Assam plains. The entire north bank of the Brahmaputra River was in turmoil. That same day, two thousand Americans and British were evacuated from Tezpur in a period of two hours. Throughout the day, NEFA refugees and soldiers were fleeing to the plains. According to a *Newsweek* correspondent in Tezpur:

> Just a few days ago I watched a World War I army headed north for battle armed only with outmoded Lee-Enfield single-action rifles and a few antique Sten guns. . . .
>
> The morale of the front-bound troops was high despite their shoddy and deficient equipment. Then, as the news of the defeat in the north poured in, the first traces of panic appeared. They were exacerbated by the arrival of thousands of refugees from NEFA. . . .
>
> Then the ranks of the refugees were swollen by stragglers whose units had been crushed or overrun by the Chinese. U.S. and British officials began the evacuation of their nationals from missions and tea estates on the north bank of the Brahmaputra. [Assam, besides being India's main source of oil, produces tea in quantities sufficient to earn India sixty per cent of her foreign exchange.] . . . Still the bad news poured in. The Chinese had cut the Indian defense line south of Bomdi La. . . . Truckloads of refugee children rolled off toward the Brahmaputra ferry. The children wept. Buddhist monks, refugees from the monastery at Tawang . . . conducted prayer services in the front yard of a bungalow.

In just thirty-two days, which included a three-week lull in the fighting, the Chinese in Ladakh and NEFA had routed three or four Indian divisions with a strategy that was as brilliant as it was weird. Elisabeth Partridge, writing from India, described part of the strategy in the *Nation:*

> The Himalayan campaign was masterly in conception and audacity. . . . It was reportedly under the overall direction of General Lin Piao, the Korean Fourth Field Army veteran. . . . [The Chinese in NEFA] regrouped by night, appearing out of the morning mist in different positions. They disguised themselves as local tribals; then, once within range, pulled submachine guns from under their long



robes. Using several Indian languages, they called on the outposts to surrender, explaining that the Indians were their brothers, only the "imperialist-aided Indian Government" was their enemy. They also advanced with banshee shrieks and firing wildly (ten Indians were wounded to one killed) to create the maximum confusion. Indian Army veterans have said that the Chinese, man to man, were not such formidable fighters as the Japanese, but that "they seemed to be everywhere at once, charging like screaming madmen."

The military advances in NEFA put the Chinese in a position to cut off the plains of Assam. Owing to an accident of political geography, the plains and hills of Assam were all but isolated from the rest of India by East Pakistan. A very narrow gap, called Siliguri, between the northeast tip of East Pakistan and the wall of the Himalayas was the only way to reach Assam from India. The Chinese had fairly direct access to Siliguri, thanks to a road system that came down from Lhasa, passing through Chumbi Valley (a wedge of land between Bhutan and Sikkim) and through Sikkim, and it was reported that they were massing troops at the head of Chumbi Valley—an activity suggesting that their next move was in fact to be against Siliguri. The Indians had strong forces in the Siliguri area; this was now the only place on the entire eastern frontier where Indian troops were in a position to give any sort of account of themselves. In Ladakh, the danger from the Chinese was even greater. Ladakh was a point of contention in the general quarrel between Pakistan and India over Kashmir; the cease-fire line of the first Indo-Pakistan War in Kashmir, in 1947-48, had given Pakistan the subdistrict of Skardu, or Baltistan, in northern Ladakh, which was traditionally Muslim, and had left India the two other subdistricts, Leh and Kargil, in southern Ladakh, which were traditionally Buddhist. (The second Indo-Pakistan War in Kashmir, in 1965, did not notably affect either country's position in Ladakh.) The situation was complicated further by the fact that Pakistan and China did not agree on *their* common border in Ladakh any more than India and China did on theirs. For some time before China's invasion of India, however, Pakistan had been holding secret talks with China. In India, some people thought that Pakistan was merely trying to reach a border settlement with China and was using China to blackmail the United States into supplying more arms, but most people believed that, having failed to get the Vale of Kashmir either by war or through the help of the Western powers, she had turned to China, and had planned an invasion of Kashmir to coincide with the Chinese invasion. The subscribers to the conspiracy theory could draw upon abundant volatile comment by journalists and politicians in Pakistan. This comment included, among other things, demands that Pakistan seize the opportunity afforded by India's reverses at the hands of the Chinese to conquer the Vale of Kashmir; that Pakistan forthwith pull out of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization and the Central Treaty Organization, the two Western military alliances to which she belonged; and that Pakistan condemn the West for its failure to help her gain the Vale of Kashmir peacefully in the past, and for rushing military aid to India now to defend spurious Indian claims to NEFA and Ladakh, and, as a consequence, abetting "Hindu imperialism." In India, it was realized that an attack from Pakistan just then would be disastrous, but at the same time it was felt that India was in no position to make any concessions to Pakistan; aside from the fact that to lose the Vale of Kashmir would render Ladakh indefensible, what choice could there be between losing an area that Nehru had often characterized, with only a little exaggeration, as a desert "where not a blade of grass grows" and losing what was renowned throughout the world as a rich, romantic paradise? India therefore tried to present the Chinese invasion as a threat to Pakistan as well. Nehru said, "There are all kinds of bizarre rumors [about Pakistan]. They have been promised large chunks of India. . . . But it surely is obvious that any threat from outside, as this is, to us, is bound to be a threat to them." India, like the Western powers, looked to General Ayub Khan, the President of Pakistan, to restrain the warmongers among his countrymen, as he had done in the past, but, in the words of a corre-

"I know what. Why don't you sit down and make up a little list of do's and don'ts for when you get back to the office?"

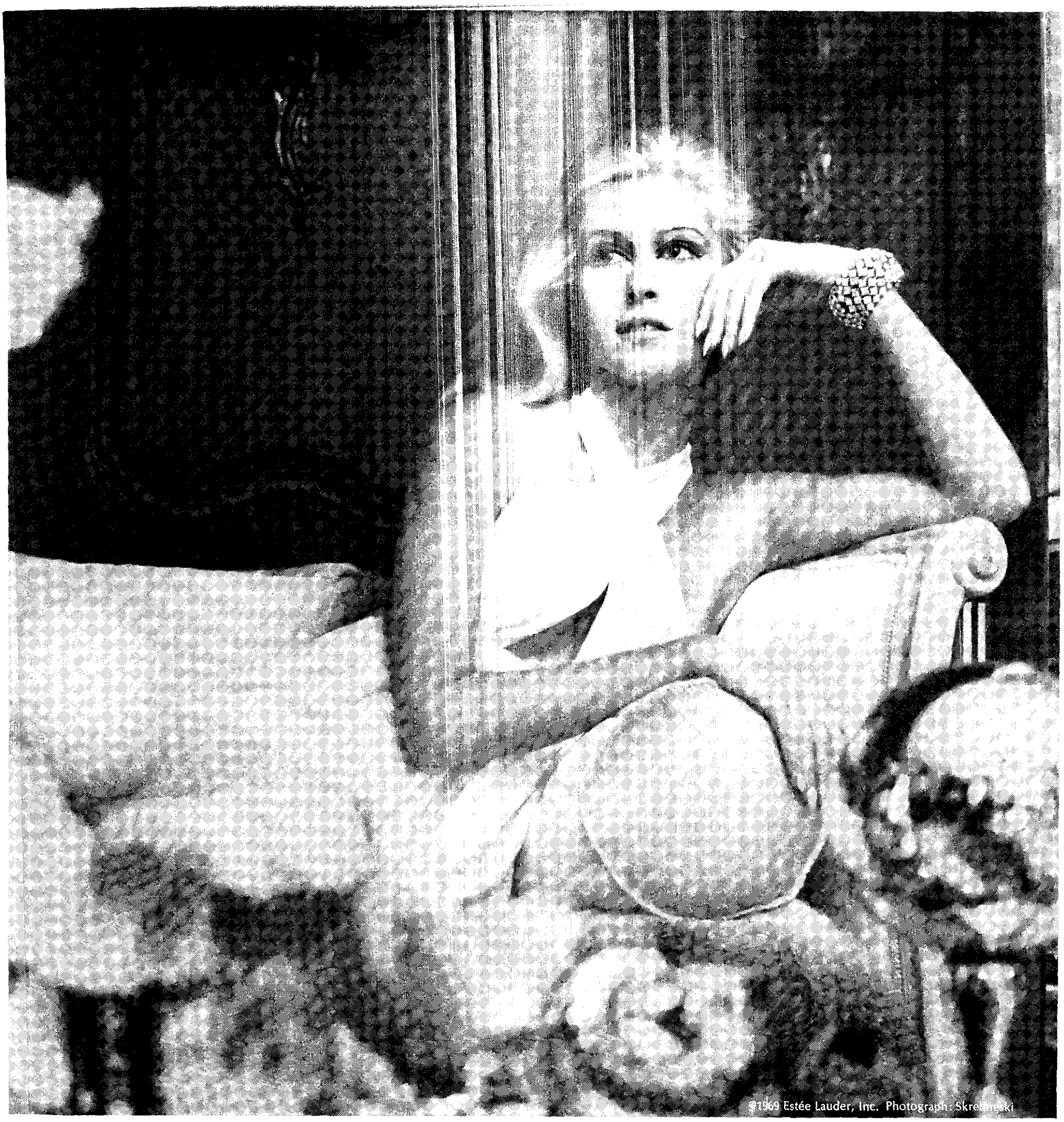
• •

spondent for the London *Observer* writing from Lahore:

> President Ayub Khan of Pakistan is not prepared to take the entire responsibility for shaping his country's attitude and policy toward the undeclared war between China and India. . . .
>
> In the absence of representative institutions, the Press in Pakistan has assumed a crucial and powerful role. It was made crystal clear . . . that the Press had no sympathy for India's troubles with China and that it regarded the Western demand on Pakistan to assure a peaceful posture as an "impertinence.". . .
>
> It was always understood that the West did not wish to go against India. But the headlong manner in which the Anglo-Americans have taken up Delhi's cause has created the worst possible impression about their motives. . . .
>
> The Western leaders have held out no hope of a Kashmir solution precisely at a time when they are believed to have the greatest influence with Delhi. This is regarded as pure and simple betrayal. . . .

In spite of the "betrayal," the Western powers were able to get Ayub Khan and Nehru to agree to hold talks about Kashmir, thereby averting any immediate threat of a Pakistani invasion of India.

In the meantime, India prepared for a long war with China. Nehru asserted, "We are not going to tolerate this kind of invasion of India by any foreign country. This is the first war of independent India to maintain her independence, and India is not going to lose this war, however long it lasts and whatever harm it may do us." In the Indian capital, the municipal authorities awarded contracts for the digging of trenches; householders taped up their windowpanes against air raids, much as they had done in the Second World War; and families laid in supplies of food and water. All the major cities held rallies to raise a volunteer force of a million men to fight the Chinese; instead of the old slogan "*Chini Hindi, Bhai Bhai*," meaning "Chinese Indian, Brother Brother," the meetings sent up the cry "*Chini Hindi* Bye-Bye." Throughout the country, known Communists and Chinese residents were interned. In Assam and West Bengal, seventeen hundred Chinese residents were jailed, in accordance with the Defense of India Rules—a set of regulations, dating from the raj, that vested the government with sweeping arbitrary powers—and suspected Communists and aliens were assaulted. (Japanese, Vietnamese, and Koreans wore identifying badges stating "We're Your Friends, Not Your Chinese Enemies.") A National Defense Fund was started, for which the poorest village tried to raise a rupee and to which rich citizens contributed their jewels and other valuables. (The chief minister of one state was so successful at collecting for the Defense Fund that he was able to make a presentation to Nehru of twice Nehru's weight in gold.) In spite of the upsurge of patriotism, however, Nehru's government was blamed for the entire military and political debacle, some analysts saying that the generals had given battle to the Chinese indiscriminately when they should have retreated in good order and entrenched themselves in positions more favorable to defense. Nehru changed his corps commanders and his chiefs of staff, and tried to explain why the Indian Army did not have even such essentials as automatic weapons. "Well, there are many reasons," he told a foreign television interviewer. "Our whole thinking was directed to peaceful progress—not that we ignored the military side, but we didn't prepare for war, you might say—and we thought that even from the military point of view the development of our industrial base was important, although it doesn't bring results immediately; from the military point, ultimately, it strengthens the military position. So we laid stress on that. Well, before we could properly get the results from that this attack came. . . . We were mistaken in thinking that such an attack in modern conditions is unlikely. A regular— I would say it's not a frontier conflict—it is a regular, massive attack on India. And certainly we thought that this kind of thing was unlikely. . . . As a matter of fact, even after they had started hitting us, or, rather, just before, we still—maybe we're foolish—we did not expect them to hit us in a massive way." Some military experts were unconvinced by Nehru's statement that the emphasis on economic development was largely responsible for India's rout; they insisted that thirty thousand troops, or just one-fifteenth of India's standing Army, could have held the line in NEFA if they had been armed with automatic weapons and acclimatized to the mountains. Menon was the first target of the critics. Frank Moraes, the editor of the *Indian Express*, wrote, "Mr. Menon is now left with no alibi for inaction. He is . . . left naked to his friends and enemies. The future of peace, socialism, and democ-



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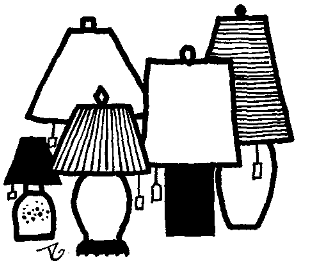
racy, he now asserts, depends upon good will between the Chinese and ourselves. But it is no longer a question of peace, socialism, and democracy. It is a question of India's survival." Nehru was forced to demote Menon to a minor portfolio and then to drop him from the Cabinet altogether, thereby, in the opinion of some, saving his government. (Miss Partridge wrote in the *Nation,* "Most observers here believe that a military coup was averted only because Mr. Nehru gave way to popular demand; he sacked Krishna Menon and put India on a war footing. Even now, if Mr. Nehru shows any weakness, there could still be a military takeover." Pakistan and Burma, like a number of underdeveloped countries on other continents, had already succumbed to military control.) But when Nehru's critics pressed him to make a formal declaration of war, and also to take India's case to the United Nations, he refused to do either, saying that he did not wish to activate any Sino-Soviet alliance. (A formal declaration could have put into effect the provisions of the Sino-Soviet mutual-defense pact of 1950.) And when his critics pressed him to recognize the Dalai Lama as head of the government of Tibet in exile and to pledge military assistance for the return of the Dalai Lama to Tibet one day, Nehru again refused, saying that India was not now, and never had been, in any position to fight in Tibet; he argued that in Tibet all the logistics favored China, so that even if India diverted most of her resources to the Tibetan cause she could not hope to assist Tibet. Still, there was no hiding the fact that many of the views and policies long cherished by Nehru, who was now seventy-three and ill much of the time, were in ruins, including his dream of India's economic betterment. The Chinese had attacked at a moment when most of the economic indicators in India were pointing downward. For instance, in 1959-60, the last year of India's Second Five-Year Plan, her national income had increased by 7.1 per cent, her industrial output by 10.5 per cent, and her agricultural production by 8.1 per cent, but in 1961-62, the first year of her Third Five-Year Plan—partly because of power, fuel, and transport shortages created by the industrial expansion of the previous years—her national income had increased by only 2.2 per cent, her industrial output by only 4.3 per cent, and her agricultural production by only 1.6 per cent. To quote Miss Partridge's article again:

> Thus what China invaded, in fact, was India's Five-Year Plan—at a critical moment of economic imbalance. . . . As a result of the military reverses, India's planners are now suggesting a defense budget amounting to the astronomical total of sixteen billion dollars in order to create a 2.5 million-man military force to equal China's (the largest in the world).

On November 21st, when the attack was just four weeks old and the Chinese stood almost on the plains of Assam, China again unilaterally declared a cease-fire. The organ of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, *Jen Min Jih Pao*, asserted, "The growth of the Sino-Indian border dispute into a massive military conflict is the last thing the Chinese Government and people want. . . . We always hope to live in friendship with our neighbor India and are absolutely unwilling to see the two countries crossing swords. . . . To resolve the dispute amicably, China is ready to exercise forbearance and make concessions." The cease-fire was as sudden and surprising as the war's original onset, and the New York *Times* reflected the mystification of analysts everywhere when it commented, "The decision of the Chinese Communists to call a halt to their border war with India is startling and puzzling in the extreme. . . . It is hard to believe that anything could have stopped them from moving down to the plains of Assam if they had pressed forward. Until some satisfactory explanation is forthcoming, there can only be wild speculation on the reasons for Peking's decision." It was felt that the least wild speculation came from military men, some of whom had thought all along that the Chinese equipment and tactics, so successful in the mountains, could not be adapted to the plains. In any case, they pointed out, the Himalayan winter was fast approaching. The *Christian Science Monitor* noted, "By the time the Himalayan winter freezes the fronts, Chinese Communist aggression may well have 'paid off' by ousting India from its natural defense lines along mountain ranges and incorporating them instead in a new great wall of China. India would then be faced in the spring with a choice between starting an all-out campaign to oust the Chinese or accepting the new frontiers." But once again the Chinese surprised everyone. They voluntarily started pulling back. Their forces in NEFA abandoned Bomdi La on December 13th, Walong on December 20th, and Tawang just after the New Year, and by the middle of January they were north of the McMahon Line. However, military men, and many members of Nehru's government as well, continued to believe that the halt in fighting was temporary—that sooner or later, perhaps one spring, the Chinese would return.



But the Chinese, who, in a sense, had already won the political war, did not return—not even when the Indians reoccupied some of their old positions in NEFA and Ladakh. India, for her part, put aside any such impractical idea as raising a standing Army of two and a half million, but to this day she has continued to fear another attack, and to spend—with mixed results—vast sums on defense (in 1966 and 1967 she spent somewhere between a billion three hundred million dollars and a billion and a half, or three and a half per cent of her gross national product) and on the development of Ladakh, Nepal, Sikkim, Bhutan, NEFA, and Nagaland, a small Indian tribal state in the Assam Himalayas. On the one hand, India's northern frontier remains vulnerable at many points: in Assam, NEFA, and Nagaland some of the tribes seem to be showing secessionist tendencies, and a few, with the active assistance of Pakistan and China, have actually taken up arms against India; in Bhutan there are only twenty thousand troops, most of them with rudimentary training, and although the mountains and the absence of roads make it unlikely that the Chinese will pour into the kingdom in great numbers, Bhutan remains particularly vulnerable; in Nepal the government's position of neutrality, combined with a ruthless suppression of political opposition, has led some people to fear that Nepal may be the first buffer state to fall to the Chinese. On the other hand, that northern frontier has been built up at many points: in addition to the work of economic development, there are, according to one estimate, nearly thirty thousand troops in NEFA, Sikkim, and Ladakh, with large back-up forces stationed in the plains of Assam and of the Punjab (in fact, twenty divisions, or half of the total standing Army, which now numbers seven hundred and fifty thousand men, are committed in one way or another to the Chinese front); to supply the frontier troops, and also to open up the tribal areas, five thousand miles of roads have been

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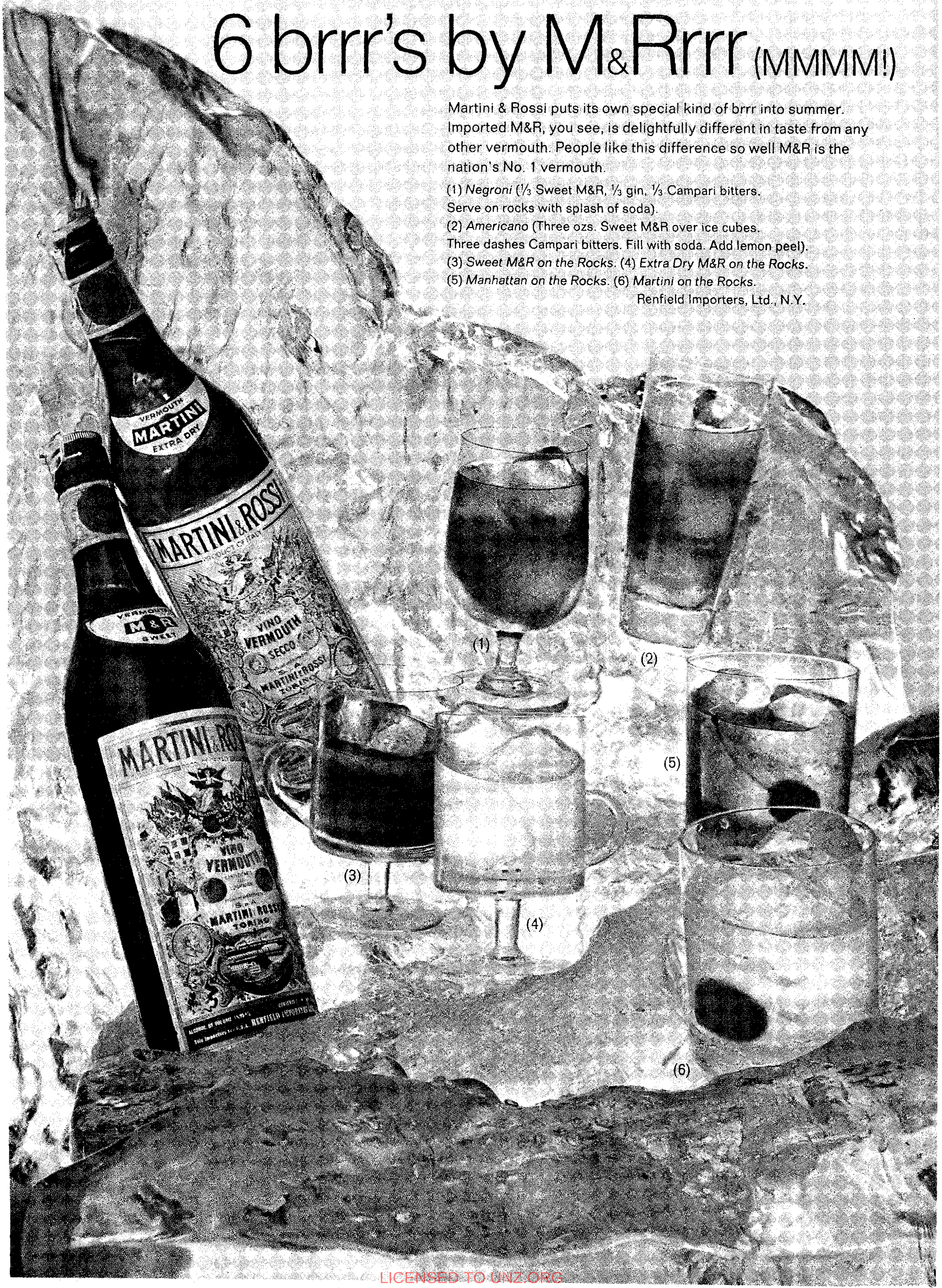
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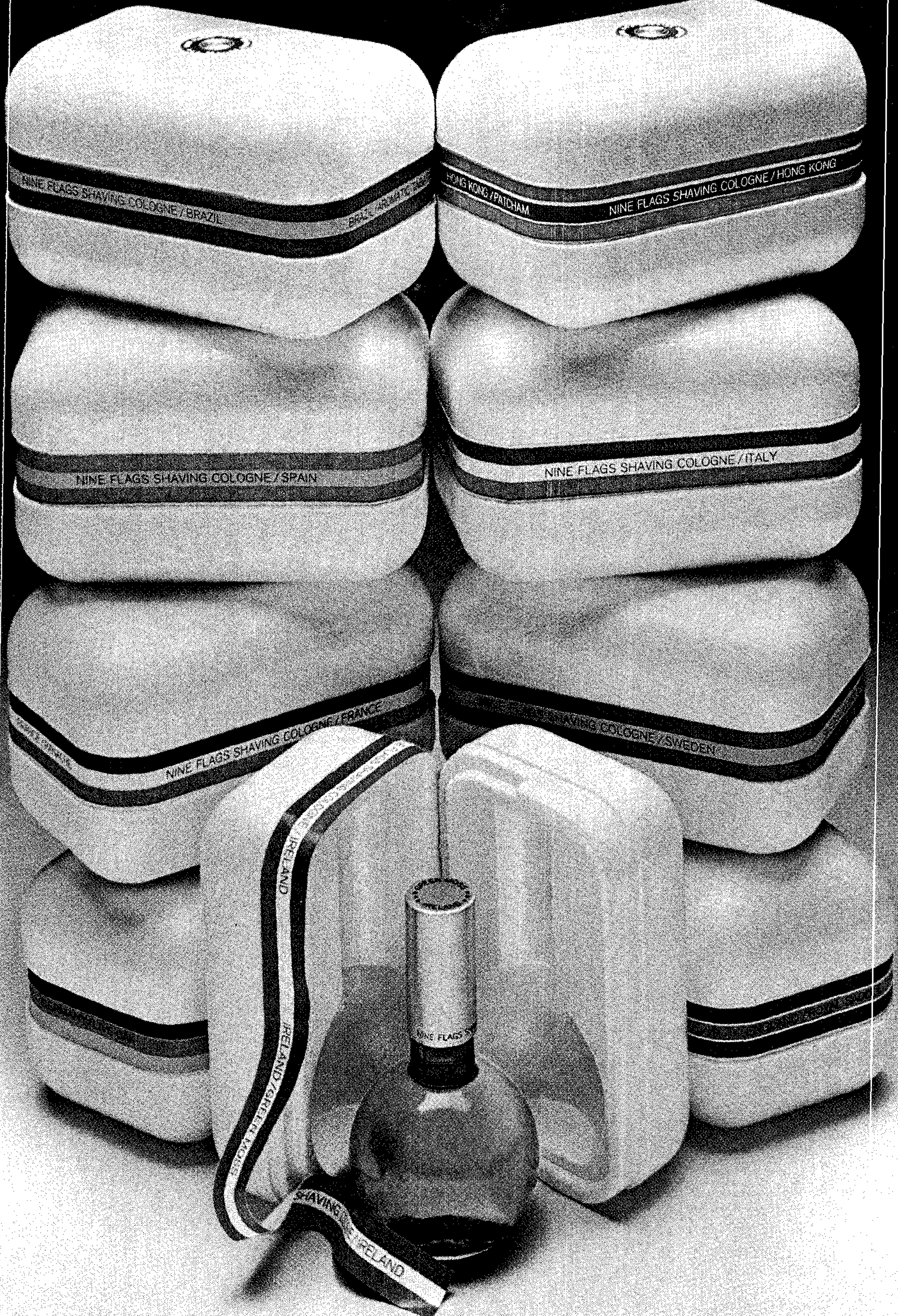

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© The Colton Company Div. / Essences Imported / Blended in U.S.A. / In fine stores everywhere blasted out in the Himalayas, and these make a considerable difference to the troops manning concrete blockhouses and sandbagged trenches on the frontier, though it is true that landslips and avalanches can still cut them off for weeks at a time. Because of China's recent nuclear tests, the situation on the border is as tense as ever. Harrison Salisbury, travelling in Asia for the New York *Times*, recently began a story out of India, "The Indian spoke with deliberate precision: 'For us in Asia, there have been two epochal events in this century. The first was Japan's defeat of Russia in 1905. The second was China's atom bomb,' " and ended it by pointing out that without a strong India there could be neither Asian security nor Asian stability, and that it was in the interests of many powers, including the Soviet Union, to wish India well in the Himalayas.

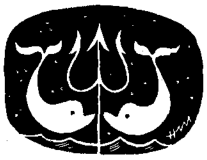
NEFA: The North East Frontier Agency, which forms a horseshoe north of the Brahmaputra Valley of Assam and south of Tibet, touching Burma on the east and Bhutan on the west, is a tract of bare, craggy hills, huge tropical and alpine forests, steep, rugged valleys, and great, cascading rivers. The region is so wild that even today much of it can be traversed only on foot, and some people have spent a year journeying from one end of it to the other. It has an area of 31,438 square miles and a population of some four hundred thousand. The land is inhabited by the Indo-Mongoloid tribes of Monpas, Sherdukpens, Mijis, Akas, Khowas, Sulungs, Apatanis, Daflas, Adis, Mishmis, Khamptis, Singphos, Wanchos, Noctes, Tangsas; by the sub-tribes of Thongs, Ghaos, Nyubbus, Nyullus, Bogums, Bomis, Khambas, Membas, Tagins, Idus, Mijus, Dagarus, Lungchangs, Moklongs, Yuglis, Lungris, Havis, Moshangs, Rundras, Tikhaks, Ponthais, and Longphis; and by the sub-sub-tribes of Minyongs, Kharkos, Shimongs, Bomdo-Janbos, Panggis, Palibos, Karkangs, Boris, Mayuns, Thangams, Padams, Milangs, Dalbings, Gallongs, Paktus, Riba-Basars, Tai-Padias, Nalobags, Tatar-Tenis, Bokars, Ramos, Mihis, Milhus, Miemras, Midris, Mihuis, Mitanongs, Matuns, and Mathuns. The people of these tribes, sub-tribes, and sub-sub-tribes may be distinguished, anthropologically, by their religions (ranging from animism to Buddhism), by the bases of their economies (farming, husbandry, slavery, barter, handicrafts), by their systems of government (ranging from absolute rule by village or clan headmen to democratic management by village councils), by their types of social organization (some have complicated caste and class structures, and others do not), by their family organization (extended family or clan systems, which may be, in various degrees, patriarchal, patrilineal, or patrilocal), by their marriage customs (there are polyandry, polygamy, and many other forms of conjugal relationships, and there may be use of marriage brokers and bride money), by their physical appearance (skins olive, yellow, or brown; shortness or tallness of stature; faces narrow or round), and by their styles of dress and physical adornment (skirts, blouses, blankets, body cloths, leaves; armbands, beads, earplugs, and cloth, bamboo, or yak-hair headdresses; hair knotted, plaited, matted, or shaved, in a variety of prescribed ways; bodies painted or tattooed). Some tribes (and sub-tribes and sub-sub-tribes) continue to be known for their practices of raiding and feuding, kidnapping and ransoming, and hunting animal and human heads—though of late the headhunters have, for the most part, been satisfied to collect wooden heads.

Before and during the raj, these hills were scarcely administered, or even explored. In 1873, the British formally quarantined the hills by introducing what were called the Inner Line Regulations, which forbade all traffic and intercourse between the tribal people and other Indians, and from then on, except when a punitive expedition was mounted to control any tribal disturbance that threatened to spread to the plains, the hills were visited only by a few officers and travellers. After Independence, India began a serious attempt to develop the hills. In 1950, the President became constitutionally responsible for the administration of the area, which was now called the North East Frontier Agency and was divided into five districts—Kameng, Subansiri, Siang, Lohit, and Tirap. The actual work of development and administration was entrusted to the Ministry of External Affairs and, because of the border problem with China, was conducted—by the governor of Assam and, in the field, by a handful of deputy commissioners with small staffs of civilian officers—on "a top-secret basis." The policy of the Inner Line was continued, now on the ground that while the government was helping the people of NEFA to relinquish their barbarous customs and achieve a better standard of living it wished them to be protected from an invasion of such elements of the plains as usurers, profiteers, land speculators, and land-hungry peasants. The government declared that once the tribal people had reached a sufficiently high level of development the Inner Line would be abolished and NEFA would be made a part of Assam. Following the Chinese attack, the government speeded up the building of

"Isn't it about time you struck out on your own, Son?"

schools, hospitals, roads, and garrisons.

Today, after a flight from Calcutta to Gauhati, a town in the plains of Assam, and a sixty-four-mile automobile ride up a treacherous hill road, I have come to Shillong, which, as the capital of Assam, is the administrative center for NEFA, though separated from it by the valley of the Brahmaputra. Shillong, which is set on a hilltop, is one of the hill stations that the British created as a refuge for their officers, who wanted to escape the heat and dust of the plains in summer and sought temporary refuge from "the real India." Unlike most other hill stations, which are small resorts with bridle paths and cottages, Shillong is a year-round seat of government, with streets, cars, and large bungalows. One of the government officers who live here tells me, "Once you get used to Shillong, you never even want to go near the plains. They're full of mosquitoes and things like that. Even if you go down, you don't spend the night there. You always rush back to Shillong as fast as you can."



I am here for a briefing on NEFA, so I talk with the chief minister and the governor of Assam, and also attend a session of the legislative assembly, in the hope that it will throw some light on the tribal question. (It is my first brush with an Indian state legislative assembly, and not an altogether encouraging one. To follow the proceedings, one has to know Assamese, Bengali, Hindi, and English. This particular morning, the quadrilingual debate appears to be about a civil servant who has tendered his resignation because he was not addressed with the respect due him. The Minister for Industrial Affairs is now lecturing the members of the legislative assembly on the uses of "*tum*" and "*aap*"—Hindi for the familiar "thou" and the polite "you": "The whole difficulty arose out of the word '*tum*.' You will appreciate that this word is used in various ways. It would have been better to use the word '*aap*.' As you know, sir, in administration many people use '*tum*.' I am not justifying the use of the word '*tum*,' but I am just interpreting that for the use of this word he should not have resigned, and if he thought that the word '*tum*' was derogatory, his duty should have been to report to the managing director, but instead of that he resigned." And so on.) I talk with a number of the officers concerned with NEFA. One of them, who is in charge of mapping out my program, says, "You could spend a lifetime going around NEFA, but if you want to see something of the tribal life and what we are doing in the way of tribal development, I would recommend your going to the Siang District. Economically, it's a representative tribal area, and, as far as the fun the tribes are famous for goes, it's second to none. If you like, you can go to the Kameng District, too. The scene of most of the fighting with the Chinese was the road in Kameng that goes up to Tawang. On the road, you can spend some time talking with engineers and Army officers and civil officers. They all have their camps along the way. You'll get a pretty good idea of what we're doing in the way of defenses there. You may want to go on to Nagaland, where we've already had a dress rehearsal for what may happen in NEFA."

He hands me a formidable-looking document headed

Itinerary for the Visit of
Shri Ved Mehta to Nefa

and signed

M D Tyagi
Deputy Secretary (Pol.)
NEFA Administration
U/O No. PLA. 1180-NDA... 1966

He also hands me a stapled sheaf of papers headed "NEFA: The Land and the People." The paragraphs on Siang contain, along with straight information (area, 8,196 square miles; population, 84,000), such random remarks as

> One of the most fascinating and exciting parts of NEFA.... It is a country of song and dance, of hard, eager work, of fine spinning and weaving.... The northern part is full of high mountains and wild valleys with difficult communications. The mountains in the south running northeast to southwest stand as a solid wall shutting out the Brahmaputra Valley in the plains of Assam....

TODAY, I have reached Siang, most of which is jungle. By land the journey could have taken five days, but, thanks to an air sortie for supplying rations to Along, the district headquarters, I hopped the wall of mountains in twenty-five minutes. I have just arrived by jeep in a village called Bagra, inhabited by the Gallong tribe. It lies sixteen miles south of Along, and it is a member of a group of Gallong villages called Pusi Bango, which is one of nine groups of villages that make up Siang. It is dusk, and I am standing in a terraced mountain field overlooking a river. Everyone in Pusi Bango seems to be here, celebrating the opening of a new lower primary school, which is the event of the year.

"Now has come Ved Mehta, a great friend from Delhi," chants a boy, dressed in girls' clothes, who is walking slowly around inside a huge, slowly moving circle made up of all the people on the festival grounds. At every second step, he pauses before a man, woman, or child and brandishes, with a flourish worthy of an ancient warrior, a long, blunt sword, shaking it so that iron discs set in the pommel clash like prayer tongs. "Now has come Ved Mehta, a great friend from Delhi," the boy repeats.

"Friend from Delhi," chirps the circle, in chorus.

"He's come from America, on the other side of the stars. Our friend from Delhi."

"Friend from Delhi."

"He's come to see the life on this side of the stars. Friend from Delhi."

"Friend from Delhi."

"His mother is Hindu, his father is Hindu, but he lives on the other side of the stars. Friend from Delhi."

"Friend from Delhi."

The chant of welcome, which goes on like a minor saga, is rather baffling until I remember how widespread the custom of governmental briefing is in India. One of the serenaders, who is singing in a charmingly haphazard way, takes me in a bear hug, balancing a bamboo beaker full of drink on my shoulder. When the greeting is done, my private serenader draws me to a nearby bonfire, which has been blazing away throughout the ceremony. A man of medium height, a little on the heavy side, he is dressed in an old hand-spun tie, an old, patched woollen coat, old corduroy trousers, and very old suède boots. He has an Indian face, and looks to be in his late thirties. He is the Deputy Commissioner of Along, which is to say that he is virtually the king of Siang.

"Sorry I couldn't meet your plane," he says. "It's not often that a plane comes to Along. But I had to be here early to open the celebrations for the lower primary school. I hope your jeep ride to Bagra wasn't too rough."

A small girl who has the clear complexion of a hill girl and whom the Deputy Commissioner identifies for me as Yapi Loya hands me a bamboo beaker, a duplicate of the D.C.'s. It contains *apong* (or rice beer), which smells like incense and tastes a bit like molasses. "*Apong* is very good for your health," the D.C. says. "I have a touch of diabetes, and the doctors have forbidden me to drink. I don't keep anything in my house. But I'm always open to persuasion. When in

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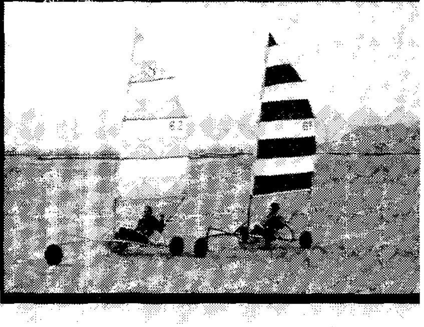

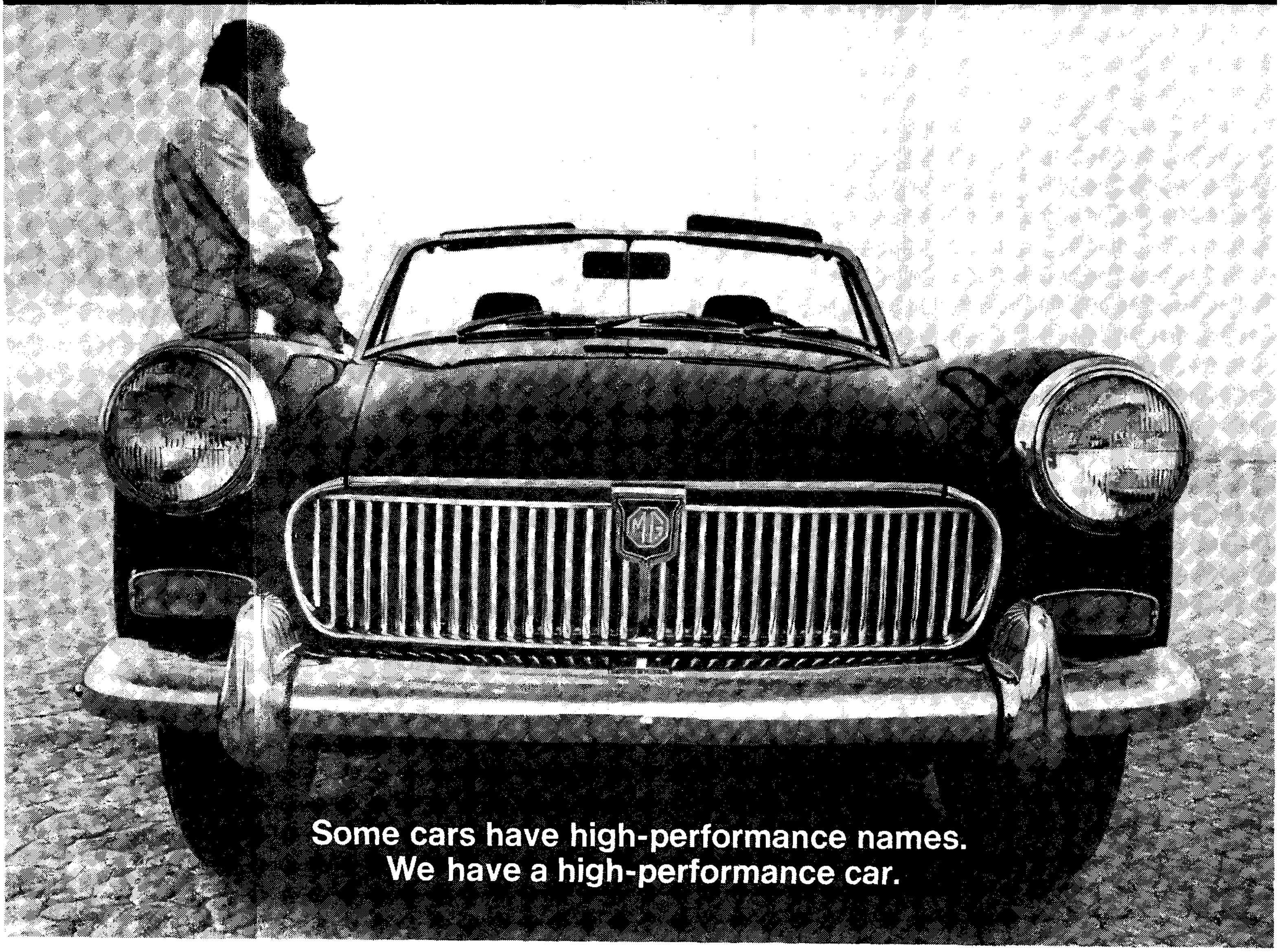
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Bagra, do as the Gallongs do." Around the bonfire there are members of the D.C.'s staff—assistant commissioners, and other regional and research officers—all of them young Indians. Though the weather is only a little chilly, they can't seem to get close enough to the fire. Each of them is handed a bamboo beaker, and, under the D.C.'s eye, they drink.

"Come on, Yapi, Yandra, Yayum, Yade, Yabom, Yaken, Yaniyak—you girls—let's have the *ponung!*" the D.C. shouts, clapping his hands. "Dance—the *ponung!*"

The people in the field look at him happily. They all have high cheekbones, slanting eyes, and flat-bridged noses. Most of the men are wearing white dhotis and buttonless black coats, swords in bamboo scabbards, and conch-shell-studded leather belts. Most of the women are wearing green blouses and ankle-length cotton skirts geometrically patterned in black and white.

The D.C., fixing red, tigerish eyes on a few girls who are now fluttering and hovering around him, continues, "Come on! Quick, quick, quick! Yapi, Yade, Yandra, Yayum, Yabom, Yaniyak, Yaken, you are fined five rupees each for disobedience." There is general laughter. "Ten rupees." He takes a draught from his beaker. "You chaps, get in there and start doing the *ponung*. Get those girls. Twenty rupees—"

"Sir, it's time for the variety show," one of the officers breaks in.

"All right. There's all night for the *ponung*," the D.C. says, and, as if he were opening the variety show then and there, he starts singing in ringing tones in a language that, from a short time I once spent in Nepal, I recognize as Gurkhali:

"O lads, O lasses, where is the road to Bakloh?
O lads, O lasses, show me the road to Bakloh!
O lads, O lasses, where is the road to Bakloh?
O lads, O lasses, show me the road to Bakloh!"

He repeats the refrain again and again, to expressions of pleasure from his audience.

Soon an improvised stage is ready, the officers and I are seated on folding chairs, and the Gallongs have ranged themselves on the ground. The D.C., however, paces back and forth between the chair-wallahs and the ground-wallahs.

"We people of the jungle beseech you to sit down," says the boy in girls' clothes, coming up to the D.C.

"I am more jungly than all of you put together," the D.C. says, but he takes a chair.

The variety show begins with a bamboo-stick dance, which is followed by a physical-training act with dumbbells. The next act is a duckbill dance, in which a group of boys wearing rimless bamboo hats with long brick-red yak-hair tassels and long duckbills that stick out of the top bend over and shake their torsos gracefully so that the duckbills dart, bob, and peck. Among the other acts is a skit centering on bloodthirsty Chinese and the heroic role of the NEFA tribesmen during the Chinese invasion. For me, the high point of the show is a song crooned in English by one of the duckbill dancers, making fun of the modern, emancipated woman:

"Fashion! Fashion! But you have no knowledge to do.
Gazing! Gazing! I couldn't locate a good quality in you.
Without knowledge, to indulge in fashion
Is a matter to evoke laughter.
Donyi Yanya, you sport long hair and think it your fashion,
But the sport is a matter to evoke laughter.
You look fore and hind—
Sometimes you halt and then go.
What you gaze at down and above,
That is a matter to evoke laughter.

Fashion! Fashion!
You are haughty in appearance.
You take your seat in such a way
That you give inconvenience to all—
You sit before all.
For no one will you stand.
You do not accept the precedence
Of the elders or the young.
Fashion!"

As a final item on the program, a newsreel is projected on a makeshift screen, and after a couple of minutes the D.C. says to me, "Let's go to the *hawaghar*."

The *hawaghar* (or "air house") is a *basha* (or bamboo hut) and, like all *bashas*, is constructed entirely of bamboo, the most accessible building material in the jungle. It is decorated with bamboo shavings. It has been put up as a dining room for the officers and is complete with a long table and folding chairs, but instead of shelter it seems to provide little more than vents for the wind.

"Have some whiskey," the D.C. says. "It will warm you up. I've given orders that as long as I am in Bagra, peons, drivers—one and all—should be given as much rum as they can hold."

I accept the whiskey, and we drink, to the accompaniment of distant voices on a soundtrack ("The President of India . . . The Food Minister of India . . . Mrs. Indira Gandhi said today . . . Mont Blanc . . . Plane crash"). At last, there is the steely rumble of the national anthem, and girls, among them Yapi Loya, rush into the *hawaghar* and busy themselves arranging huge banana leaves on the table. In an instant, the leaves disappear under mountains of rice, mutton, and vegetables. Even though all the government officers eat with gusto, they only make dents in the peaks. Nonetheless, the girls, who have taken up stations behind the folding chairs, continually heap up more food, as if failure to maintain the mountains at their original elevation might be a sign of disrespect to the assembled dignitaries. The D.C. eats little and keeps up a stream of banter with the girls.

When we return to the field after dinner, the D.C. shouts "Let there be *ponung!*" and the Gallongs, who have been eating in other *bashas*, start arriving. The D.C. says to me, "Last time I stayed up all night for a *ponung* was when I went to a village to stop an epidemic of cholera. The village was dank and congested, and a doctor I took along told me that the only hope was to abandon the place. The village council told me that the evil spirits were behind the fever and that the only hope of appeasing them lay in my taking part in an all-night *ponung*. I said I would dance all night if they would move out of the village in the morning. They said they would if the morning was clear, for that would be a sign that the evil spirits had been appeased. We did the *ponung* all night, and, fortunately, the sun came out for fifteen minutes in the morning. I was able to evacuate the village."

"Did you have any trouble resettling the people?" I ask.

"No. We just moved them to another ridge. It doesn't take long for them to put up *bashas*, and *bashas* have to be rebuilt about every three years anyway."

The field is crowded now. Under brilliant starlight, everyone falls into a winding line and begins a sort of strolling dance, going counterclockwise. At the head of the line is the boy in girls' clothes, shaking the sword. As before, he sings, but this time in Adi, the language of the Gallongs. The D.C. softly intones the translation for me.

The boy calls, "*Aipe alangka, go*

To live.
To laugh.
To forget time.
Cointreau.
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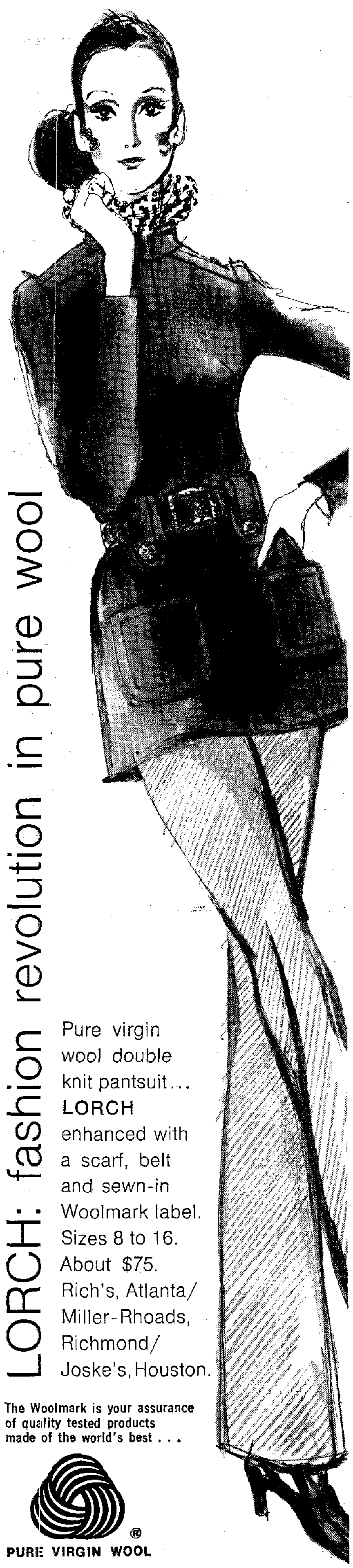

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goi." ("Welcome," whispers the D.C. " '*Go goi*' is for rhythm.")

"*Go goi*," chants the chorus.

"*Tebo ne ajar, go go goi . . .*" ("To you people we will entertain . . .")

"*Go goi.*"

"*Jarmene gelaju, go goi . . .*" ("We, all the hosts, will entertain you . . .")

"*Go goi.*"

"*Ane so Higi so, go goi . . .*" ("Here, this motherland, Higi . . .")

"*Go goi.*"

"*Higi so diri so, go goi . . .*" ("More beloved land than the heart . . .")

"*Go goi.*"

Throughout the dance, the jangling of the sword is echoed by jangles from all sides, as if the dancers were shaking invisible swords. I ask the D.C. about the mysteriously echoing sounds.

"We don't talk about such things now," the D.C. says, with a laugh. "The government doesn't even want to admit that such things exist. Until recently, some tribal people went naked. Sometimes a Gallong man wore a leaf, and a Gallong woman, until she had her first baby, wore a belt of brass discs—heart-shaped discs—around her hips. Some women still wear the belt, under their clothes." To the dancers he shouts "*Ulta, ulta!*" Then he says, "No matter how often I shout '*Ulta*' at them, I can never get them to *ponung* clockwise."

The dance continues into the night. Sometimes a step is added or omitted, sometimes the caller is a girl or an old man, sometimes the dancers move in a circle, sometimes they go snakelike across the field, sometimes the chorus chants "*Go go go goi*" instead of "*Go go goi*" or "*Go goi*"—nonsense syllables either way—but the sound of the melodic call and the response, always in the tonic key, and the rhythm and the pace do not change at all. The dance is as soothing and hypnotic as a lullaby.

Yapi, detaching herself from the *ponung*, comes up to the fire, where I've been standing. Putting her hand over her mouth and squinting slightly, she invites me to join the *ponung*. But we stand talking for a time while she warms herself. She tells me in pidgin Hindi that she is from a village called Kabu, near Along; that she is fifteen; and that if schooling opportunities had existed when she was five she would now be in the tenth standard. As it is, she is in the fifth standard in the secondary school in Along. The Gallong girls are very free with their own people, but with outsiders they tend either to become a little giggly or to assume the manner of silent petitioners at court. Not so Yapi.

When Yapi and I join the *ponung*—the D.C. and Yade take places beside us in the circle—it has settled down to the song of genealogy.

The leader calls, "*Jajine tone, tone, ja jin ja . . .*"

"*Ja jin ja*," the chorus responds.

"*Melore ogo, ogo, ja jin ja . . .*"

"*Ja jin ja.*"

"*Topolo Puyi, puyi, ja jin ja . . .*"

"*Ja jin ja.*"

"*Maboge duke, duke, ja jin ja . . .*"

"*Ja jin ja.*"

"*Pagbogge duke, duke, ja jin ja . . .*"

"*Ja jin ja.*"

"*Rilikla dula, dula, ja jin ja . . .*"

"*Ja jin ja.*"

"*Ketiba ruba, ruba, ja jin ja . . .*"

"*Ja jin ja.*"

"*Tiji ba ruba, ruba, ja jin ja . . .*"

"*Ja jin ja.*"

"*Mabo pagbo gadge, gadge, ja jin ja . . .*"

"*Ja jin ja.*"

"*Dukube lele, lele, ja jin ja . . .*"

"*Ja jin ja.*"

"*Gipenba ruba, ruba, ja jin ja . . .*"

"*Ja jin ja.*"

(The call translation: "In the ancient times,/In the place Topo Puyi by name,/In the plains,/The human residents/All assembled,/All together./An assembly was held./After the assembly,/The human residents,/Separately, into the forests,/Here and there, dispersed.")

The caller, who is a gaunt old man, perhaps the eldest in this assembly, now recites one string of names after another, tracing the history of the human residents from the beginning, which must have been very far in the past indeed. The call, in its lengthy catalogue of ancestors, resembles the Old Testament "begat"s, but, whether because the names are so familiar to the progeny that the caller is lax in his enunciation or because the names are unwieldy and have to be recited fast to fit them into the Procrustean bed of the *ponung* metre, I cannot make out any of them. I have no trouble, however, catching the call of "*Ja jin ja*"—more of those rhythmic nonsense syllables—which seems to come each time the leader needs to pause for breath, and I repeat it with the rest of the dancers. After a couple of hours of going around and about the field, I drop out of the *ponung* and return to the fire.

“The song of genealogy will probably go on for the rest of the night,” the D.C. says, coming up to me. “They can do the *ponung* for nights and days, and afterward go out in the fields or the jungle and do hard work, and after that they may start the *ponung* all over again. They have extraordinary energy.”

An officer who has been dancing throughout comes up and tries to say good night to the D.C.

“No good nights,” the D.C. says. “The lower primary school is opening tomorrow. How can any of us go to sleep? We must go on doing the *ponung*.”

The D.C., probably remembering that I have been travelling, orders me to bed, and I am shown into a nearby *basha* perched on high stilts. As I walk on the floor, which is of bamboo matting, I feel I’m walking on a trampoline. As I consider the walls and the ceiling, which are of split bamboo tied with cane, I feel I’m back in the *hawaghar*. And as I lie down on the bed, which is of poles of bamboo laid across a bamboo trestle, I feel I’m lying down on a table. Tonight, I think, I’m going to sleep Gallong style. Yet, though the euphonious “*Ja jin ja*”s are showered upon me like a thousand and one good-night kisses, I cannot sleep. I cannot push out of my mind a glimpse I had of Gallong life outside the special atmosphere of the festival.

I was on my way from Along to Bagra. The government officer who was escorting me had to drop off some medicine for a newborn baby in a village along the way. The village was on a hillside, and, leaving the jeep below, we walked up a rough slope lined with *bashas*. All the *bashas* were on stilts about ten feet high, and all of them were hooded with slanting thatched roofs. Each *basha* had a sty attached to it, and the “oink-oink” of the pigs seemed to come from everywhere.

“Why does each house have a pigsty?” I asked.

The officer cleared his throat and waved a hand. “You know—well, there are no proper drains in these areas. You know—well, most of the tribes live on the spurs and ridges, for health and other reasons, like security. Well, then, don’t you know why they have the need for scavengers? Most of the hill tribes use pigs for the purpose.”

In front of the *basha* with the newborn baby, the officer hesitated, as though he were afraid to show anyone who was not an officer assigned to the

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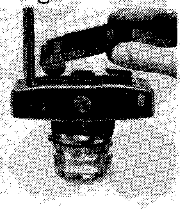

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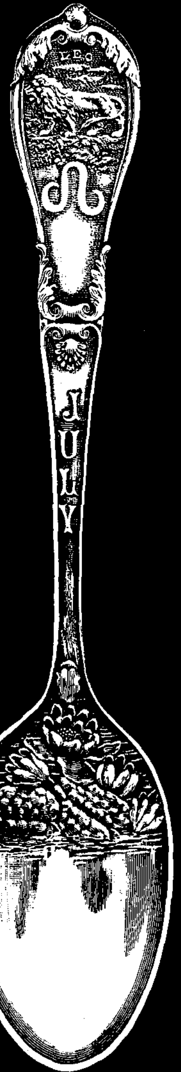

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tribal areas the inside of a Gallong house without first clearing the matter with higher-ups and perhaps receiving a permit. "There's not much to a *basha*," he said evasively. "It's just one square room with a fire in the middle. I'm just going to go up, leave the medicine, and come straight down. Of course, if you want to come up . . ."

"I'd like to," I said, but it was now my turn to hesitate. A typical *basha*, it could be entered by either of two bamboo ladders—one at the front and one at the side. From my reading, I knew that complicated rites were associated with the use of the ladders. ("The Gallongs," by L. R. N. Srivastava, notes, "Women enter the house by the side ladder and men by the front one. Women are never allowed to go in or come out of the house by the ladder meant for men. If, by a mistake, which is rarely committed, a woman uses the men's ladder, she faces a shower of rebukes and scoldings from the elders of the family. There will be *no* game, the Gallongs believe, in the hunt, nor fish in the river, if any woman uses the men's ladder.") I also knew from my reading that the hearth was the focal point of the house, and that complicated rites were associated with it. ("The side of the fireplace facing the entrance is *bago*, to be occupied by the guests. The side opposite to it is *nyosi*, where the slaves of the family and the old men and women sleep; on the left hand side is *nyode*, and on the right hand side is *udu*. The former is meant for the eldest son and his wife. The second son also may sleep here with his wife, if he has one, while the latter is to be occupied by the unmarried children.") I asked the officer, "Which ladder are we supposed to use? And do you know if we must confine ourselves to the *bago*?"

He laughed, and was somehow no longer the officer. "You would have to bother about *bago* only if you were a Gallong and were going to spend the night here," he told me. He led the way up the front ladder.

As he had said, the *basha* consisted of one square room. There was an open veranda all around it, but the room itself was dark and filled with smoke. More than twenty people were there, including some young children, and all of them seemed to be part of the household. At one side of the room, a wizened man was chopping wood and a woman of about seventy was sitting and winnowing rice, her short fingers rapidly sifting the grains. The rest were sitting or standing in the middle of the room, around a huge fire burning in a pit made of stone slabs. Though the woman did not leave off her winnowing or the man his chopping when we arrived, all of them seemed a little taken aback, like schoolchildren surprised by the headmaster. The officer and I stood about awkwardly. There were no cots, no furniture of any kind in the room. There were only baskets of rice and other grain, pots, winnowing pans, and mortars and pestles, and the only decorations were wooden heads and animals' jawbones. The young mother served us tea. We downed it quickly and left.

For a long time after I lie down in my *basha*, I hear the distant "*Ja jin ja*" of the *ponung*.

IN the morning, the *ponung* stops in order to shift from the festival grounds to the site of the lower primary school, a few hundred yards away, for the dedication ceremony. The schoolhouse, which is surrounded by a bamboo cattle guard, is a small wooden structure with a roof of corrugated galvanized iron. It stands between the river and the road to Along, and on the road, which the school faces, an immense crowd has gathered, the men and boys standing to one side of the road, and the women and girls to the other. At the approach of the Deputy Commissioner and his party of officers, everyone cries out "*Jai Hind!*" ("Victory to India!") The D.C., waving to the crowd, which looks fresh and relaxed in spite of the night-long *ponung*, walks rapidly up to the schoolhouse, accepts a sword from a village headman, and cuts a bamboo ribbon that has been stretched across the doorway.

The D.C. brandishes the sword and sings out, "It's a good thing that the school has opened."

All the men fall in line behind him and start the *ponung*.

"It's a good thing we have opened the lower primary school," continues the D.C.

"Lower primary school," chants the chorus.

"It's a good thing we don't have a *basha* anymore for a lower primary school."

"Lower primary school."

"We've had a *basha* in Pusi Ban-

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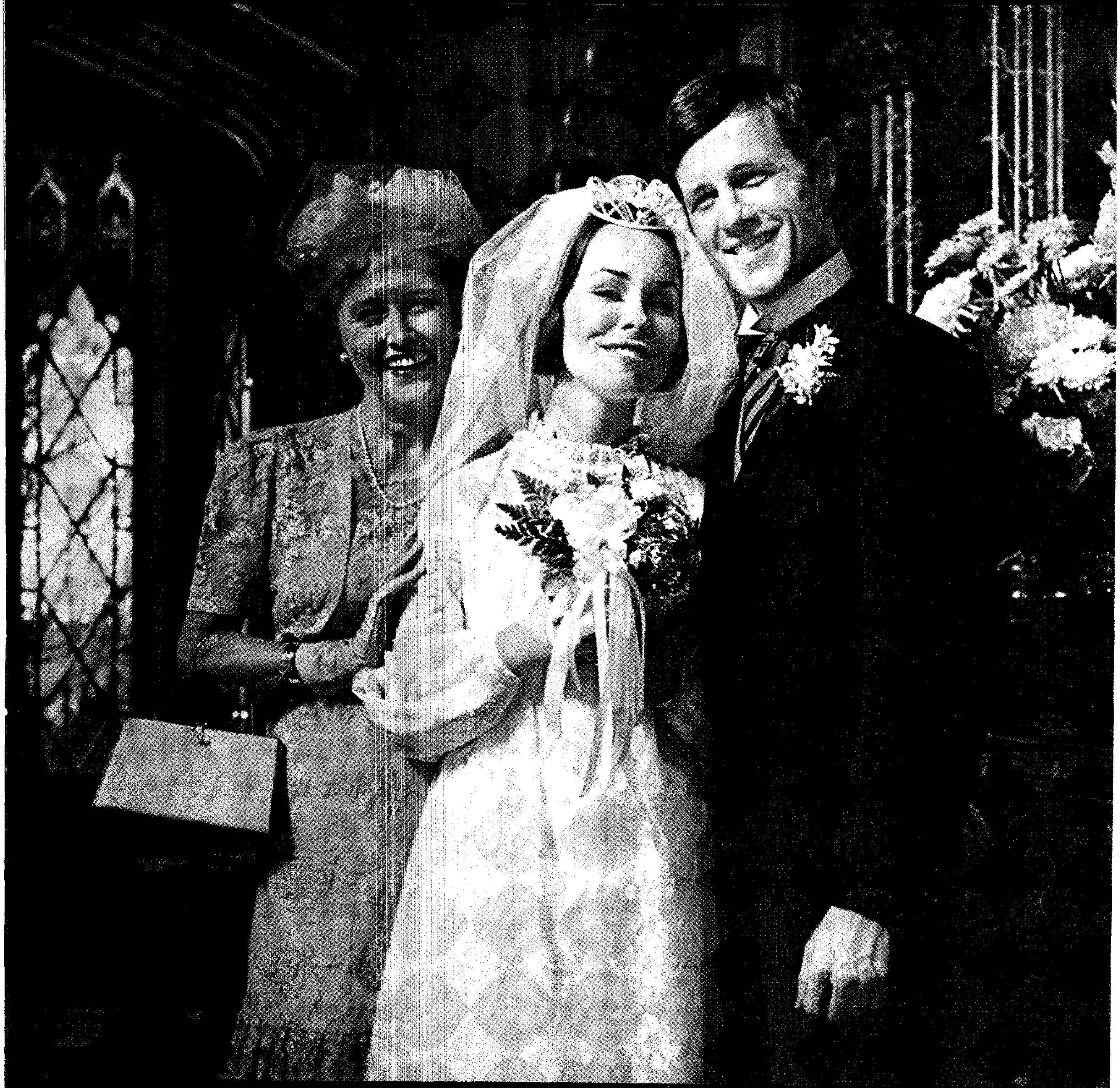

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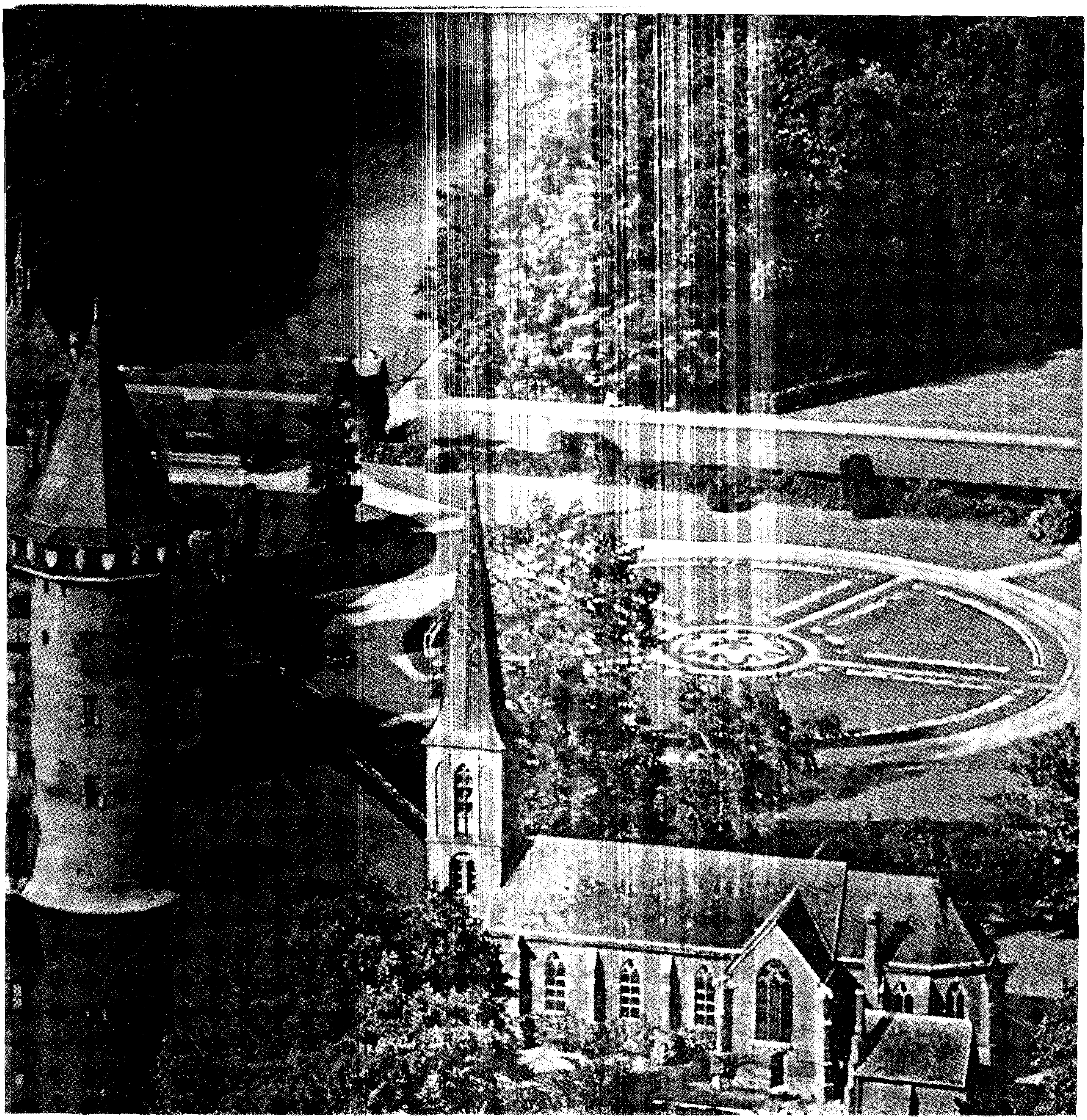

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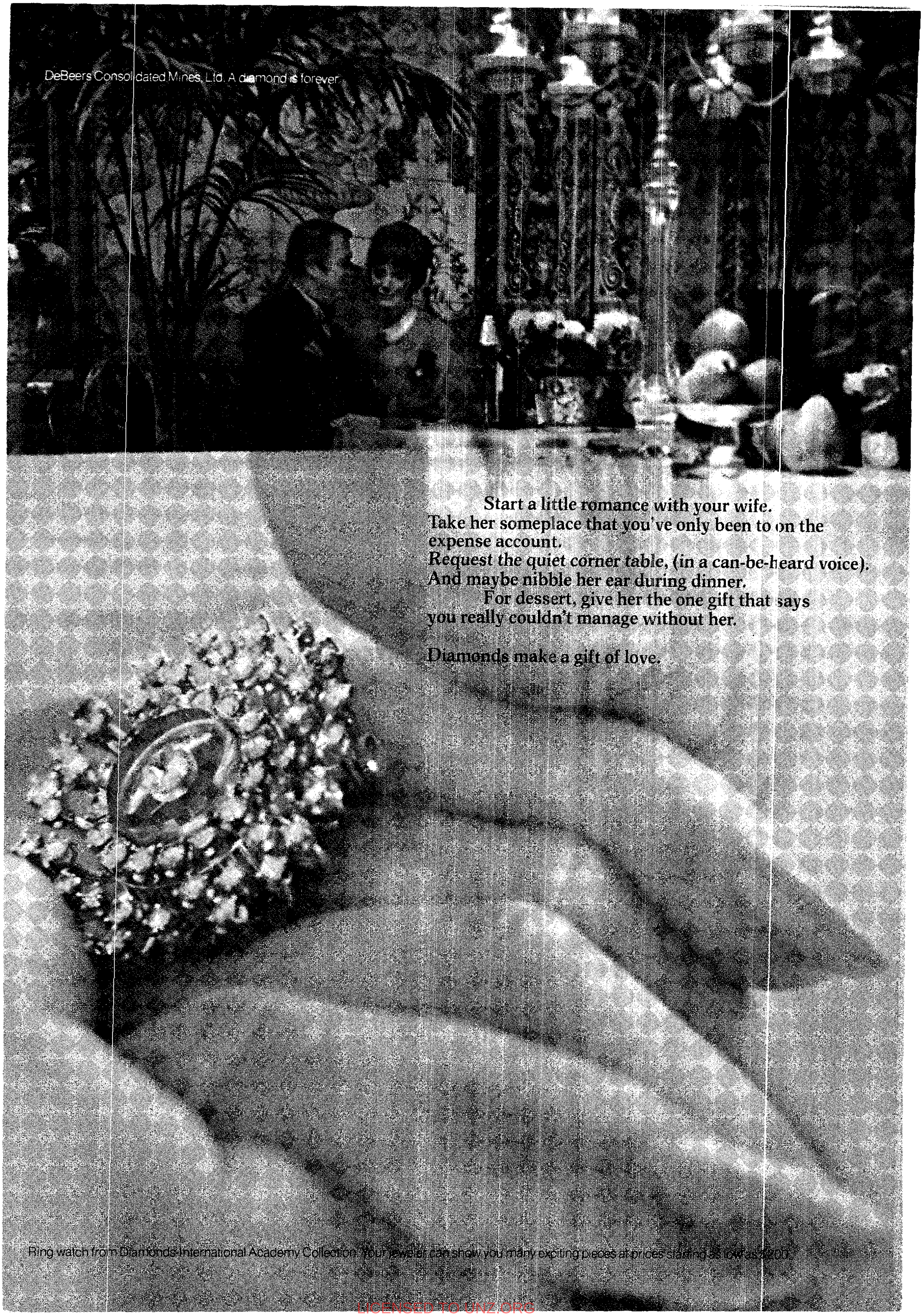

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go since 1950 for a lower primary school."

"Lower primary school."

"We've had a *basha* in Bagra since 1953 for a lower primary school."

"Lower primary school."

"It's a good thing we now have a *pukka* lower primary school."

"Lower primary school."

The D.C. leads the line of men into and through and around the three bare rooms of the schoolhouse, the newness of which is accentuated by the fact that its windows have not yet been fitted with panes. Boys, women, and girls, in that order, dance behind the men, following them into and through and around the school, and each of the four sections of the *ponung* does its own steps and raises its voices in a separate chorus to proclaim the "good thing." The old man who led the song of genealogy has relieved the D.C. of the sword and has taken his place at the head of the line.

"This motherland, Higi, *ho delo* . . ." he calls, in Adi.

"*Ho delo.*"

"More beloved land than the heart, *ho delo* . . ."

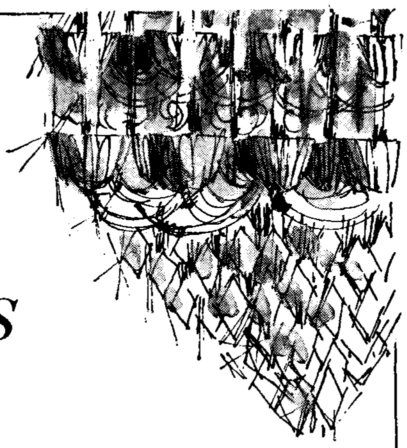
"*Ho delo.*"

Call follows call, praising the gods, the spirits, and the Indian government. When the last girl has danced through the school, the D.C., his party of officers, and the village headmen approach a table and some folding chairs that have been set up in front of the school, and the rest of the dancers settle down on the bare ground. The officers take their seats at the table, but the village headmen remain standing in a huddle for some time. They engage in a heated altercation in Adi. Now and again one of them addresses a remark to a small, tense boy with pencil and paper who is standing at their elbow, and he immediately writes something down. The sun is out strong, and it is very hot. For the first time, the people show signs of discomfort.

"Come on, let's get the *kebang* going," the D.C. says to the huddle of village headmen. "Do take your seats. I'm ready for your bombshell."

"What's the delay?" I ask the D.C.

"The headmen are making some last-minute changes in a petition. They think it's going to be a bombshell for me. Probably they're also waiting for a progress report on the cooking of the *mithun*, which has to be done exactly when the *kebang* finishes." The *mithun*, a straight-horned bison of the species *Bos frontalis*, is the most valued possession of many of the hill



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tribesmen, and I am surprised that this occasion calls for such a sacrifice, but the D.C. adds, "A feast can't be grand without *mithun*, and the opening of a *pukka* school requires a grand feast."

Eventually, the headmen take their seats, and the *kebang* is called to order. The first speaker turns out to be the boy with the paper and pencil, and he reads his speech, which is in English, in a soft, halting voice: "Honorable Deputy Commissioner, Siang District, Along, Camp Bagra. The *gams* [or village leaders] and public of Pusi Bango welcome you and the other officers. Really we deem it a great pleasure to welcome you on this auspicious occasion in this remote and backward area of NEFA, and your visit will give us an inspiration in the way of development of our school to the fullest extent. We solemnly affirm that the great impediments which are the crucial factors in the way of our development will be removed and brought to light by your visit. We the children of Pusi Bango are highly inspired by your visit. The innocent children of this backward *bango* are quite ignorant about the modern civilization of the world, as we are the inhabitants of a most remote corner of India. Please help us to get ourselves duly qualified to serve our motherland. Our *bango* is one of the big *bangos* in the District of Siang, and our lower primary school was established in the year 1950. At the time, it was in an early venture state, but in 1953 the government undertook some of the responsibilities of the school, and since then it has been remaining in the same state. The aims and object of the *bango* people are those that your august visit will enlighten in the functioning of our school into a new status, and this visit will remain in the minds of the young generation to time immemorial. We the people of Pusi Bango are highly pleased to welcome you and with these few words we conclude and convey our best regards and wishes to you all. *Jai Hind!* Yours faithfully, *gams* and public of Pusi Bango."

Other speeches in this vein follow, but they are in Adi, so to the voice of each speaker the voice of a Hindi interpreter is now added. The D.C. listens patiently for perhaps an hour, and then cries out, "What is the point of welcoming us now? We have been eating and drinking and dancing together since yesterday afternoon! Let's have the bombshell!"

An old man, who is introduced as the secretary to the leaders of Pusi Bango, stands up. "Your Honor, I want to state some blunt facts," he says, in Adi. "And, Your Honor, I want to make a request. We would like our school to be upgraded—"

"This is the bombshell," the D.C. whispers to me.

"—and we would like a compounder for Pusi Bango. When our people get sick, they have to walk sixteen miles to Along to get a pill. We in Pusi Bango are many people. We are enough people to have a compounder for ourselves here in Pusi Bango, and we are enough people to have our lower primary school go up to middle English level. We, the *gams* of Ango, Doje, and Bagra, all the villages of Pusi Bango, would like to submit to you this letter, hoping that the same will be sent to the Director of Education, NEFA, in faraway Shillong for favor of information, Your Honor requesting him earnestly to pay his kind attention to this matter."

He now reads the petition: " 'To the Deputy Commissioner, Siang District, Along, Camp Bagra. Respected Sir, I on behalf of the leaders of Pusi Bango beg most humbly and respectfully to approach Your Honor with the following facts and prayers and hopes. We have full confidence in our popular government in respect to the upliftment of our undeveloped and underdeveloped areas, but we are extremely sorry to state that it has paid no attention to the upgrading of our school until now. Several other schools which are junior to our own have been upgraded, but our school is so unfortunate that it has not got that favor from our benevolent government to date. We do believe that our school is in no respect inferior to any other school that has been upgraded. That, since Your Honor has kindly visited our school on this happy occasion, we fervently hope and are sure to see a much better and brighter future for our school due to Your Honor's kindness. Our *bango* is one of the biggest *bangos* of this district and the enrollment of our school is also not less. Should not, therefore, the huge number of our poor children get the benefits of a middle English school?' *Jai Hind!*" (At first, the demand strikes me as reasonable, but then I recall that the first schools were started in Siang only in 1947, and that the *pukka* school in Bagra is part of the government's plan to raise the student population of Siang this year to twenty-

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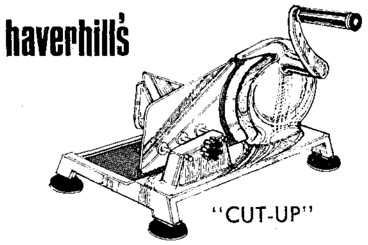

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three hundred, enrolled in sixty-two schools, counting the district's single secondary school, in Along, which graduated its first class, of six students, in 1965. That school, which I have visited, so far has *pukka* buildings only for the older students, and even these buildings, equipped with insubstantial desks holding a few worn textbooks in Assamese, cheap calendars, and Boy Scout jamboree albums, give the impression of being temporary accommodations.)

"Without your having asked for a middle English school, I had thought on my own, and the government had thought on their own, of giving you a middle English school," the D.C. is saying now. "You will have the school within five years. The compounder is another matter. Compounders are very difficult to get, all over India, and we need seventeen more in Siang District alone. At least, you in Pusi Bango can walk to Along, but there are people in upper Siang who can't even walk for a pill. They are completely cut off from receiving any pills. So the first compounders we get will have to go to upper Siang. You must remember that India has very limited resources and many demands. No right of reply," he finishes good-humoredly. "The meeting is adjourned."

Haversacks made of banana leaves and filled with rice and *mithun* appear, and everyone is served generously. The table in the schoolyard is piled with huge quantities of food. The D.C. attacks the *mithun* vigorously, but some of the other officers ask for mutton.

"*Mithun* is technically not beef," the D.C. says to the officers. "You should learn to eat *mithun*." Soon afterward, he stands up and announces, "The D.C.'s party is going."

Everyone rises.

"Farewell, *go goi* . . ." chants the old man, in Adi.

"*Go goi.*"

"Hey, respected officers, *go goi* . . ."

"*Go goi.*"

"While crossing the hills, *go goi* . . ."

"*Go goi.*"

"Having crossed, *go goi* . . ."

"*Go goi.*"

"Do not put your heart, *go goi* . . ."

"*Go goi.*"

"To feelings of anxiety, *go goi* . . ."

"*Go goi.*"

"Do not put your heart, *go goi* . . ."

"*Go goi.*"

"To feelings of evil, *go goi* . . ."

"*Go goi.*"

The D.C. has invited me to ride back to Along with him in his jeep. In

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the jeep, which he drives fast, careering around the curves, holding the steering wheel tight, and honking the horn—which is a special one, extra loud—with his wrist or elbow, so that everyone within hearing distance will be aware that the D.C. is travelling, he says to me, "The officers were very tired, and the people will enjoy themselves more without us. The feast will probably go on for another day or two. It cost them thousands of rupees, and they have to get full enjoyment out of it."

AT Along (and, later on, at other administrative posts in the interior), many officers tell me that they are uncertain what they should do about detribalization. On the one hand, the government they serve has charged them with the task of overseeing development, one phase of which is to make modern education available eventually to every tribal child; on the other, the government has charged them with the task of preserving the tribal culture as far as possible, one phase of which is to foster the tribal traditions. The purpose of this dual policy is to extend to the tribal people the scientific benefits of modern society without cutting off the tribal people from their roots, and its author was an Englishman named Verrier Elwin. There were other pioneers, in one sense or another, in NEFA—among them J. P. Mills, a Colonel Betts, and, above all, Christoph von Fürer-Haimendorf, at present Professor of Asian Anthropology at the University of London—but Elwin, who died in 1964, at the age of sixty-one, was one of the first to become widely known for his penetration of the tribal areas and his acceptance by the tribesmen. Although he was born of English parents, he took Indian citizenship. Although he was the son of a missionary bishop, was himself ordained, and for a time belonged to a missionary society, he early retired to lay life. Although he was clearly at home in the scholarly world of Oxford, where he took Firsts in English literature and theology, he chose to live much of his adult life in central India with the aboriginal tribesmen, and he married one of the tribal girls. Although he was only an amateur ethnologist, his ideas acquired an authority seldom enjoyed by professionals. Although he wrote many books devoted exclusively to his researches among the tribes, his writings at times seem like religious, philosophical, or literary diaries, or like polemics against the modern world penned by a Victorian who

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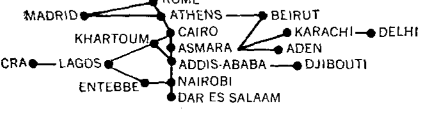

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romanticized the bucolic life. But, whatever the ambiguities in the life and thought of Elwin, the government, being confronted after Independence by tribal problems and needing an adviser, turned to him, and his writings have become the basis of the government's paternalistic policy toward the tribal people.

Among the several books Elwin wrote on NEFA, the most important is "A Philosophy for NEFA," which embodies his dream for the development of an ideal tribal society. In a chapter headed "The Fundamental Problem," he writes:

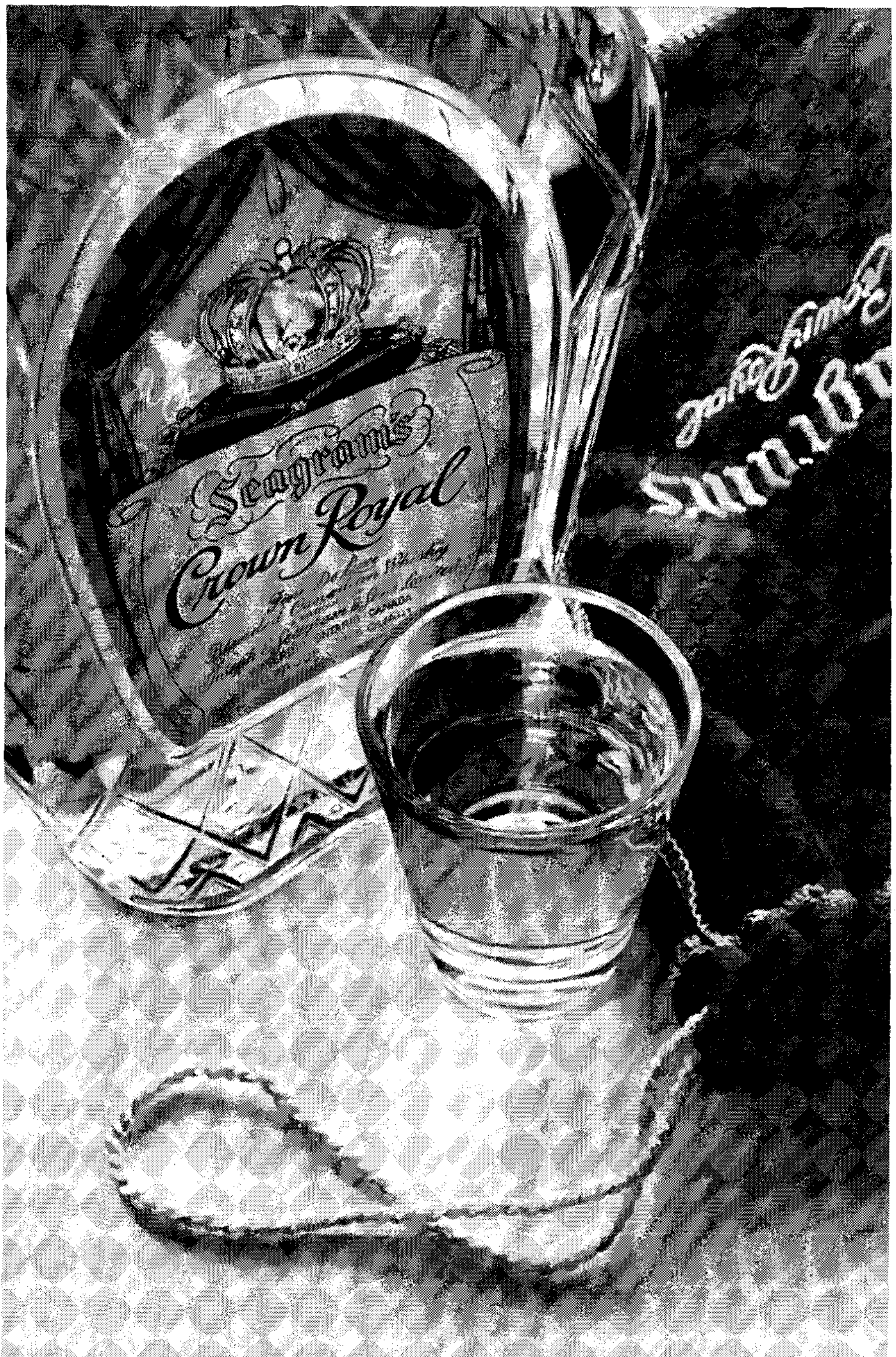
> The problem of the best way of administering so-called "primitive," "aboriginal," or "tribal" populations has been debated for hundreds of years, and those people who even today so unfailingly remind us, whenever there is a proposal for a scientific approach to the subject, that we must not keep them as "museum specimens," are in fact only intervening in a very old controversy.
>
> It is an interesting controversy, for it is linked up with several allied questions. Is mankind really progressing? Is civilization any good? Is the country better than the town? Is Man better in a state of Nature or of Art? Is the untutored "savage" happier, more moral, in a word better than the sophisticated and urban product of the modern world?

In the next dozen pages he discusses the views on primitives held by, among others, Hesiod, Horace, Vergil, Cato, Columella, Montaigne, Spenser, Drayton, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shakespeare, Cowley, Vaughan, Waller, Marvell, Milton, Dryden, Mrs. Aphra Behn, Dr. Johnson, Boswell, Diderot, Rousseau, Captain Cook, Bishop Heber, Darwin, Dickens, Matthew Arnold, William Morris, Ruskin, Tolstoy, C. M. Sarbiewski, A. O. Lovejoy, Franz Boas, Margaret Fitzgerald, R. W. Frantz, Walter Hammond, Gandhi, Vivekananda, Gauguin, Picasso, Aldous Huxley, George Orwell, Rebecca West, and Frank Kermode. He then continues:

> The invention of the hydrogen bomb, the establishment over a large part of the earth of totalitarian governments, the ever-increasing power of the bureaucracy in the most democratic nations has made people of today rethink their whole attitude to civilization and progress.
>
> It is impossible to consider the fundamental problem of the tribal people without bearing in mind the context of contemporary society. Is it worthwhile making them part of a way of life whose standards we ourselves are beginning to doubt?
>
> But after all perhaps our doubts are wrong. For the bombs, the secret police, the tortures in hidden prison cells, the taxation, the corruptions, the intrigues are not the last word about the modern world. There is a great fund of goodness; there are executions, but there is also mercy; there are countries curtained off with iron, but there are other lands where the winds of thought blow freely and men can speak their minds. There is art, beauty, comfort, health, and the ideal of freedom from want and fear.
>
> The difference in our outlook on the future of the tribal people today is this. Formerly, the artists and poets said: "Because these people are noble and good, there is no need to do anything for them." The reformers, the uplifters, the clergy said: "Because these people are ignoble, superstitious and miserable, we must do something for them."
>
> We say: "It is just because we believe them to be noble and good that we want to do all we can for them. We do not do this because we pity them, we do it because we respect them. We do it because we believe that we can bring them the best things of our world without destroying the nobility and the goodness of theirs, and that one day in their turn they will help us."

Thus, the administrators who are now left to reconcile "the best things of our world" and "the nobility and the goodness of theirs" find Elwin and the Forest of Arden (the tribes in their primitive state) on one side and themselves and progress (gradual but certain advancement, with all its psychological, social, and political consequences) on the other. A Gallong child who graduates from secondary school and perhaps attends a university is likely to shun the communal life of the one-room *basha*, which has its own kinds of sexual arrangements, and also to shun the obligations of kinship, the customary occupations of farming, hunting, and fishing, the magic rites associated with these, and the collective ceremonial expressions, like the *ponung*. Instead, he is likely to want the privacy of a multiple-room dwelling in town, and a white-collar job. Officers can try to see to it that the school instills in the child respect for his culture; that, once he has been educated, he returns to his tribe and participates in the work of developing it; and that he remains free from the pernicious influences of outsiders. The result of such paternalism is often distrust, resentment, and unrest. And the urgency of finding a workable policy for NEFA is accentuated by the fact that NEFA is only one small part of the general tribal picture, and that political troubles just dawning in NEFA have reached their noon elsewhere.

NAGALAND: There are about twenty million tribal people in India. Because many of these people live on India's borders, it was thought after the British departed that if India did not court them and win their allegiance, China or Pakistan would, and that such subversion of the tribal people would compromise India's security; it was also thought that the loss of any tribal area might be a first step in the Balkanization of India, already beset by schisms. However, the government's attempt to assimilate the tribal people has been a notable failure, for some of the people have risen up in arms to protest being assimilated, and the government has shown itself (and continues to show itself) uncertain about the best measures to adopt in its dealings with them and with the others. Is there a single policy that can work for all the tribal people? If so, does it perhaps include resettling people from other parts of India in the disturbed areas, or else resettling people from the disturbed areas in other parts of India, and thereby diluting the tribes until they will have practically no separate political identity left? This course has been seriously advocated in some quarters, but it has been rejected by the government on the ground that it might lead to genocide. Is the policy, then, to be one of rapid economic development? Of strategic political concessions? Of ruthless military suppression? Economic development, at any speed, means a risk of detribalization, and yet the alternative seems to be to treat the tribes as anthropological curiosities. Political concessions may simply invite demands for further concessions, and yet the alternative seems to be to ignore the stirrings of political consciousness among the tribes. A military solution, even if it could succeed, would be only an admission of economic and political failure, and yet the alternative seems to be to leave the insurgent tendencies of many of the tribes unchecked. In the absence of a single clear policy, the government has settled for a combination of ad-hoc economic, political, and military measures, only to be attacked by critics who predict that its vacillation and delay will eventually lose India the allegiance of all the tribal people, and who declare that her administrators in the field show contempt for the tribal people, remaining ignorant of tribal ways and languages, and conducting themselves like gentlemen sent to carve out an empire from the bush. These critics *maintain* that the government has never seriously tried to make the tribal people feel that they are a real part of India; that its work of economic development has so far amounted to little more than broadening a few arterial mule trails into military supply roads and disseminating ineffective political propaganda;



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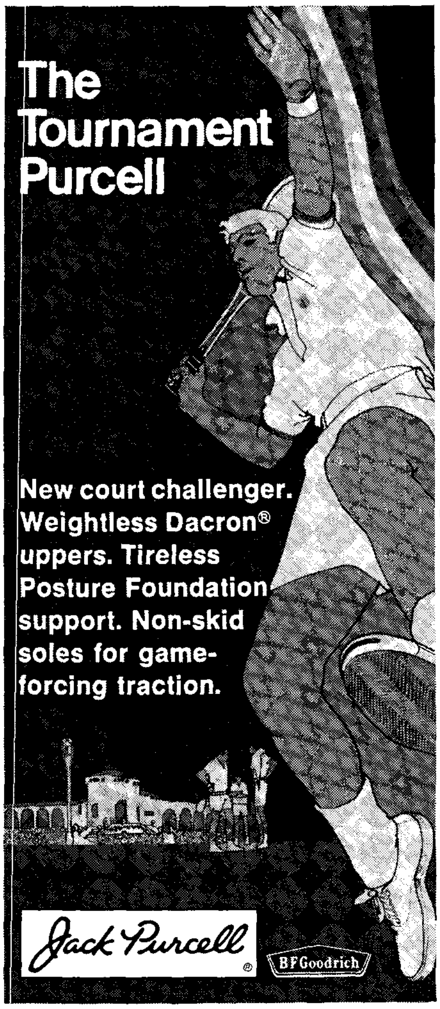
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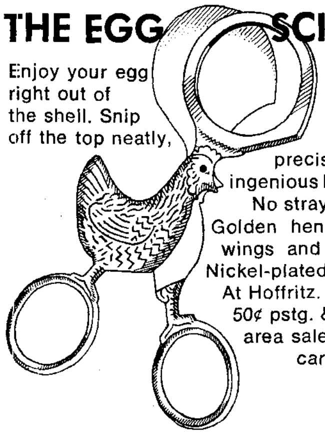
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that it has tended to think of the tribal people primarily in terms of a problem of "law and order;" that in some tribal areas it goes on trying a military solution, with disastrous results, and has been guilty of military atrocities in these areas; and that it has one policy toward warring tribes and another toward peaceful ones—sometimes negotiating with the first almost on terms of equality while saying to the second, "There can be no negotiating with our own people." As things stand, the government is confronted by brush-fire wars for independence in some tribal areas, like Nagaland, and by the possibility that these wars will spread and multiply.

Nagaland, which lies southeast of NEFA along the south bank of the Brahmaputra, is a narrow strip of hills. This strip, which is mostly jungle, has an area of 6,366 square miles and is inhabited by some four hundred thousand Nagas, almost half of whom, as a result of the work of American Baptist missionaries in the nineteenth century, are Christians. Actually, the name Naga designates a collection of tribes that, like the other tribes in the northern and northeastern hills and plains of India, are believed to belong to the Indo-Mongoloid race, which is itself an omnibus term used by Indians for tribal people who speak any language of the Sino-Tibetan family—which the late George A. Grierson, perhaps the greatest student of Indian languages, described as a "formless evermoving ant-horde of dialects"—and who have ever, in the words of the Indian scholar S. K. Chatterji, "entered into or touched the fringe of the cultural entity that is India." But exactly what it is that distinguishes the Naga tribes from other Indo-Mongoloid tribes, what the Naga tribes have in common, and, indeed, why they are called Nagas in the first place are by no means settled issues. The popular belief used to be that "*naga*" meant "naked," and that all the tribal people who, as a matter of practice, did not wear clothes were Nagas. Although no scholar today subscribes to this belief, the subject of the tribal areas is so sensitive and the state of research into it so elementary that anyone who ventures an opinion even on why the Nagas are Nagas finds himself bearding a host of adversaries. And the Nagas themselves have not helped matters. Elwin, in his book "Nagaland," wrote, "There is a legend told by many of the hill tribes against themselves, that in the very early days God gave men skins of deer on which he told them to write their traditions. The people of the plains obeyed his command, but the hillmen, hungry and omnivorous, cooked and ate their writing materials, with the result that they were unable to leave any records of their past." It is, however, a matter of record that during the raj some of these Naga tribes lived in Tuensang, which was part of NEFA, and the rest in what was called the Naga Hills District, which, like NEFA, was designated an Excluded Area under the Inner Line Regulations. After Independence, there was a revolt against the government of India. The Naga insurgents announced that they represented all the Naga tribes, which formed a separate nation, and that they were the Naga Federal Government of the Naga Federal Republic; they started waging a guerrilla war against Indian troops. (In due course, the insurgent Naga Federal Government had a President, a Vice-President, a Prime Minister, a Home Minister, a Foreign Secretary, a corps of tax collectors, and a Parliament, or Tatar Hoho.) In 1957, the Indian government, as a concession to the Naga underground, made the Tuensang area and the Naga Hills District one administrative unit, and in 1960, as another concession, it made this administrative unit a separate state, calling it Nagaland and giving it greater autonomy than any other state in the Indian Union enjoyed. All the same, the Naga underground continued its war for the better part of fifteen years, with the help of ammunition stores left over from the Second World War, when Japanese troops occupied parts of Nagaland, and also with the help of arms from Pakistan and China. Then, in the autumn of 1964, the Nagas agreed to stop fighting and negotiate, but only for a limited period. The truce, however, has been extended again and again, though sometimes for no more than a month. The Indian government has used the truce to dwell on its good will toward the Nagas, publishing literature like a brochure entitled "Nehru and Nagaland." (Page 3: "His [Nehru's] kinship with Nagas was so great that he always came to their defence whenever something the people have been doing here in these border areas came in for adverse comments. Challenged about the head-hunting practice prevailing in some parts of the country [Nagaland], he replied, 'It is often better to cut off a hand or head than to crush and trample on the heart!' ") The Naga underground has used the truce to dwell on past Indian military atrocities, publishing compilations like "Indian Atrocities in Nagaland." (Page 9: "March 9, 1957, Marumi. Mr. Khehoto of Marumi, aged 52 years, was fried alive with ghee and mustard oil by Indian Army troops." Page 14: "February, 1957, Sukomi. Mr. Zhemithi of Sukomi, aged 45, his legs were tied together, hands tied backward and knocked down to the ground. A big log was placed over him in the fashion of a see-saw, six soldiers were seated on each side and rolled for hours.") In spite of the truce, many Indian politicians have urged that the government give the military a free hand in dealing with the Naga insurgents. Such pressures suggest to some critics that time is running out for the Indian government, and that if it cannot persuade the Naga underground to accept anything less than independence, Nagaland will become a test case for the military solution. Also in spite of the truce, railway carriages have been blown up, trains derailed, and Indian troops ambushed in Nagaland and surrounding areas. Such incidents, which are thought to be the work of the Naga underground, suggest to some critics that either the underground leaders in charge of negotiations are employing calculated acts of terrorism to reinforce their threat to resume the war or these leaders have lost control and their ranks are splitting up into factions. But the talks continue, and in Nagaland there is at least a semblance of peace.

This is not the situation in all the tribal areas. For instance, just a step behind the Naga insurgents in militancy are the Lushai tribes. They are two hundred thousand strong and inhabit the Mizo Hills District, a narrow, densely wooded strip of hills that has an area of 8,134 square miles and lies southwest of Nagaland, on the border between Assam and East Pakistan. The Lushais (sometimes called Mizos) have started a guerrilla war of their own, also demanding independence. The Indian government has sent in the military with planes and bombs. (The military were given a free hand in the Mizo Hills in early 1967 and started in earnest the task of "pacification," which consisted of the evacuation of some nine hundred villages in which

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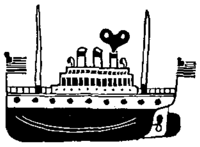
the Lushais lived, the resettlement of the villagers in refugee camps, and the bombing of the village sites in the hope of flushing out the guerrillas.) There are other tribes in revolt (several of them have asked why, if the Maldive Islands, which have a population of ninety-seven thousand, can be a nation, with membership in the United Nations, they cannot exist as separate nations, too), but they pose less of a peril, because, unlike the Nagas and the Lushais (and, more recently, the tribes in Naxalbari, in West Bengal), they have as yet nothing more modern in their arsenals than bows and arrows.

Throughout the uneasy truce in Nagaland, there has been a steady verbal crossfire between the champions of Naga independence and the champions of the Naga status quo, and the heaviest barrage, as it happens, has taken place in Fleet Street, a forum for controversies. Witness this round, concerning the recent history of the Nagas, in the correspondence pages of the London *Times*. A. Z. Phizo, a leader of the Naga underground, writes:

> It should perhaps be more widely known that Nagaland consists of two parts: Free Nagaland in the North [Tuensang] which the British never sought to conquer or administer, and the "Naga Hills Excluded Areas" which from 1879 to 1947 were to a limited extent administered by the British Governor of Assam as the Agent of the Crown, but the civilian and criminal administration over the people has always been under the control of the Naga national assembly and the British never interfered.... In 1947, in their haste to leave India, the British failed to secure for the Nagas the independence which they sought.... On August 14, 1947, before the British left, the Nagas declared their independence and confirmed it by a referendum in May 1951, and reunited with Free Nagaland on March 22, 1956, as the Federal Republic of Nagaland. Of all these events the Indian Government was kept fully informed.... Unless India intends to liquidate the Nagas—(and not less than 100,000 Nagas have perished since 1955 out of a population of at most one million)—would not a secure frontier be better guaranteed by having a friendly neighbour than a people kept in subjection by force of arms?



J. H. Hutton, an authority on the British administration of Nagaland, replies:

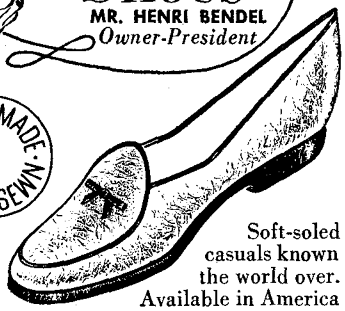
> The civil and criminal control of the Naga Hills was exercised by the Deputy Commissioner appointed by the Governor of Assam. No Naga national assembly, nor anything like one, existed before 1947, nor was there even any common language spoken among the Naga tribes. ... Except in cases of serious crime, which were dealt with under the Indian penal code, the Nagas were administered by the Deputy Commissioner and his assistants according to their own customs, which varied from tribe to tribe and even from village to village; but to write of a Naga national assembly with which from 1879 to 1947 the British never interfered is more completely nonsense than I could have expected to read from anyone literate enough to write a letter to you, Sir.

Or, concerning what, in the light of present Naga-Indian relations, may be expected in the future, witness this exchange—this time in the news pages of the London *Times*. The Reverend Dr. Michael Scott, a clergyman of the Church of England and British member of the Indian Peace Mission for Nagaland, states:

> After spending more than two years in Nagaland, with four visits to Delhi, and having maintained silence during that time in the hope of being able to help to bring about a peace [Scott wrote this dispatch soon after he was expelled by India from both India and Nagaland for allegedly becoming a partisan of the Naga underground and so losing the trust of the Indian government, which had accepted his good offices as a conciliator in 1964], I now feel bound to warn that I see no hope of a massacre being avoided in Nagaland, unless Delhi is large enough to invite a third-party mediation of some kind, as the Nagas have proposed. I see no sign of this happening. If there is a further massacre in Nagaland, a bell will toll for more than the death of the Naga people.... It has been the "integrity of the Indian Constitution" and the "Sovereignty of the Indian Union" which have been advanced as the grounds of India's claim that the Naga territory is part of the Indian Union.... I have been slowly and reluctantly driven to the conclusion that the Government of India has never taken seriously the problem of negotiating a political settlement with the Nagas.... It is a certainty that if no generous political proposals are made, and if the terms of a durable peace are not agreed, then another bloodbath in Nagaland is inevitable.... If all negotiations break down and the fighting is resumed ... disaffection could easily spread into the other hill areas of Assam and the North East Frontier Agency.

Dr. J. N. Mehta, the Indian High Commissioner in London, replies:

> The Reverend Michael Scott ... has threatened a "bloodbath" ... unless a settlement entirely favourable to the Naga hostiles ... is made immediately by the Government of India. He has further threatened an extension of the present conflict.... One is entitled to expect from a pastor of a church, who seeks to present his credentials as a non-partisan conciliator ... to talk at least the language of peace and conciliation.... If the Reverend Michael Scott is interested in quenching the flames of conflict and not stoking them, he should join his fellow Christians in India in the appeal which



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they recently issued to the Nagas and the Mizos through the all-India Christian Conference on "Peace with Justice and Charity" organized by all the Christian denominations representing eleven million Christians in India. . . . Article 371-A of the Constitution lays down that no Act of the Indian Parliament will apply to Nagaland in respect of:—(i) religious or social practices of the Nagas; (ii) Naga customary law and procedure; (iii) administration of civil and criminal justice involving decisions according to Naga customary law; (iv) ownership and transfer of land and its resources. . . . Thus, in two main fields, namely, economic and political, the Nagas have been guaranteed autonomy and freedom of an order not known in the other states of India.

MAKING a detour from NEFA, I spend some time in Nagaland. I am treated to discourses by Indian and Naga officers on such subjects as how much support the Naga underground can count on from the Chinese if there is a resumption of Naga-Indian hostilities and whether Nagaland is an internal, Indian issue or an external, international issue. I listen to the Prime Minister of the Naga Federal Government ("If the Indian government doesn't recognize Nagaland to be a separate nation, we will fight. Every Naga. We don't care about the Indian Union. We care only about our Naga nation. We are not the Naga hostiles, we are the Nagas. The state government of Nagaland is a stooge of the Indian government"), to the chief minister—in the Union the title of prime minister is reserved for the head of the country—of Nagaland ("I say to Naga hostiles, 'Now that you have got a state, why ask for trouble? Let's have peace.' The majority of the Nagas are not with the Naga hostiles, but you don't need many for guerrilla warfare. I was ambushed six or seven times by Naga hostiles. Once, I just escaped death"), to a leader of the Naga Baptist Christian Convention, the association of all Naga churches ("We don't want any part of heathen India. Nagaland is for Christ. We are intellectually and spiritually a part of the West, not of India at all"). I also listen to an Indian military leader who is a hard-liner ("I was here at the time we were asked to solve the problem of Nagaland. We had started a program of regrouping all the people in Nagaland from three thousand villages into two hundred villages with stockades around them. We had told the people that anyone seen outside the stockades at night would be shot. The women were happy because they had their husbands home in the evening, and the men were happy because we

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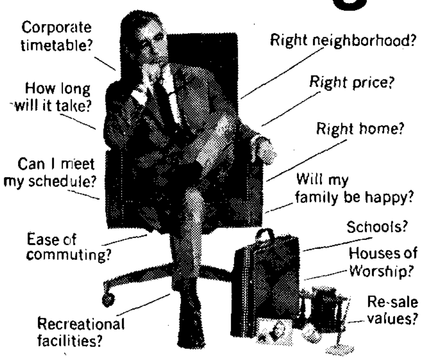
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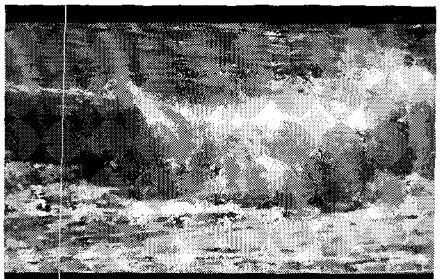

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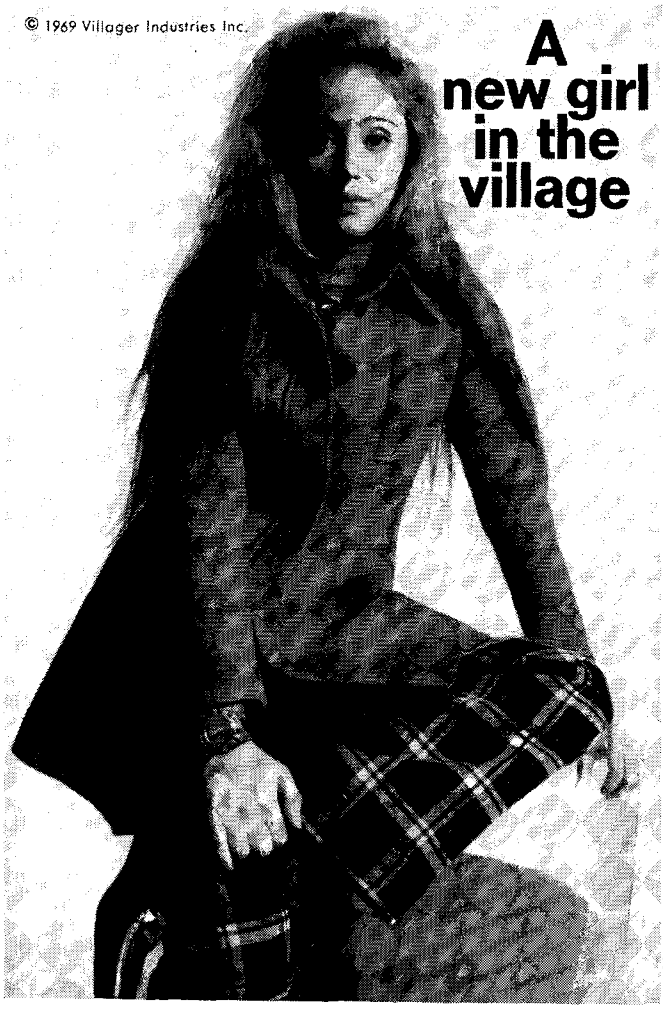
provided them with work in the fields. In time, we would have made them happier by converting the regrouped villages into modern villages with schools and hospitals. For some months, they might have disliked living in regrouped villages, but then they would have got used to it. But just when we were getting somewhere, our politicians stopped us. The military solution has never really had a fair trial in Nagaland"), to an Indian military leader who is a soft-liner ("The Naga hostiles are always using Indian military atrocities as propaganda. Some are imagined and some are real. But how do these real military atrocities come about? Once, the guerrillas not only killed some recruits but mutilated them in order to steal their guns—the guns were chained to the recruits' bodies. The comrades of the recruits couldn't trace the murderers, so they simply razed all the villages where they thought the murderers might be hiding. If their superiors had tried to prevent the retaliation, they would have had mutiny. But we know now that the guerrillas can never be defeated, because the conditions in all these tribal areas are such that the guerrillas can strike and vanish and live in the jungles indefinitely. The tribal problem requires a political solution"), to an Indian senior civil servant who is a pessimist ("Everything here is mad and impossible. Some of these Nagas are so Westernized that they think we Indians are backward. Others are more backward than any other savages in the world. If we had done certain things in Nagaland—for instance, given the Nagas statehood in the Union in 1948, when they first asked for it—maybe they would have accepted the idea of staying with India, or enough of them would have done so to deprive the guerrillas of means of support. Our relations with the Nagas have always been a story of our missing the bus"), to an Indian senior civil servant who is an optimist ("I know that from the outside this still looks like a boiling pot. But, perhaps because we are in the middle of it, we don't feel that it is a boiling pot. A general of the Naga Federal Government Army who used to march forty-five miles a day in the jungle—he married a girl who used to be my office assistant; it was a love marriage, and now they lead a very bourgeois town life—recently came and asked me to help him to get a priority for a Fiat. I am responsible for giving priorities for cars. Well, when you get a guerrilla general coming and asking for a Fiat—and he's only one of many from the Naga Federal Government who are constantly asking me for cars and petrol—I think something has changed"), and, finally, to a visiting Indian politician ("Suppose we agree to give the Nagas independence. It might not be a great loss to us. You could cut off Nagaland from India without creating any geographical anomaly. But then what are you going to do about the Lushais, who, it happens, look like Europeans? Maybe we could let them make a separate nation out of the Mizo Hills; this would mean only cutting off the tail of Assam. But then how are you going to stop other tribes—other regional and linguistic groups—from seceding? Ultimately, everything is going to depend on our ability to deal with the guerrillas in Nagaland and the Mizo Hills").

MAO TSE-TUNG once compared guerrillas to fish and the people who support the guerrillas to water, and asked, "How can it be said that these two cannot exist together?" To find out how the people in Nagaland regard their fish, I go east, deep into the interior, across the scattered ridges and gorges. I am confounded by the number and diversity of the Naga tribes (there are fifty distinct tribes and sub-tribes), speaking tongues and dialects so numerous that they differ not only from village to village but almost from household to household—apparently because until recently inter-village feuds and the absence of land communication limited social contacts. According to the latest census, the Naga languages are, in the order of their official importance, Angami, Sema, Rengma, Khezha, Ao, Monsang (or Mongsen), Lotha, Tableng, Chang Naga, Kacha Naga, Kabui, Khoirao, Mao, Maram, Tangkhul, Maring, Konyak, Chakru, Meluri-Rengma, Poma, Nokpu, Lemei, Liangmei, Upama Naga, Urima Naga, Zemi Naga, Rongmei, Pacmata, Shamnyuyangan, Tabu, Phelungre, Pochury, Sangtam, Orangkong, Phom, Tikhir, Yimchungre, Khiemnungam, Pangsha, Nocte, Wancho, Makware, Tangsa, Tikhak, Chakesang, and Zeliang. But I think there must be others, waiting to be discovered by the next set of census-takers. In fact, I feel as if I had been transported to the plain of Shinar just after the confounding of the language of all the earth. Everywhere I go, I find unalloyed tribal gaiety, which is sometimes shattered by a sudden act of violence or by an extraordinary display of sophistication, sometimes made bathetic by a remark of primitive naïveté. Even the most learned, Westernized Nagas remind me of those archetypal child prodigies who turn up at universities with their copies of "Phänomenologie des Geistes" and their air guns. Perhaps this is as it should be. After all, the majority of the population is pagan, with a primitive strain. The strength of this paganism is to be seen in a passage from Elwin's "Nagaland":

> The practice of head-hunting is found all over the world and has attracted great attention. . . . The Nagas say that originally they did not know how to make war but one day a bird dropped a berry from a tree, and a lizard and a red ant fought for it. Someone saw the ant cut off the lizard's head and thus men learnt to take heads. . . . The reasons for head-hunting are complicated and interesting. The practice is probably based on a belief in a soul-matter or a vital essence of great power which resides in the human head. By taking a head from another village, therefore, it was believed that a new injection of vital and creative energy would come to the aggressor's village when he brought the head home. This was valuable for human and animal fertility. It stimulated the crops to grow better, especially when the head was that of a woman with long hair. Moreover, the Nagas have always been a warlike race, and the warrior, especially the young warrior, who had taken a head held a great advantage over his fellows in attracting the most beautiful girl of his village for marriage. Indeed, it is said that a youth who had not taken a head found considerable difficulty in obtaining a wife at all. Head-hunting was something more than war. It inspired wonderful dances. It stimulated artistic production, for the most elaborate textiles could only be worn by a successful head-hunter or his relations. Small replicas of heads were carved to be worn almost like medals. Wooden pipes, with their bowls fashioned as heads, were made. Strong and vigorous human figures were carved and attached to baskets and the warrior's grave was the most splendid of all.

And yet a significant minority of the population is now Baptist, with a strong fundamentalist strain. The strength of this fundamentalism is to be seen in the following passage, also taken from Elwin's "Nagaland," which describes the kinds of demands that the missionaries made of their Naga converts:

> They insisted on a convert becoming a teetotaller; he had to restrict himself to one wife; at one time he was not even allowed to eat the flesh of the *mithun*, since this animal was associated with sacrifices at "heathen" festivals. The missionaries stopped the great Feasts of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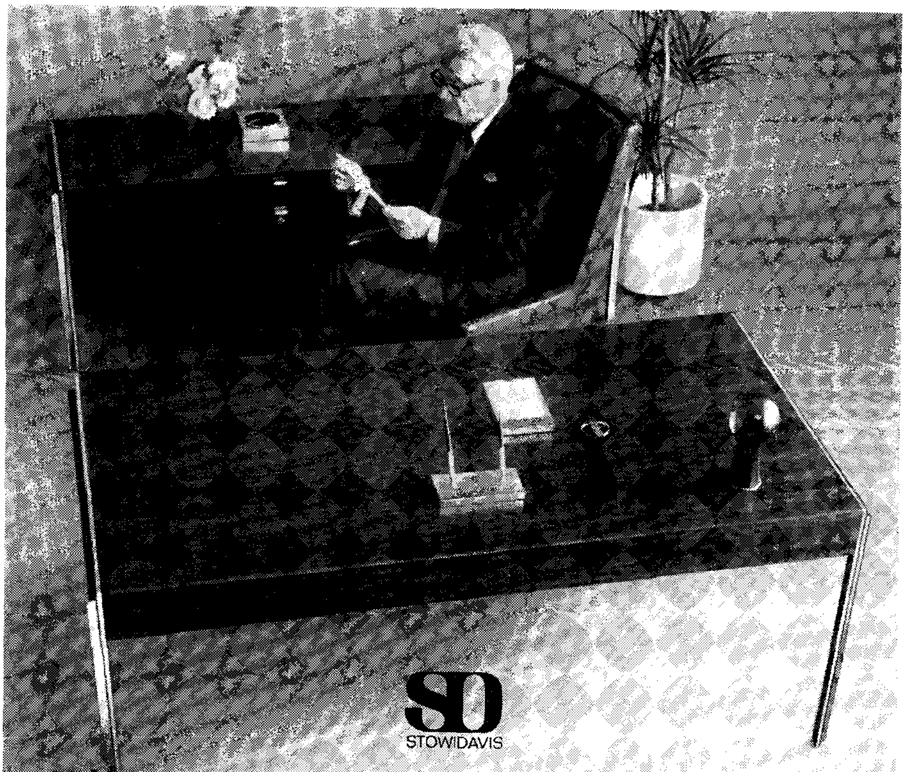
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Merit. They forbade boys to attend the Morungs (men's dormitories). They often stopped dancing, and even the art of weaving suffered since generally the convert adopted European mill-made dress.

Thus, elaborate handwoven Naga textiles and plain machine-woven European cloth have been sewn together in a slapdash manner, and so far the result appears to be nothing more than patchwork. Take this discussion of Naga Christianity in an up-to-date history produced by the Naga underground:

> The blessings which Christianity brought to the Nagas are not altogether unmixed, although this is not the fault of Christianity as such but of the people themselves. . . . It cannot be gainsaid that in many cases conversion into Christianity only brings into the life of a man a break with the past coupled with the development of a taste for everything Western with no change of the heart. Many a Christian gets the notion that after becoming a Christian he should disdain the singing of the native song and such other things. J. P. Mills said of the Naga Christians, "They take themselves very seriously and are apt to go about with long faces." This is a sweeping generalization and may rather be the vision of a prejudiced eye. True, the Christians take their faith seriously and do not go about in indecent hilarious, drunken spears [sic]. . . . However, every person has his little prejudices, and indeed opinions widely differ on this question. Visiting missionaries claim that the faces of those "who walk with the inner light" are easily distinguishable from those of others. But there are some things to be said against the Christians. The communal life of the Nagas is a very happy one. There are many communal utility services, but owing to their obvious association with the pagan faith the Christians tend to dissociate themselves from taking part in such activities of communal life. Christianity is not a religion of faith, and where it does not involve a compromise with their faith or moral code it is not easily understandable why they should not join in the native dances and community sing-songs in real national spirit and also serve to improve communal life.

The trouble is, the Naga underground must prove that the confusion that is Nagaland, of which the Naga Christian confusion is only a part, constitutes the separate nation it wants, and the Indian government must prove that the Naga confusion is Indian confusion in order to preserve the Indian Union.

THE MCMAHON LINE: Back in NEFA, a government officer tells me, "Though here in NEFA we don't have any Naga-type guerrillas to contend with yet, we do have the Chinese." The greatest concentration of Chinese soldiers in NEFA is probably at the head of the Tawang tract, and to get an idea of the Indian preparations for the defense of the tract I make a journey through it. My journey takes me from the leech-infested swamps of Tezpur all the way up to Tawang, one of the last Indian administrative outposts below the McMahon Line. For three days, as weather and daylight permit, my jeep jolts and bounces up the road, winding ahead like an interminable spiral. As the jeep negotiates one vertiginous hairpin curve after another, the wheels seem to spin off the edge of the road, which in some sections is nothing more than a broadened mule trail. The road is so high up that planes flying past sometimes seem level with it.

A neat, well-appointed bungalow stands at the foot of an enormous kitchen garden. It is the residence of the military commander responsible for the defense of NEFA and the road. He has a solitary air about him; in far-flung posts, top Army officers, barred by their rank from the camaraderie of the junior officers, seem more aloof than ever. Over tea, the commander solicits my opinion of his garden-grown lettuce, cucumbers, and tomatoes in the sandwiches we are eating. When I express wonder at the crispness and succulence of the vegetables, he expands with pride, and his reserve gives way to what proves to be a natural gregariousness.

I ask him if his officers and men encounter any special problems here.

"The main complaint of the recruits—the *jawans*—is absence-of-women sickness," he says. "We have to keep the *jawans* under the tightest possible discipline, because the tribal women are very free in their ways, and if our *jawans* were allowed to indulge themselves it could embitter our relations with the tribesmen. We caught a couple of Sikhs womanizing once, and we gave it to them in the neck. We said to them that they had to take the ruddy consequences. We make sure, however, that all *jawans* in NEFA get two months' leave a year, and they can also get ten to fifteen days' casual leave. We officers have family-separation sickness. My daughter once asked me, when I was posted in Delhi, 'Where are we going to be transferred next?' I said, 'My dear, you're going to stay put. I'm the one who's going to be transferred.' The officers' wives are always saying to me, 'What good is it having my husband in my old age? I want him in my youth!' I always reply, 'But can you find better husbands than our officers?' "

I ask him about the measures that

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have been taken to bolster India's defenses here.

"In 1962, such troops as we had in NEFA were scattered in penny packets," he says. "Now, provided the Chinese stick to conventional arms, we have sufficient troops—for security reasons, I can't tell you how many—to beat the socks off them. The big question now is whether they will give us the opportunity. In the evening, I read as many Chinese history books as I can. I read until my eyes give out, which means two pegs of whiskey and ten o'clock."

At one of many traffic checkpoints, a military guard is inspecting a jeep ahead of ours. My driver waits, his permit in hand ("Willys jeep conveying Mr. Mehta will be permitted to go against convoy timings . . . while proceeding to Tawang and on the return journey"). The guard walks back to our jeep, barely glances at the permit, and says, "I see you have my good friend for your driver. He's excellent. Just now you need good drivers for this road. It is terrorized by a rogue elephant."

"There was this very foolish driver, Sahib," my driver says, shifting gears and pulling out of the post. "The sahib and he were driving in the evening. It was getting dark when they saw this rogue elephant. This foolish driver thought he could frighten the elephant away by blowing the horn. The sahib shouted at the foolish driver, 'Put on your lights! Put on your lights!' By the time the foolish driver got around to putting on his lights, the elephant was too close for them to do any good. He was so close that if he had reared up he could have come down on the jeep and crushed the sahib. Thank Ram, the foolish driver finally had enough sense to put the jeep in reverse. When the headlights finally shone in the eyes of the elephant, the sahib told me that the elephant did an about-face and leaped away at at least forty miles an hour. The sahib told me he'd never seen an elephant run like that before."

In a roadside hut, a woman is serving tea to an officer in the uniform of a havildar. "My husband has gone for training in the militia," she tells him. "He will be gone fifteen days. Even when he's here, he's working all the time on the construction of the road. He's paid three rupees a day. The work is all out in the cold."

"I get chilblains all the time, and I'm in a vehicle most of the day," the havildar says.

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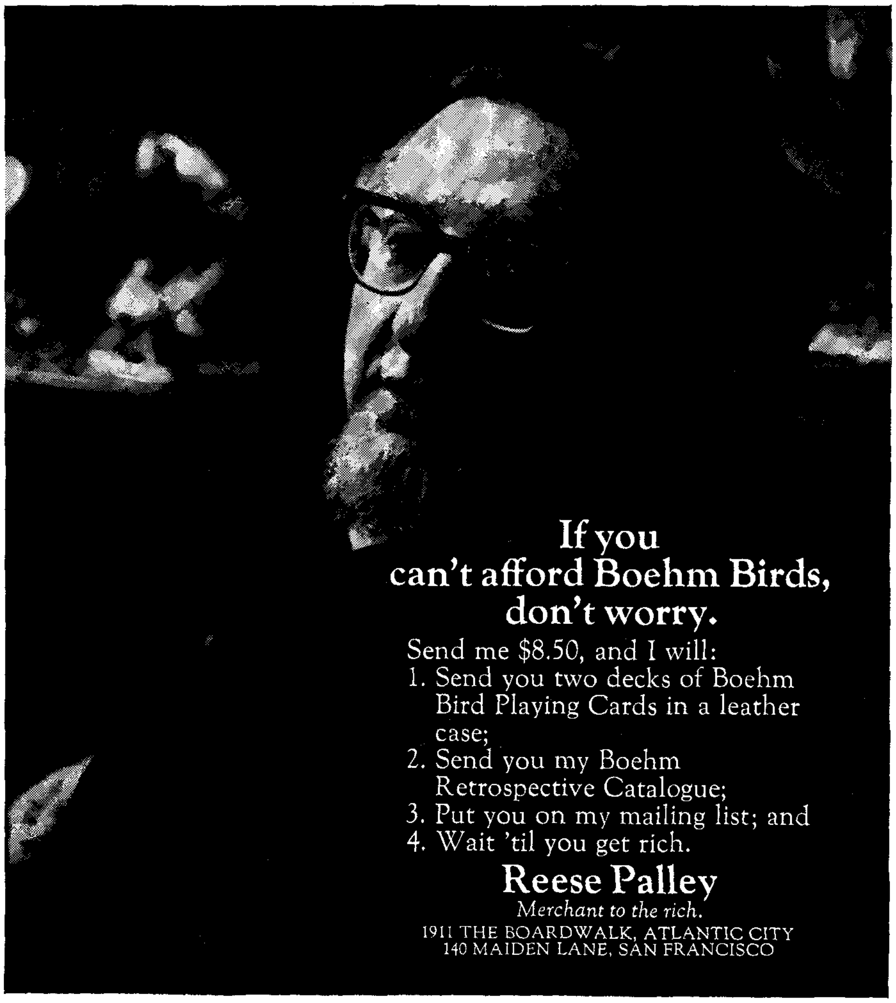

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where I spend a night, the only other guests are an elderly Indian couple—a police bigwig from a tribal area and his wife. They sit in the yard, surrounded by huge supplies of tinned foodstuffs, and tell me about jungles and *shikars* in NEFA. "All the jungles here are alive with leeches," the police officer says. "I am very good game for them. The other day, I was on a *shikar*, and when I came out of the jungle, in spite of all the precautions I had taken against the leeches, thirty of them the size of your thumb were hanging from my leg and I was bleeding like a goat. My tracker, whom I had left behind to follow the *shikar*, took one look at my leg and fainted. And he was from the area!"

"What did you do about the leeches?" I ask.

"I pulled them off," he replies. "They just want blood, that's all. You can get an infection if the leech comes from an animal with a festering wound, but my leeches so far have always been clean. Did you come across any rogue elephants on the way?"

"No. The only elephants on the road were tame ones, and were being used for road construction," I say.

"There are at least four rogue elephants roaming the road now, and I'm going to get them all," he says. "Elephant is my favorite *shikar*."

"Is it difficult to hunt down an elephant?"

"Not really. Elephants have good hearing but very bad eyesight. So you stay quiet when the elephant is still and move when the elephant moves. The spot to aim at is near the ear. I always take a couple of trackers with me, but I'm the only one with a gun."

"What do you do with an elephant once you've killed it?"

"I take the tusks and the feet and leave the rest, but in some of these tribal areas the carcass isn't there more than half an hour. Before I've even collected my trophies, every man, woman, and child will be hacking away at the meat. The other day, I killed a sleeping elephant that was half buried in mud. It was gone within an hour. Elephant meat is as tough as a tire, but the people in these parts think it the greatest delicacy. Of course, they smoke the meat for months before they eat it."

A few miles up from Bomdi La, I have lunch at a road-construction camp, where my host is an engineer with the rank of colonel. He expatiates on the virtues of his organization, which is paramilitary, and which has the task of building the border roads. "What the Public Works Department, with its bureaucratic procedures, would take six months to do we can do in a week, because we have military discipline," he tells me. "The Army may do the blasting for our roads, but it's our job to widen them and blacktop them and maintain them. In many of these border areas, we have only single-road systems, and one landslide can cut off our troops in the forward areas. Landslides are so common on this particular road that everyone who works or travels on it risks his life. I hope you get through to Tawang. There's blasting going on ahead. I've known people to take two or three weeks to get to Tawang from Bomdi La, and that's a distance of only a hundred miles."

Up ahead, where the blasting echoes like cannon fire, the driver pulls up at an Army encampment. He indicates a windswept tent flapping and swaying on its pegs, and says, "That's the junior officers' mess of the unit. Sahib can wait in there in comfort until the blasting is over." Inside, a young man with a flushed face, who looks no more than fifteen, tells me, straining to be heard over the tumult, "I am only the doctor of the unit, and I have a temperature of a hundred and one, but I have been left in charge here. All the other officers are up the road supervising the blasting. We've been given orders to surface a long stretch of the road so it can take seven-tonners. Our orders are to do it in ten days. It's a task and we have to do it. We have to work day and night to do it."

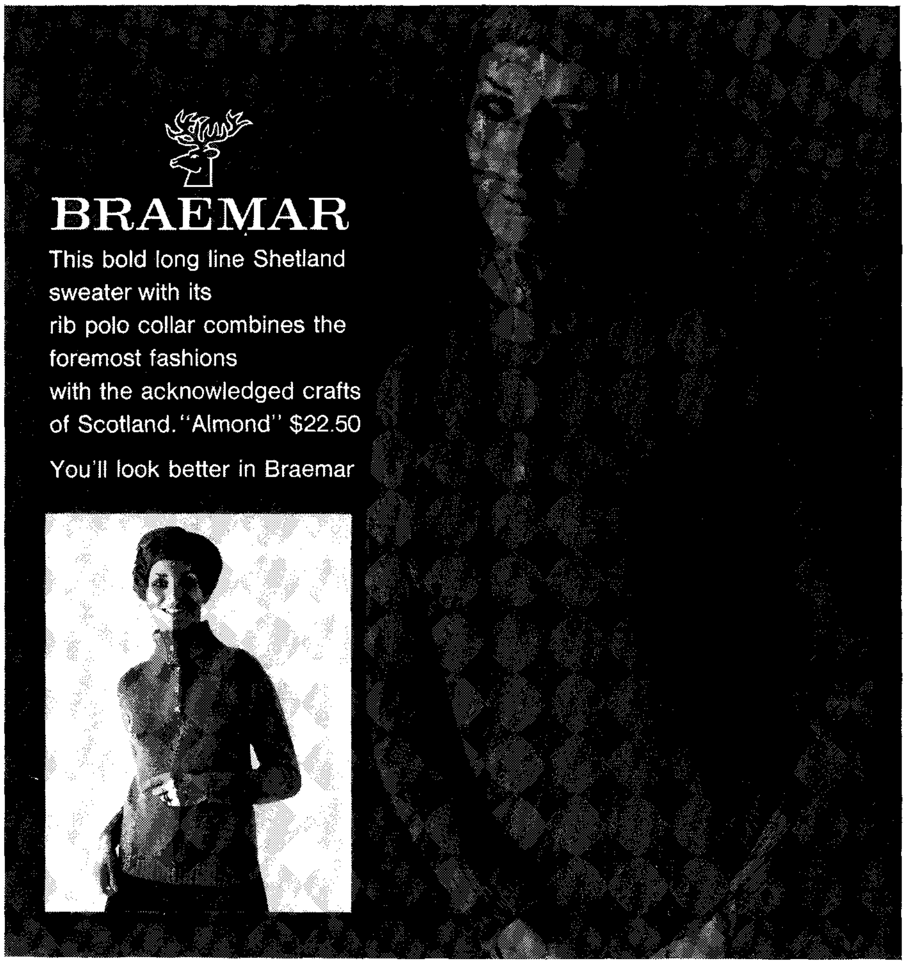
We drive on. It is getting dark, and the road is fast disappearing under billows of fog. A group of high-ranking officers who are camped down in a muddy, slushy ravine have a vacant bunk and give me shelter for the night. They wine and dine me in their mess as if I had crossed the seven seas just to call on them. Throughout the dinner, as an added courtesy to me, they talk about writing—primarily about the merits of one particular book, in honor of which they have named their camp. The camp is called Shangri La.

Next morning, the driver maneuvers to pass a convoy loaded with wooden planks, and the left back wheel of our jeep spins off the edge of the road, tilting us over a several-thousand-foot drop. We sit paralyzed for an instant, and then shift our weight away from the drop, as if we had the power to rock the jeep back onto the road. People from the convoy rush over to our jeep and seize it. The driver and I ease ourselves out. Everyone helps to heave our jeep back onto the road. After much turning and moving backward and forward by the convoy vehicles, our jeep is finally climbing the road again.

Se La has a lake with a snow-covered ridge on either side. The driver refuses to budge until I have put a stone on a cairn to placate the evil spirits of the pass.

At a village called Jang, a goatherd alternately attends to his goats and sees to the brewing of tea, which he serves me with ginger biscuits.

The Tawang Monastery, which used to be a daughter house of Drebung, one of the great monasteries of Lhasa, is more than three hundred and fifty years old, and remains one of the leading Buddhist centers in Asia. Built on a hillside, it looks from the outside like a fortress, and from the inside, because of its narrow streets and low buildings, it has the atmosphere of a little medieval European town. For a guide to the monastery I have a lama, who unceasingly murmurs the *mantra* "*Om Mani Padme Hum*" ("O God, Jewel in the Lotus Flower"). He belongs to the local tribe of Monpas, who are known for a gentleness verging on docility. Certainly he is placid. He conducts me upstairs and downstairs. First, we go through the monastery's school. This is a little room serving both as a dormitory and as a classroom. Nine boy lamas are reciting something in high, piercing voices for three adult lamas. It seems that the boy lamas have a set routine of prayer and recitation from four o'clock in the morning, when they wake up, until nine in the evening, when they go to sleep, and that ear-pulling, knuckle-rapping, and thrashing are integral parts of the routine. Next, I am shown the library, a room containing hundreds of long, narrow volumes with thick wooden boards for covers. Many of the books are carefully swaddled in cloth. On the floor there are mattresses and squat lecternlike tables for reading. Then I go through a temple, a large room dominated by a towering figure of Buddha; throwing a scarf full of rice up at him is said to bring blessings. Finally, my guide presents me to the abbot, who sits in a room among likenesses of Buddha during different stages of his life. The abbot gives me a cup of salted and buttered tea, and while I am slowly swallowing it he downs about a dozen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cups. He tells me about the old days when the Tawang Monastery was a government unto itself, levying and collecting taxes; about the Dalai Lama, who rested there during his flight; and about the fall of Tawang to Chinese troops in 1962, concluding, "Most of the lamas fled, but a few of the older ones stayed back and were treated with respect by the Chinese, who lavished presents on them. The Chinese are very good for the first year or two. They were so in Tibet, too, but after that they became very difficult. The Indians are now here, and next time they will be able to defend us."

AT Tawang (and at other military posts in the interior), military officers tell me they are convinced that India should fight for NEFA, even if it means directing the whole Indian economy toward guns instead of ghee and sacrificing all hope of economic progress. They are convinced that India should fight for NEFA even if it means risking the lasting enmity of China, which, acting with the other enemy, Pakistan, might one day destroy India in a multiple-front war. They insist that NEFA belongs to India, and that even if India's claims were not valid it would make little difference, since no country ever voluntarily cedes territory.

The Indian case for the existing Indo-Tibetan boundary, as Nehru and his ministers developed it, was that the natural northern boundary of India was the Himalayan watershed; that this natural boundary had been accepted by tradition for at least twelve centuries; that part of it, the McMahon Line, had been formally accepted by China and Tibet in the Simla Conference of 1913-14, as a result of the diplomatic efforts of Sir Henry McMahon; and that NEFA lay on the Indian side of the McMahon Line. But according to the recent researches of Alastair Lamb, a Cambridge-trained historian who is a Senior Fellow of the Institute of Advanced Studies of the Australian National University, India's case for her presence in NEFA leaves much to be desired. In a brilliantly researched but rather controversial two-volume work titled "The McMahon Line: A Study in the Relations Between India, China and Tibet, 1904 to 1914," he writes:

> Since the deterioration in Sino-Indian relations in the 1950's, Indian officials have maintained that the McMahon Line notes [exchanged by McMahon and the Lönchen Shatra, the Tibetan delegate at the Simla Conference] merely "formalized the natural, traditional, ethnic and administrative boundary in the area." The tribal tracts in the Assam Himalayas, it has been stated, were already under Indian administration in the eighth century A.D. . . . and have been continuously so from that date to the present time. . . . Unfortunately, it cannot be said that this picture of the administrative history of the Assam Himalayas, however much it might suit the demands of modern Indian diplomacy, is a true one. . . . The McMahon Line . . . was not an ancient Indian border. It was a new frontier alignment. . . . [In reality, Lamb argues, the internationally accepted Indo-Tibetan boundary at the time ran along the foothills of the Assam Himalayas.] It was not based on traditions of great age. . . .
>
> The obvious principle upon which to base the new frontier alignment was, as many Indian observers have pointed out during the course of the Sino-Indian dispute, the watershed between rivers flowing into Assam and those flowing into Tibet. Unfortunately, the Assam Himalayas do not lend themselves particularly well to a uniform application of the watershed concept of boundary making. The range is cut through by the Tsangpo-Brahmaputra, one of the great rivers of Asia flowing through thousands of miles of undoubted Tibetan territory from its source not far from the sources of the Indus. The true watershed between the Indian plains and Central Asia would lie north of the Tsangpo and its tributaries; and a boundary following this line would include Lhasa, Shigatse and Gyantse and most of the towns of Central Tibet within India. . . . It was clear, therefore, that, unless the new boundary was going to result in the British annexation of a great deal of Tibet, it would have to run across at least six major rivers. The McMahon Line, the final form of this boundary, therefore, did not, in fact, follow the main India-Central Asia watershed. Rather, it was drawn along a series of watersheds between the valleys of the major rivers which had their sources to the north of the line of the highest peaks of the Himalayan range.
>
> There can be no doubt that McMahon was being less than straightforward in his scheme for obtaining Chinese approval for his Line. Had the Chinese actually signed the Convention, they would certainly have found it hard to deny some degree of validity to the definition of the Indo-Tibetan boundary in the Assam Himalayas. However, the Chinese did not sign, and by 1929, when the Anglo-Tibetan notes of 24/25 March [the reference is to that exchange between McMahon and the Lönchen Shatra] were first published—if not much earlier—they surely perceived that they had been the intended victims of a British trick, which would go far to explain the Chinese loathing for the "illegal" McMahon Line.

Lamb acknowledges that the Chinese delegate at Simla initialled the Convention, but he does not attach any legal importance to this act. Even if the Indians reject Lamb's conclusions—and they do—recent researches have cast India's claims, at least to some parts of NEFA, into the limbo of doubt. Certainly some of the agents of the Indian presence in NEFA feel at times that they are living in limbo. I recall an evening at the house of the Deputy Commissioner of Tawang. He had all the government officers in Tawang seated around a couple of card tables in his parlor, which was heated by a large stove called a *bukhari*. They were playing bridge and drinking rum toddies. At a point when the D.C., a tall, handsome Kashmiri, was the dummy, he sat back and said to me, "I want to go on leave next month, because my niece is getting married, but I have no idea whether my leave will be sanctioned. We would all like to get down to the plains once in a while to have a good bath and eat some green vegetables and fresh fruit. But we civilian officers can't be spared, and it's very difficult to get leave. Some of us have been stuck up here for three or four years. If the Chinese make any trouble again, we may be stuck here forever. In 1962, the officers packed up and left. Now our orders are to stay here and fight, regardless. But life in Tawang is not all bad. Take me. I have a rent allowance, a cost-of-living allowance, a hardship allowance. I have a six-room house with three servants. This style of living would cost a good deal in Delhi." He added, with a smile, "Of course, I live in only one room of the house, because one can hardly think of bringing one's wife and children up here, but at least one has the consolation of knowing the rooms are there."

"Life is terrible up at Bum La, though," his partner said, taking a trick. "I was posted in Bum La for a year. It's two days' ordinary march up from here or one day's tough march. It was so cold up there that none of us could look out of our tents—we couldn't even get out of our sleeping bags. Yet our job was to spy on the Chinese, and that meant patrolling a frontier that was two thousand feet higher still. Once, I did venture out of my tent and carry out the patrol. I saw a couple of Chinese, and I informed them that they weren't supposed to be there. They said, 'Who are you? Go away.' " —VED MEHTA

(This is the fifth of a series of articles. The sixth will appear in next week's issue.)

•

Harry Vardon's book *The Complete Golfer* is absolutely fine (he had help from a superb anonymous ghost writer)—written in as easy and effective a style as his golf stroke, which was so effortless that he often hit a ball with a pipe in his mouth.—*From "The Bogey Man," by George Plimpton.*

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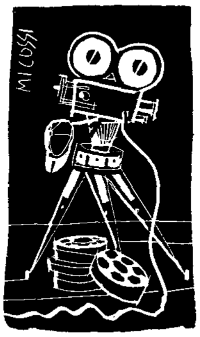
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Into the Eye of the Storm

"EASY RIDER" is the real thing. Ninety-four minutes of the reason so many Americans trust film fiction more than wrapped-up actuality reports. Ninety-four minutes of the connective tissue binding Americans to a continent that, to go by those actuality reports, they would be entitled to loathe. Ninety-four minutes of what it is like to swing, to watch, to be fond, to hold opinions, and to get killed in America at this moment. The film was produced by Peter Fonda, directed by Dennis Hopper, and written by both of them, together with Terry Southern. It is beautifully simple. It goes almost like the country's traditional frontier myth, but run backward. Two young men—Peter Fonda as Wyatt and Dennis Hopper as Billy—set off from the West Coast on motorbikes and ride in the direction that is now the harder one. They are travelling not away from sophistication but into it, and the lonely part is the easy part. They begin on the far side of the Mexican border. By smuggling dope across the frontier and selling it to a gum-chewing young capitalist disguised as a fellow-hippie, they make enough money to live life their own way. The soft, hot wind of the continent blows on their faces as they ride east. Wyatt's long hair flows back from the flat planes of his cheeks. The handlebars of his bike are as high as his eyebrows while he leans back in the saddle, a patch of the Stars and Stripes on his jacket and another on his fuel tank. Billy, riding a cycle laden like a pack mule, lopes along beside him. His long hair is like the ears of a water spaniel, and he has an interesting nervous laugh when he gets high on pot every night. Motels turn them away, but it is easy enough to camp out. They are making for Mardi Gras in New Orleans. They are in no hurry. Some instinct, perhaps, warns them not to get there too fast—something telling them, against the precepts of this nation of goals, that the point will be contained in the getting there and that arrival may be a death. Day after day, they ride through the bright Western sunlight and into the dusk. They pass slowly through the brown beauty of the West, past wedge-shaped mountains raised like black axes in the desert. They stop for a meal with a quiet rancher who halted here long ago in his tracks westward and doesn't now know what the initials L.A. stand for, although he probably once understood them. "When I was a young man, I was headed for California," he says, "but you know how it is. . . ." He is the man of lost objectives, the American idea of failure in a nutshell, but he may really have done well, implies this ballad in praise of ease. The two young heroes can't altogether imitate him. They threw away their watches at the start of the journey in symbolic scorn for the organized, but they can't come to rest. The uncovered size of America draws them on, and they have to keep going. They pick up a hitchhiker in some dusk, and a taillight suddenly glows red as one of them makes the slow, swerving start with him aboard. The passenger, a stammering, benign man with a print scarf around his forehead who says it's hard to say where he's from because it's a very long word, leads them to a commune of hippies living in a barn and scratching a fine life out of land in drought. The two riders are offered a meal with them, conducted and filmed with ceremony. The camera goes through a three-hundred-and-sixty-degree shot that starts on one man's face, passes slowly around a ring of the hippies—a full circle of those long falls of hair and big, rested mouths, seen over a sound track of offscreen chat and clucking hens—and comes back to the first man as he says a Digger's thanksgiving. A mime troupe comes into the hippies' barn, and there is a switch of mood like the shift into the players' scene in "Hamlet." One of the film's wonderful small moments of acting comes when Billy gets nervy and Wyatt makes a small pacifying gesture with his hand. "We're eating their food," he says. They go swimming in a scene of pure play. "This could be the right place," says the hitchhiker, but Wyatt can't accept it. "I'm hip about time," he says, "but I just got to go." Quietly acted, the character powerfully expresses the sense of a strong man who has an instinct to keep on the move but also a nagging prescience that he is going to crash.



Cut to another America. Wyatt and Billy join a drum-majorette parade in a small town, Wyatt cheerfully paddling his bike with his feet among the crowd of plump girls with pear-shaped thighs. For its own reasons, the town throws the hippies into jail—"for parading without a permit, man," as far as Billy can make it out. Their companion in the night cells is a boozing wit of a Southern lawyer, marvellously played by Jack Nicholson. Already fine, the film takes on the weight of the first-rate as soon as he appears. The character is called George Hanson. Son of a rich man, defender of civil-liberties cases, he is gifted with surreal comic visions and with the peculiar radical sagacity that can sometimes appear in the black-sheep members of highborn classes. He breezily talks his way out of the clink, still half sloshed, patronizing the cops with panache, and stumbles into the sun in his white suit with the historic dash of fallen gentlemen. He is like one of the wise fools of Russian literature. He knows from the very start what his new hippie friends are in for in the South, and he must also know that his own pleasure in the present is no protection against the future revenges of his class. This man, the droll sophisticate of the film, is also its classic buffoon. He is the natural victim of the bigots he was born among, a boozing dandy from the square world whom the hippies instantly know for a brother. So now he rides with them, wearing a football helmet for a skid lid, and chatting slumberously about a whorehouse in New Orleans. Sometimes he peers at the road over spectacles pushed to the end of his nose, as if the whole journey were some interesting new find in Sanskrit, and sometimes he inspires flights of quiet farce when the three of them coast along on their bikes in the positions of figure skaters. He has a sort of genius for pleasure. At good moments—raising a bottle of Scotch to his mouth in the middle of an idea, for instance—he will suddenly flap one arm against his side like a cockerel's wing. By the campfire one night, he relinquishes Scotch to try his first joint. It takes him into a brilliant daydream that a race of visiting Venusians are among us—a species with no caste sense and no monetary system, "now mating with people in all walks of life, in an advisory capacity," he explains seraphically.

They ride past waving horsemen, and billboards for Coca-Cola, and cafés selling homemade pie. The film's affection for America even rubs off onto their first sights of sedate, making-it civilization. Then there is a scene in a Southern café, and the ballad takes the turn it was bound for. Incited by who knows what—by long hair, by aliens in their midst, by the sight of ease's style—the drawlers in the café talk loudly of Yankee queers, and the trio walk out. Danger stinks in the air. That night, the Jack Nicholson character gets pounded to death in his sleep and the two others have their blooding by the South. They mourn him without mention, eating a meal with their faces shaved for the first time since the start of the ride while a Kyrie Eleison pop song plays on the sound track. In their own mood of memorial, they go on to the brothel he talked about. Nothing quite works, even though it is Mardi Gras. Wyatt doesn't want his girl. Billy's hooker, sitting becalmed in black lace stockings with a pie slice of bare leg showing at the top, looks spectacularly enervating. The brothel décor itself, a ropy mixture of the religious and the erotic, is the baroque manner at its dregs, and the acid trip that the four take is a bad one, full of hints of extinction, and gaudy about them. The film's own attitude toward death is one of repose. It is an equivalent of its attitude toward the journey: the point is the journeying. Wyatt sees a lettered sign saying, "Death only closes a man's reputation and determines it as good or bad." After this, the film has an eye-blink shot of something on fire beside a road. When the two are back on their bikes, the rednecks of the land do their worst, and the shot turns out to be as prophetic as it looked.

"Easy Rider" is constructed like a ballad with a recurring fourth line. Between the verses describing the heroes' hardening encounters with America, there are repeated campfire scenes and mute cycle-riding sequences overlaid with pop music. Millions of words have been written explaining every element in this film's substance—hippies, idle violence, American restlessness; the reviving thing about the picture is that it doesn't explain, it embodies. The cant of cool is here made eloquent. The long ride and its laconic happiness tell the tale of a very American style of behavior, sped by the sense of a huge continent to cover, and wide open to worry. "This used to be a hell of a good country. I can't understand what's going on in it," says the character played by Jack Nicholson, in two sentences that hold the whole idea of the picture. It is a bright movie that sets out on such a simple thought and that recognizes such a blood brother to the hippies in a stray from middle-aged, drinking, formally educated America. George Hanson actually possesses more of the hippie perception of trouble than Billy

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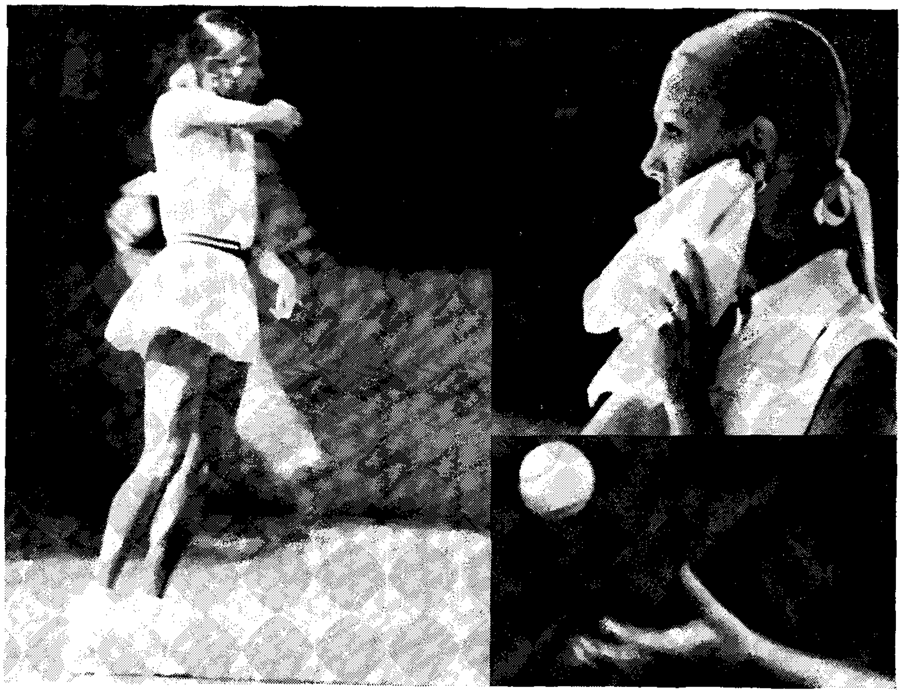

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does. Billy vaguely thinks that things are as they are because "everybody's got chicken." "Oh, they're not scared of you," says Hanson. "They're scared of what you represent to them. Freedom. . . . But don't ever tell anybody they ain't free, 'cause they're gonna get real busy killin' and maimin' to prove they're free." Wyatt, who thinks more than Billy does—one of the interesting marks of the film is that the three main performances seem to come out of three different imaginative worlds, separated so distinctly that it is as if the styles of the roles themselves were sealed apart by pot—sees things unrolling on a course that hits the nerve of America. As Wyatt and Hanson pursue it, their trek east is a myth truer to the country's extant frontier-pushing impulse than the plot of any Western. With the new sort of roamer's infallible ear, the two men not only know exactly when life is prospering but also when something is about to go badly wrong. "We blew it," Wyatt says, ahead of trouble. "Easy Rider" speaks tersely and aptly for this American age that is both the best of times and the worst of times. Because the picture is also very alert, humorous, beautiful, and modestly put, it seems to leave the balance tipped a little toward the best.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

FLANK STEAK DERVISH

Trim all fat from a 2- to 2½-pound flank steak and score the steak on both sides with a sharp knife. Put it in a shallow baking pan and pour over it a mixture of ½ cup soy sauce, 2½ tablespoons brown sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, and ½ teaspoon garlic salt. Chill the steak in the marinade overnight, turning it occasionally. Drain the marinade from the meat and broil the steak 3 to 4 inches from the broiling unit for 5 minutes on each side for rare beef. Sprinkle the meat with salt and pepper to taste and carve it into thin diagonal slices.

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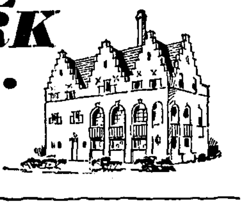

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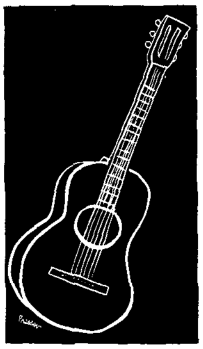
MUSICAL EVENTS

Newport Notes

THURSDAY, JULY 3: Just after dinner, old Thunder, riding Lightning and leading Rain, careened up Narragansett Bay, and the fifteenth Newport Jazz Festival was off. The storm was the most compelling spectacle of the evening, for the concert resembled one of those saltless concoctions that were tossed together at Town Hall or Carnegie Hall in the fifties and early sixties to lure the college kids who were home on vacation. Anita O'Day, dressed in a spanking, long-jacketed linen suit, evoked her 1958 appearance at Newport, when, with her beautifully honed mannerisms, she had wowed everybody in a performance that lasted only twenty minutes. She evoked it, but—mysteriously—that was all. She sang as well, she looked as well, she moved as well, and nothing happened. The audience was wet stone. Phil Woods and his European Rhythm Machine, made up of the alto saxophonist, a Swiss pianist, a French bassist, and a Swiss drummer, got the same reaction. Perhaps it was Woods. At his best, he is an impassioned Charlie Parker adherent, but tonight he sounded unsettled and down. The group's single fine number had little to do with how it was played; it was the tune itself—"Ad Infinitum," a sad, lovely, long-lined melody by the "new-thing" pianist-composer Carla Bley. It should be heard again and again. Young-Holt Unlimited, a soul-soap group whose leaders once worked with Ramsey Lewis, funked around, and there was one of Sun Ra and His Space Arkestra's cosmic Halloween parties. The band, carting hundreds of instruments onstage and dressed in hugoolie robes and tall elf hats, played an enormous number that included punctuating organ shrieks by Sun Ra, a neat parody of a Duke Ellington dreamboat number, some group singing reminiscent of the Modernaires, a passage in which everyone whaled away at a percussion instrument, and a shouting finale paced by Sun Ra striding regally across the stage and holding up a couple of spiky sun symbols. But the evening closed hopefully. Bill Evans, accompanied by the brilliant Eddie Gomez on bass and Marty Morrell on drums, played three delicate ballads, and was joined for two more numbers by Jeremy Steig. He developed long, tight, intense solos, with Evans celebrating him every note of the way, and it was an affecting performance. That elusive superprofessional quality that signifies the Real Thing had come onstage.



FRIDAY: There had been an ominous, stifling atmosphere in Newport on the day of the 1960 riot. The town was choking. Hundreds of cars loaded with boozy teenagers blocked the narrow streets, and the sidewalks and parks were jammed with even more kids, most of them barefoot and carrying cans of beer. Despite their blurred, rumpled appearance, they didn't look like potential rioters. Their oxford shirts and madras shorts were not inexpensive, and they were quiet. There were just too many of them. But that same night, ten thousand strong and full of beer courage, they stormed the already packed Freebody Park, where the Festival was being held, and it took the police, fending off rocks and beer cans and finally resorting to tear gas, a couple of hours to send them packing. The boomerang result, of course, was that the Festival was shut down and didn't reopen for two years.

This afternoon, Newport suddenly took on the same teeming, hothouse atmosphere. Even back streets were bumper to bumper, and almost every road was flanked by straggling Indian files of kids carrying packs and blankets and wine bottles. They are startlingly different from their 1960 predecessors, most of whom probably spent today manicuring their lawns and minding their children. Their hair is long and tangled, their clothes are de-rigueur freakish (the boys shirtless or in tank tops and hip-hugging jeans, and the girls in bell-bottoms, with their shirttails knotted together just below their free breasts), and they look dirty. By the time the evening concert began, the situation around the Festival grounds was claustrophobic. The press of cars was unbelievable, and there were kids as far as the eye could see. An army of them was camped on a bluff back of the Festival stage, another army was stretched out on the spacious slope that rings the opposite side of the grounds, and they were ten deep outside the walls and gates of the field. You could have sliced the dust in the air. There were twenty-two thousand people inside the s.r.o. grounds and probably an equal number outside. The reason for this Red Square crush was simple. The concert was to be given over largely to rock groups, and half a dozen or more are scheduled for Saturday and Sunday. The children had come, pilgrims all, to worship their music, their symbol, their weapon. They had come to hear Jeff Beck and Steve Marcus and Jethro Tull and Ten Years After, and to hear Blood, Sweat, and Tears and the only jazz group of the evening—Roland Kirk, who told them where much of their music had come from, and then, in his clowning, ferocious, multi-instrumented way, demonstrated how that source should sound. They loved it. The savage breast was soothed, and there was no riot.

An odd coincidence: In 1960, there were two jazz festivals in Newport—the doomed Establishment one, and a small, exciting affair that had been hastily organized by Charlie Mingus and Max Roach, and that included the likes of Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge, Ornette Coleman, Jo Jones, and Baby Laurence, the great tap-dancer. Today, posters appeared on trees and fences announcing that Mingus and the trumpeter Lee Morgan would hold an "underground" jazz festival on Friday and Saturday nights at Cliff Walk Manor, the hotel where the first rump festival had taken place. I stopped in on the way back to my hotel to see if Mingus would pull another champion out of his hat. He didn't. It was a night-club gig, notable only for an irresistible merengue played by Morgan (there was no dancing) and for Mingus's work, which sounded even better than it did several weeks ago, when he emerged at the Village Vanguard from a two-year retirement. But ghosts of 1960 were there—Mingus and Roach playing a brilliant fifteen-minute duet, Baby Laurence cannonading all over the bandstand, Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge in consummate tandem, and a thinner, wilder Mingus passing a derby hat in the audience.

The concert this afternoon was a bust. An interesting Canadian rock group, the Lighthouse, beefed up with horns and string players and snatches of improvisation, opened. It was followed by a disastrous, helter-skelter "jam session" played by fifteen musicians, including Jimmy Owens and Howard McGhee, Benny Green, Buddy Tate and Brew Moore and Cecil Payne, the West Coast pianist Hamp-

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ton Hawes, Ray Nance (violin), and the impeccable, winning Slam Stewart. A vocalist named Eddie Jefferson sang an idiotic and embarrassing eulogy of Coleman Hawkins. Sometimes the living are harder on the dead than they are on each other.

SATURDAY: The kids came down from their rocks and rills this afternoon, and Festival Field, which was frequently almost empty at afternoon concerts in years past, was packed. They heard John Mayall, who was introduced as the thirty-five-year-old father of English rock and who was absorbing chiefly because of his derivations, which include Leadbelly and Muddy Waters and the old Jimmy Giuffre trio. And they heard the Mothers of Invention, whose musical-satirical roots go back to Spike Jones and Borrah Minnevitch and His Harmonica Rascals, and whose put-ons are paralleled by Charlie Mingus and Archie Shepp. But they also heard the Newport All Stars and Miles Davis—an experience meant to explain George Wein's decision to hold what is turning out to be a jazz-and-rock festival: Take a couple of slices of rock and spread them with meaty jazz, and the kids are painlessly educated. But the jazz we have heard so far has been so vapid that *it* has turned into the Silvercup bread and the rock has become the pepperoni. At any rate, Davis was in striving form. Accompanied by piano, bass, and drums, he played a vast number consisting of short trumpet statements—some languorous and melancholy, some shrill and hard, and some unfinished staircases—surrounded by piano and bass and drum solos. The All Stars opened the concert, and they were off stride. On hand were Ruby Braff, Red Norvo, Tal Farlow, Larry Ridley, Jack Dejohnette, and Wein himself on piano. Farlow and Norvo were excellent throughout, but the group hung together just once—in a slow blues memorable for Braff's declamations and for a one-chorus double-time duet between Norvo and Dejohnette.

The human swarm was almost as dense tonight as it was last night, but the cars had got where they were going and the atmosphere was less tense. And there was another difference. Sly and the Family Stone, a largely Negro rock group, was scheduled, and the audience had become half black and half white. Gerry Mulligan, with the Dave Brubeck trio, started things off, and he was delightful. His humor and eloquence and long, deep lines were intact, and

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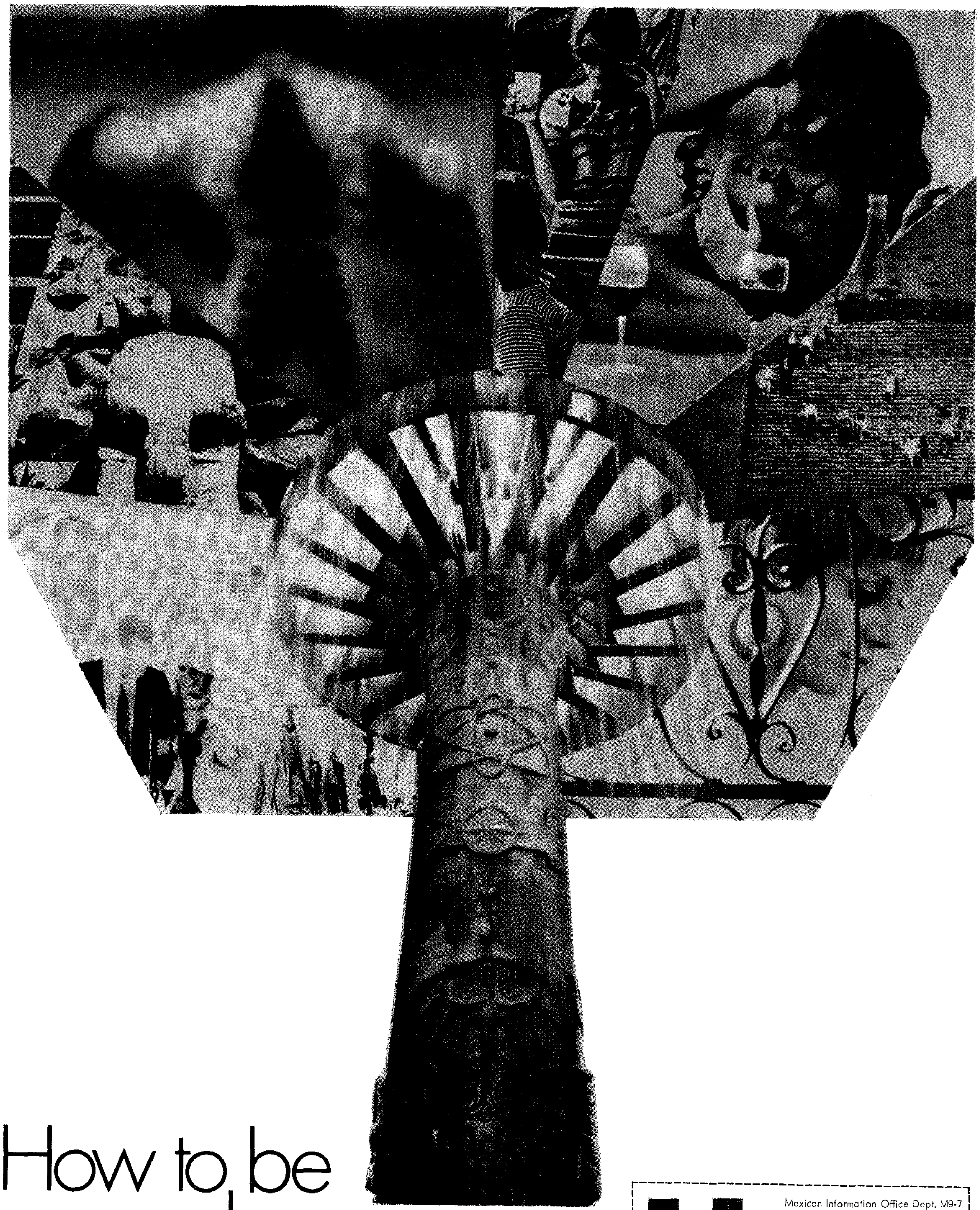

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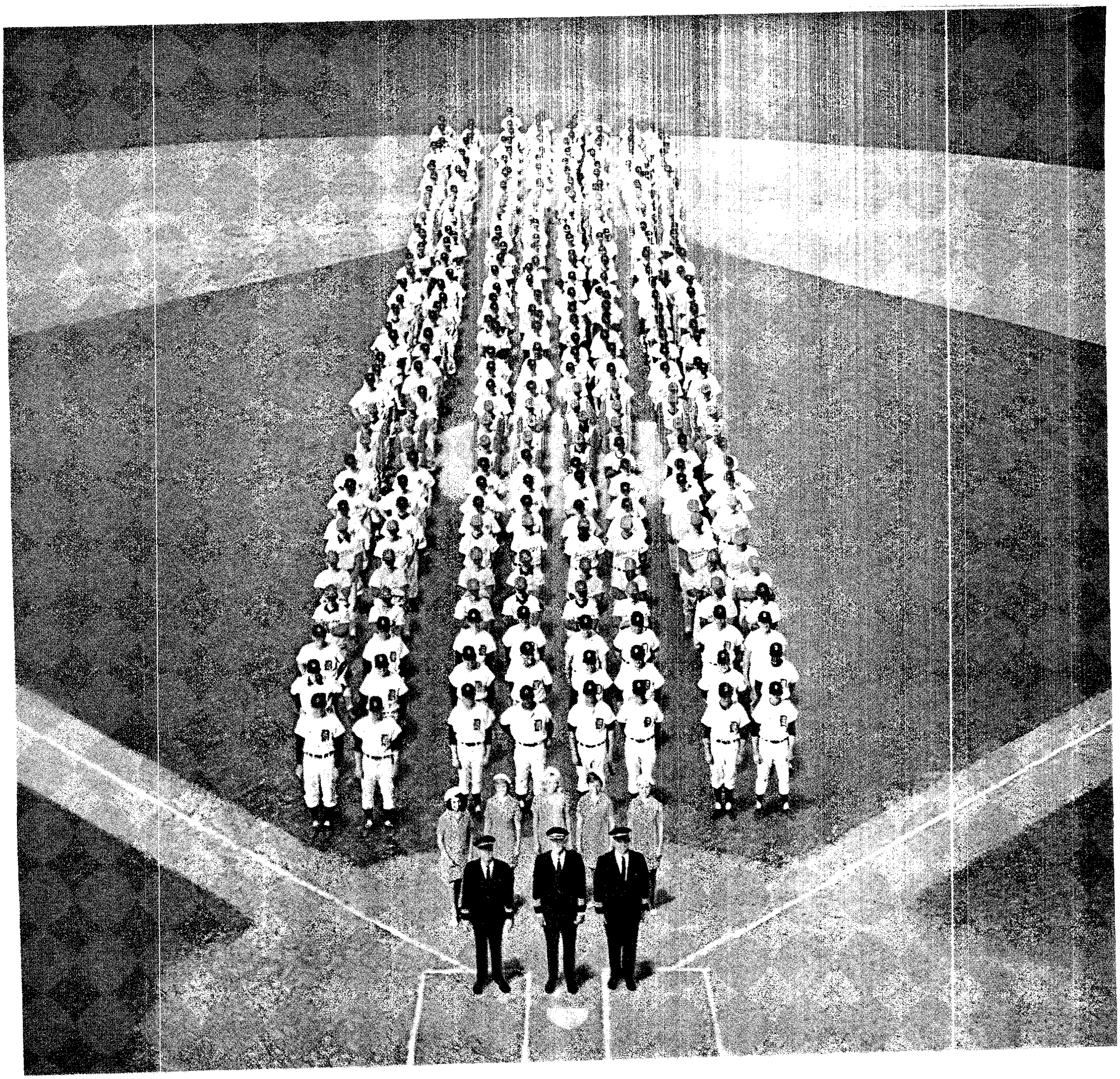

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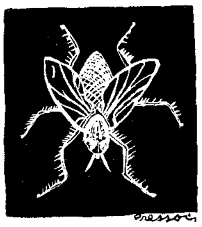
even Brubeck, who turned to cotton ten years ago, sounded crisp and authoritative. Art Blakey and his quintet delivered four motionless numbers, and then there was a miracle. Gary Burton, a smart, fine vibraphonist, who has been trudging experimentally around for the past couple of years between jazz and rock, brought on his quartet (Jerry Hahn, guitar; Larry Ridley, bass; Bill Goodwin, drums), and the two musics fused. The rhythms were largely rocklike, each number was collective (jazz and rock), and there were plenty of solos. Hahn was extraordinary. He has a spare, unfashionable style that depends as much on silence as on sound. His choice of notes is unexpected and his placement of them equally unexpected, and he bends enough of them in just the right way to bring the goose-pimples out. Burton has given up his ringing, shushing attack for a Red Norvo clarity, and he played one number that was a masterpiece. It was unaccompanied, and it sounded like a many-layered elaboration of "Beyond the Blue Horizon." The whole solo had a staccato, elbows-out effect, and the beat, though always there, was never directly stated. There was no lagging, there were no missteps. Nothing was missing and nothing was redundant. It was a perfect piece of music. The Real Thing had appeared again.



Then several other astonishing things happened, and they happened so fast it is difficult to remember their exact order. Sly and the Family Stone were setting up their twenty or so two-ton speakers and amplifiers when a heavy, battering-ram thumping began outside the fence to the right of the bandstand. The booming stopped, a huge pole appeared above the fence, waved drunkenly about, and disappeared. Then fireworks, shot from the bluff behind the bandstand, bombarded the audience. It suddenly started raining, and the smell of smoke became unmistakable (the hordes outside, it turns out, had set fire to the grass behind the performers' quarters). George Wein rushed onstage and shouted at Sly Stone, asking him, for God's sake, to start playing. He did, and the dam, bulging for two days, broke. Kids, black and white, came pouring through a huge hole they had made in the fence separating the main area of the field from the box seats and the press section. They came like Visigoths, smashing the box railings and turning over chairs and forcing the occupants to flee. They poured into the press photographers' pit just in front of the bandstand, filled it, and climbed up on the stage. Police and security guards ran onstage and there was a five-minute melee, with kids scrambling up, reaching the stage, and being tossed back into the pit. The only thing missing was the boiling oil. Sly and the Family Stone roared away, and then Stone, using lots of "like"s and "man"s and "uptight"s, persuaded the massed kids to sit down. All at once some sort of catharsis was achieved, and everything subsided. There were rumors that Wein would close up shop after Sly and the Family Stone finished, but, wisely, he didn't. The World's Greatest Jazz Band unenviably appeared next, and to its great credit it had the kids dancing by the time it was halfway through its third tune, "Harper Valley P.T.A." The band accompanied Maxine Sullivan in four numbers, and she got through, too, and then Stephane Grappelly, the old Hot Club of France fiddler, played three delicate selections. When O. C. Smith, the singer, appeared, the battle was done. The kids had begun filing out singly and in small groups as Grappelly started. Some of them looked turned on, some were unmistakably drunk, but most of them, wet and dirty and scrawny, just looked pooped.

SUNDAY: Some breakfast thoughts. Last night's avalanche was not surprising and not new. Children overran the stage at the Paramount when Benny Goodman came to town, Frank Sinatra was attacked by his most ardent admirers, and there was the Beatles frenzy. The trouble with such adoration, aside from bruised bodies and smashed property, is that, paradoxically, it is antimusical. It's hard to listen to Beethoven or Thelonious Monk or Jethro Tull while you are doing the hundred-yard dash to a stage where the crush of people makes listening impossible anyway. To be sure, some rock—with its handmaidens pot and acid, with its vaudeville exterior, with its sternum-shattering volume, and with its unintelligible lyrics—is not meant to be listened to. Beneath its crashing political-social surface (where is the proletarian novel now?), it is designed to provoke a Kubla Khan euphoria. But jazz demands the same quiet attention and openness as poetry, which it resembles. So George Wein is unwittingly staging a war between the rock non-listeners

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and the jazz listeners. And nobody listens in wartime.

This afternoon, an entirely different phenomenon appeared—James Brown, the meteoric singer and dancer. Brown is venerated by Negro teen-agers, and they figuratively took over the field. He danced and sang at *them*, and, massed twenty-deep behind the press-section fence, they relished every word and gesture and step. The whites present seemed transparent. He has a heavy, attractive voice and he is a good, fluid dancer. His voice and dancing are indivisible. In slow ballads, his voice is flicked by continual serpentine motions, and when he tears into a fast blues his dancing propels his singing, which may be compressed into one slamming word a chorus—a guttural "baybeee" or drawn-out "ymmyeh." He is a non-stop dervish. He brandishes the microphone like a rapier, he does the split, he falls down on his knees in mock exhaustion. He screeches into the microphone, whips around to one of his three drummers, chops his hand for a thundering rimshot, goes stock-still, and is abruptly off again. His ten-piece band never stops, and now and then four comely girls dance and sway about the stage—waterlilies on a blowing pond.

Brown's locomotive show cleared the air, and tonight was, by and large, a pleasure. (The amount of looking back over the shoulder that went on in the box seats and the press section all evening was, however, instructive.) B.B. King, the fine Chicago blues singer and guitarist—if he had Muddy Waters' or Joe Turner's voice, he would be nonpareil—sang half a dozen numbers and gave way to his white counterpart, the newcomer Johnny Winter. The contrast was disastrous. King, dressed in a plain suit, sang quietly and affectingly, while Winter, a tall, spidery man in long white hair and pipe-stem pants and a leather jacket, storked up and down in front of a battleship-sized bank of electronic equipment, shouting unintelligible blues and playing bad, arty blues guitar. King and Winter were followed by routine displays by the Herbie Hancock sextet (polished hard-bop) and the Willie Bobo sextet (polished Latin funk), and then Buddy Rich came onstage with his big band and played four numbers, the last of them his bravura, eleven-minute version of "West Side Story." It was closed with a very long tidal-wave, three-ring, twenty-one-gun, now-damn-it, you-listen drum solo. The entire audience shot to its feet, and the festival, which had just ended, finally began.

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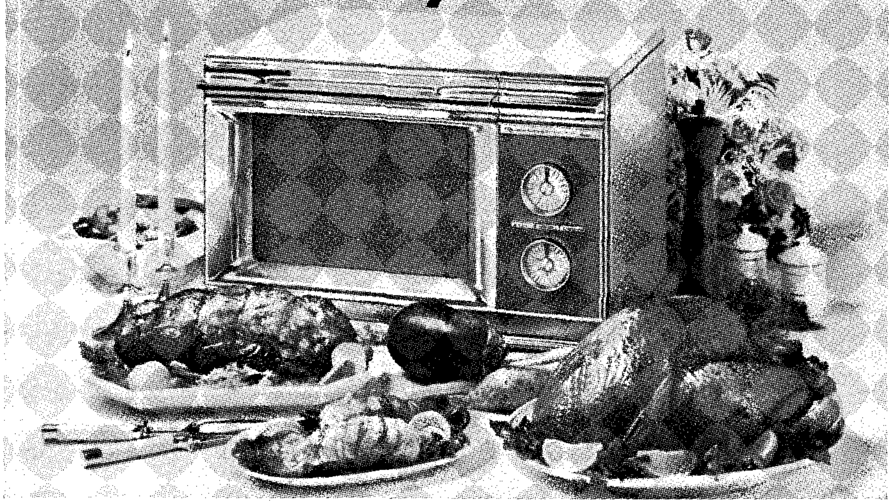

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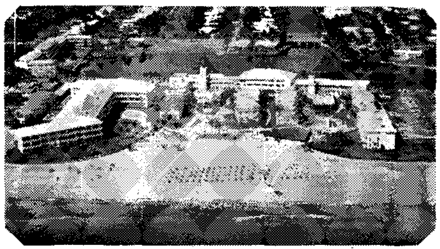

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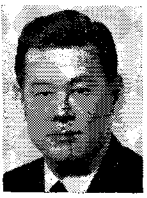

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LETTER FROM THE SPACE CENTER

JULY 12

DURING the flight of the Apollo 11 astronauts to the moon, the main base of operations here at the Manned Spacecraft Center, near Houston, will be the brooding, windowless Mission Control building, a withdrawn structure in which the computers—five sky-blue I.B.M.s and two dull-green Univacs—will keep track of the spacecraft and plan its trajectories. Because the flight itself will be almost entirely the concern of the engineers, many of the scientists, whose concern is primarily with the moon itself, will have to stay outside the building. Dr. Elbert King, a geologist, who, as curator of the Lunar Receiving Laboratory here, will take custody of all samples of lunar material that the astronauts bring back, told me that he expects to be in a state of exhausted sleeplessness throughout the mission, even though there is nothing he can do in the course of it, because he is sure to feel that if he sits up all night in front of his television set it will somehow help. Even though everything at the Lunar Receiving Laboratory is ready, it is hard to be inactive now, Dr. King said, and normally rational people at the laboratory are constantly worrying over little details here and little details there to keep themselves busy.

Among the visitors who have arrived at the Space Center for the shot is Dr. Harold C. Urey, the atomic chemist who won the Nobel Prize for his discovery in 1934 of heavy hydrogen and who since the war has devoted himself to the study of the moon. "I'll just feel a miracle is being accomplished," he said the other day. "Something is being done that we couldn't have conceived twenty-five years ago, mainly because we didn't have the big computers we have now. We send the astronauts off, we watch them go, but it is the *computer* that tells them what to do next. We live in such terrifying times. We have piled up the equivalent of goodness knows how many tons of TNT for each person on earth, yet we live in the same world Thucydides wrote about in his 'History of the Peloponnesian Wars,' when the Athenians were suspicious of their enemies, and even of their allies. The scale is different, but the discussion is the same." Dr. Urey made no guess at whether the moon shot would do anything to put man's affairs on a new and better footing. This, of course, would not be the first time that new explorations had been accompanied by high hopes.

"What now?"

Until this month, only nine men will have been launched by a Saturn V rocket—an experience somewhat like sitting on the observation roof of a skyscraper and suddenly finding that it is rising into the air. One of these men is Colonel James A. McDivitt, the commander of the Apollo 9 flight, which orbited the earth in March. I looked up Colonel McDivitt, a lanky Air Force officer who resembles James Stewart, and asked him what it was like inside an Apollo spacecraft while it was leaving the ground. According to McDivitt, the three Apollo 11 astronauts—Neil A. Armstrong, Colonel Edwin E. Aldrin, Jr., and Lieutenant Colonel Michael Collins—won't have much of a view while they are waiting on the pad. Three of their five windows will be covered by protective shields, and one of the remaining two, the docking window, looks straight up into the sky, and the other, a large, round window in the hatch, looks into the White Room, the small chamber connecting the spacecraft with the launching gantry. Beneath them, they will feel the rocket trembling and swaying slightly, as though they were on a treetop in a light wind. They will be breathing pure oxygen, which has a dry smell. About the last thing they will see before takeoff is workmen outside the hatch window removing the padding between the White Room and the spacecraft, before the room itself retracts into the gantry. At ignition, when flames begin to leap from the bottom of the booster, the astronauts will see no fire or smoke whatever. Instead, they will feel a steadily increasing vibration as the five engines in the first-stage booster build up to ninety per cent of their thrust. When the spacecraft leaves the ground, the vibrations will change. Although from the outside the rocket will look as if it might have trouble clearing the ground, the astronauts inside will have no such doubts, McDivitt says, explaining, "You can just feel that seven and a half million pounds of thrust build up beneath you." Engineers at the Space Center have various ways of describing seven and a half million pounds of thrust—a favorite comparison is that it is enough force to power a continuous line of automobiles all the way from Cape Kennedy to New York City—but for the astronauts the main sensation will be one of being pushed gently back into their seats. Outside, the sound will be earsplitting, but inside, where the astronauts will be lying with radio headsets on, it will be hard for them to tell whether they are hearing something or feeling it, for the vibrations will be all around them. During these first moments, the commander, Armstrong, will keep his hand near the "Abort" handle, in case anything goes wrong. The vibrations will change again as the spacecraft begins to pick up speed. Soon, the center rocket engine in the cluster of five in the booster will shut off, and the vibrations will change yet again as the thrust diminishes by a fifth. If the sky is clear, spec-

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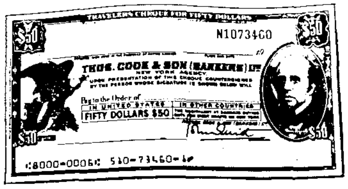

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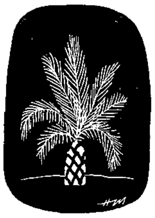
tators on the ground may, after about two minutes and forty seconds, glimpse the first-stage booster dropping off and the next stage, the S-II, igniting. At that moment, the astronauts will feel a sudden jerk—McDivitt told me he was almost pushed into the instrument panel in front of him—as the booster drops off. Then the S-II rocket will burn for about seven minutes, and the astronauts will be on their way again. McDivitt says the S-II is a nice, smooth stage in comparison to the first one. However, the astronauts will soon hear, and feel, a thud as the escape tower in front of them is blown off. When that happens, all five windows will be uncovered and they can take their first good look around as they await the ignition of the third stage, which will insert them into earth orbit.

ALMOST as soon as the spacecraft has been launched, the spectators at Cape Kennedy will begin to leave, since there is nothing very stirring about a just vacated launching pad. Many of them will board planes and come careering into Houston, and the effect here will be very much as if the entire Houston Astros baseball team slid into home plate at the same moment after someone popped a high fly ball. Immediately after the launching, control of the spacecraft will be shifted to the Mission Control Center—to a small, dimly lit auditorium where four banks of consoles and five big electronic screens that look like movie screens receive data from the computers, on the floor below. In the front row, which the engineers call the Trench, the second man from the right is the Flight Dynamics Officer, who is responsible for plotting the trajectory of the spacecraft, for knowing where it is at any given moment, and for providing the exact times for bursts of the rocket that will send the spacecraft into new orbits or make mid-course corrections.



For the first part of the flight—from the launching through the first of four scheduled mid-course corrections en route to the moon—a young, light-haired engineer named David Reed will be the Flight Dynamics Officer, who is known as FIDO. Reed, who came to the Space Center from the University of Wyoming five years ago, and still has a disarmingly collegiate manner, explains that the "i" in "FIDO" stands for the "i" in "Flight." In defense of this spurious acronym, he says, "It's important for radio communication during the flight to cut down on loop chatter"—unnecessary verbiage over the communications systems. FIDO's job, he further explains, consists largely of keeping an ephemeris of the position of the spacecraft. An ephemeris—an astronomical term that goes back to the ancient Greeks—is a continuous record of the positions of a heavenly body through a time sequence. The ephemeris is maintained by the Missions Operations Computer—which, presumably to cut down on loop chatter some more, is called MOC. The MOC's memory banks, called "loads," are full of bits of stored information, called "inputs," which have to do with the gravitational forces of the earth and the moon, the relative speeds of the two bodies, and the thousands of other factors that affect the spacecraft's trajectory. These loads—called the computer's "software," because they can be changed by reprogramming, as opposed to "hardware," which can't—are constantly being brought up to date with new inputs.

Reed has as much respect for the computers as Dr. Urey has, though his admiration takes the form less of amazement than of confidence. Landing men on the moon is difficult, he says, but the knowledge necessary to bring it off exists, and there is no single thing the computer or the spacecraft is being asked to do that is "beyond the state of the art." He concedes that the computers will be working close to capacity, for they will have to handle an almost unprecedented mass of material. The computers are operated by a multitude of electronic engineers, a breed of technician that Reed, as an expert in space mechanics, has little contact with. He takes considerable pride in the fact that there are only six FIDOs in the world. FIDOs, he says, have an over-all view of the proceedings, so that they can concentrate on the orbital mechanics. "A FIDO has to know the things you can do with Kepler and the things you can't do with Kepler," he says. Johannes Kepler (1571-1630) is regarded as one of the founders of modern astronomy, and Keplerian principles are hard to get used to. Knowledge of these rules becomes second nature to a FIDO, and Reed says that, sitting in the Trench, he gets the feeling that he is actually flying the spacecraft; in fact, it isn't at all unusual for one engineer to say to another, "I flew such-and-such a mission," when in reality he had been sitting comfortably in the Trench. Curiously, Reed and the others, while at work, imagine themselves not as astronauts but, rather, as the spacecraft itself, for, Reed says, "You take on such a literal involvement that you picture yourself as, say, the S-IVB rocket—you say to yourself, 'If I bend that hard, I will break.' " The reason Reed emphasizes the mechanical aspects of the mission is that he regards a successful trip to the moon as a tremendous exercise in logic and intelligence; he and the other engineers take great pride in the smooth operation of what he calls "the software of our minds." In spite of this coldly mathematical way of looking at the flight, Reed expects to be very tense as he sits at his console. He has on his desk a lever he calls the "bat handle." If he pushes it forward and then back, two lights will flash on in the spacecraft instructing the astronauts to abort the mission—a decision he may have to make if he finds the spacecraft wandering dangerously from its trajectory. Indeed, the FIDO is under more pressure than almost anyone else in the control room, and Reed relates with some satisfaction that during one of the Gemini flights several years ago, when certain key people had their heartbeats monitored during the launching, the FIDO was found to have the highest pulse rate of them all, including the astronauts. Reed has no complaint to make about the strain. He says, "I keep looking at the moon these days, and I can't believe it's been up there all this time and here we are about to bust the balloon."

THOUGH the engineers naturally regard the flight as the main event, many of the scientists, just as naturally, are more interested in what will happen on the moon itself. There have been a few refinements in the thinking about what the astronauts are going to do when they get there—probably during Sunday and Monday, the twentieth and twenty-first—and also about what the moon's surface will be like. For instance, it is now thought that the surface, which until recently was believed to be black, white, and gray, may turn out to have a good deal of brown in it—in spite of the fact that the Apollo 8 astronauts, last December, said that the moon was "a vastness of black and white," with absolutely no colors. Their observation is very much at variance with that of the Apollo 10 astronauts, in May, who reported seeing a brown moon, a tan moon, and even a chocolate moon. One geologist believes that the Apollo 10 astronauts are nearer the mark, on the theory that they had more chance to concentrate on the moon than the Apollo 8 crew, who were, after all, circling it for the first time and had other things to do than look for subtleties of color. The Apollo 10 photographs of the moon show decided browns, but because colors can be distorted in developing, the photographs are not necessarily the final evidence—especially since all six astronauts who have gone around the moon agree that the colors in the pictures are not particularly accurate. Consequently, selenologists have been more or less at liberty to believe whichever astronauts they want to believe. Which astronauts a selenologist believes may have to do with whether the selenologist inclines more toward the impact theory of lunar-crater formation or the volcanic theory. A more uniform lunar surface might tend to confirm the theory that the moon has been regularly peppered with meteors, and a more variegated moon might be the result of successive lava flows. Dr. Urey, an impact man, says that he is sticking with a black-and-white moon, whereas Dr. John W. Dietrich, a geologist at the M.S.C. who is something of a vulcanist, favors a brown moon. Just recently, Dr. Ted H. Foss, chief of the Geology Branch of the M.S.C., who has been trying to reconcile black-and-whites and browns in an official report on the Apollo 8 mission, claims that the discrepancy has been made too much of. Apparently, the Apollo 8 crew has now been talked into settling for a moon with some browns in it. (Dr. Foss's specialty before he came to the M.S.C. was volcanic rock.) To add to the confusion, Armstrong, before he left for Cape Kennedy, said he expected to find a basically gray moon. The human eye is not adept at judging colors unless it has something to match them with, and, accordingly, the Apollo 11 astronauts will take a color chart with them.

IF all goes according to plan on Sunday, Armstrong and Aldrin, the astronauts gliding toward the surface of the moon in the LM, or lunar module, will know they are approaching their landing site when they pass over some highlands skirting the southern edge of the Sea of Tranquillity, which will look like a mud flat extending endlessly into the distance. They will next look for the crater Maskelyne A, which has a notch just beyond it, and if they are not directly over the notch they will have

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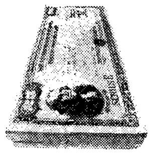

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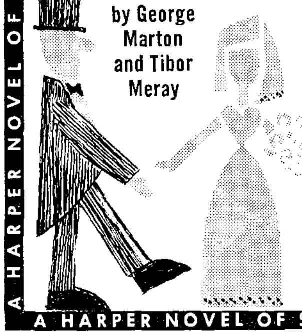

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to make some adjustments in their course. The third landmark is a long, low hill, a few hundred feet high, which in outline looks like Italy, and hence is known to the astronauts as Boot Hill. They must then watch for a long, sinuous rille—a sort of narrow canyon or crevasse—called Rima Maskelyne 1, the southern part of which is known to them as Sidewinder and the northern part as Diamond Back, names of snakes that Texans are familiar with. When they are within about ten miles of the scheduled landing site on the Sea, they will see a small hill they call Last Ridge, and at the same time they should be able to see, just abeam of the spacecraft and about nineteen miles to its left, a crater called Moltke. The landing site, which they will be getting a good view of by now, will look absolutely level, but actually it will be pocked with small craters; the sun, behind the astronauts, will be glinting off the craters' far rims. Few of the craters will be more than about sixty-five feet across, and the smaller they are the more of them there'll be. There will be some good-sized boulders scattered about. When Armstrong, at the controls, sets the LM down, he may for a few seconds be blinded by the cloud of dust the rocket will doubtless be kicking up beneath him. The cloud will vanish almost at once, however, for, with no atmosphere to diffuse it, each particle will fall back onto the moon down a trajectory of its own, like a tiny spacecraft. After Armstrong turns off the rocket, he may be startled to find the ground beneath the lunar module erupting like a small volcano, hitting the LM's undercarriage with clods, and possibly coating the windows with a film of dust, for gases blasted into the ground by the rocket may return forcefully to the surface the instant the downward jet stops.

As most selenologists see it, the samples of lunar material that the astronauts will bring back with them are the main object of the trip. According to Dr. King, "Any sample we get from the moon will increase our understanding of the moon a millionfold. Just one gram would tell us more than all our guesses and theorizing." Dr. Dietrich, one of the geologists who have instructed the astronauts, hopes they will bring back a good deal more than a gram, and the baggage allowance for rocks and dirt has been increased to between a hundred and a hundred and fifty pounds. Dr. Dietrich says that if the two rock boxes aren't brimful, he'll know that there must be a very good reason, because Armstrong and Aldrin are two eager men. He has seen this pair continue working on a geological problem after all the astronauts around them have dropped by the wayside, he says. Also, he says, they have tenacious memories, not forgetting a single rock that he has shown them as much as five years earlier; in fact, he pays them a geologist's ultimate compliment, saying, "They can read the terrain through their boots."

The other day, Dr. Dietrich, using a copy of a photograph, conducted me on a simulated field trip of the Apollo 11's target area, known as Site 2, reminding me at the outset that the astronauts would probably stay within a couple of hundred feet of the LM, even though no exact limits have been placed on their movements. The photographic map of Site 2 had the general appearance of a freshly rolled tennis court recently peppered with raindrops; in fact, Dr. Dietrich's first observation was "Things look pretty blah." He noted that there was not so much as a ridge in the terrain for Armstrong to feel through his lunar overshoes, for the sun was low enough in the sky when this photograph was taken so that the gentlest rise in ground would have shown up. About seventy-five feet to the northwest of where Dr. Dietrich's LM had theoretically landed, there was a crater some fifteen feet in diameter and three or four feet deep. It was not likely to have many rocks scattered around it, Dr. Dietrich said, so he was more interested in a much larger crater, some hundred and fifty feet across and about seven hundred and fifty feet to the west of the landing area. To the astronauts, it will appear simply as a low earthwork, like a small dam observed from downstream, for all they will be able to see of it is its rim, which will appear to be a wall twelve feet high about halfway to the horizon. Dr. Dietrich feels that there should be a fair amount of debris thrown out of it for the astronauts to sample, for although he wouldn't advise them to walk the distance to the crater, some of its debris may be at their feet.

About the biggest single rock the astronauts could pick up and take with them would be the size of a grapefruit, and most of what they will collect will be the size of a golf ball or smaller. The astronauts' gear is so cumbersome that they are not expected to collect more than fifteen containers full of samples in the hour or less that they will have for this activity. On this trip, they will not have a separate holder for carrying tools; instead, one of them will have many of the tools—a hammer, a scoop, a pair of tongs, and an extension handle for these implements—hanging from loops on his space suit, and making him look, according to Don Lind, the astronaut who has set up many of the procedures to be used, a little like a one-man band. His companion will have a Hasselblad camera securely attached to his chest, so that all he will have to do to take a picture is press its trigger with a finger. It is unlikely that the astronauts will use their hammer to knock off chips from the larger rocks, because in the low gravity the chips would fly a long way and would be hard to pick up; moreover, one of them might puncture a space suit—an accident that could be fatal. Instead, they will use the hammer to dig trenches with, by means of the extension handle, and then they will take samples of dust from the bottom, the middle, and the top of the trenches. It is thought that most of what the astronauts bring back will be dust, not rock—and, indeed, the smaller the material the more likely it is to have come from distant areas on the moon's surface. The astronauts will be asked to try to distinguish between what looks like local *mare* material and non-indigenous material that might have come from elsewhere. Dr. Dietrich hopes particularly that the astronauts will pick up material from nearby lunar highlands, for within about eighty miles there are three highland craters that are big enough to have sent debris that far at the time of their formation. The astronauts will try to gather as representative a sampling as they can, but there is one type of rock they have been asked *not* to bring back—anything that looks like a meteor, for meteorites won't tell much about the moon. Dr. Dietrich, however, says he will be grateful for anything that comes from the moon. In the last couple of weeks, he told me, every time he has seen it, he has said to himself, "The next time the moon looks just that way, we're going to have a piece of it right here." —HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

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Those high school scholars among you will remember how Julius Caesar put it to us: "Let me have about me fat-headed men, and such as sleep long nights. Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look. He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous."—*The Daily Column.*

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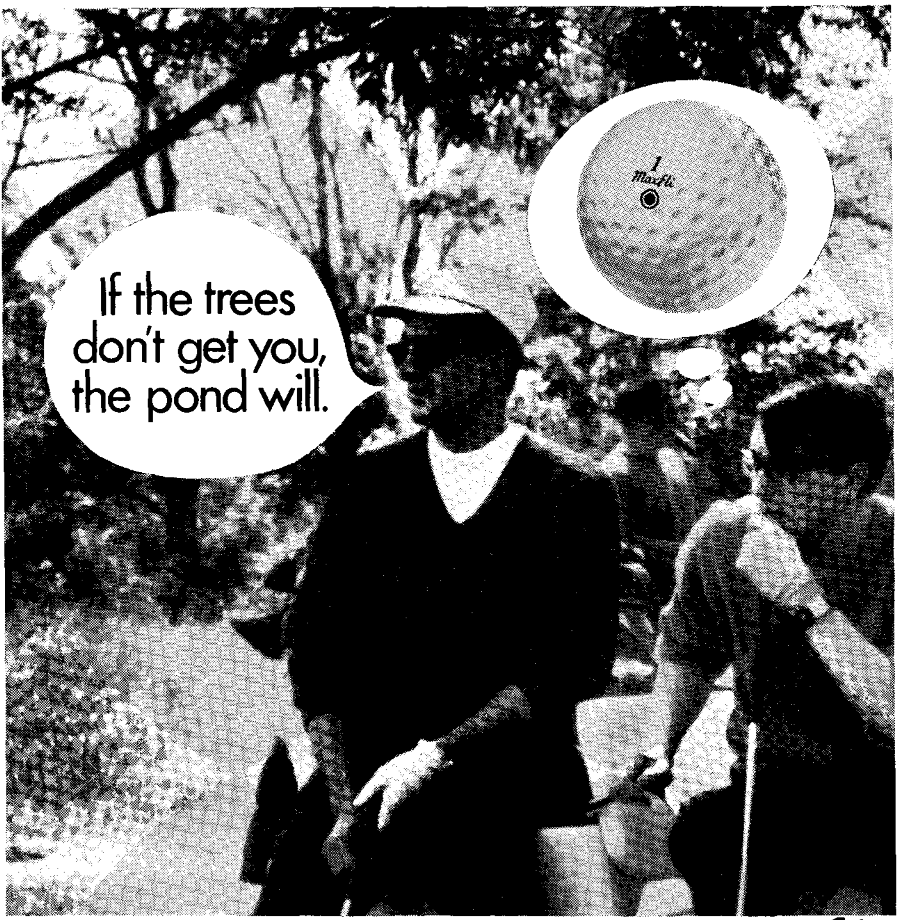
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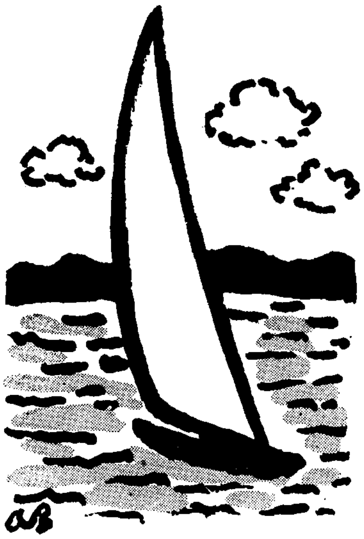

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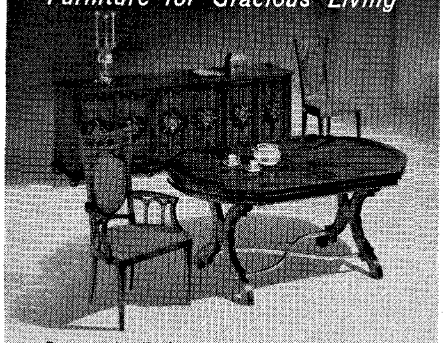

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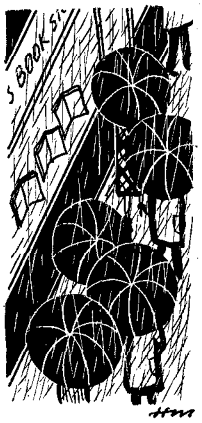
FICTION

THE CAMPERLEA GIRLS, by Olivia Manning (Coward-McCann). Laura lives in a small seaside town in England and is, at fifteen, gauche and often weepy. She covets and wins the friendship of lovely, murmuring Vicky. Together they go to dances, and Vicky meets a factory worker from adjacent Salthouse, a brash community of council estates and feckless spenders. Laura sees her friend become mesmerized by the man's savage sexuality. In Laura, the world of the English schoolgirl is unerringly pinpointed. She adores Vicky's indulgent parents and her wealthy home in fashionable South Camperlea. She dismisses as "grotty" or "draggy" her own home on Rowantree Avenue, her fretful mother, and the television set that cannot get B.B.C.-2. Shyly, she revels in the harmless ogling of bus conductors, and makes a false bosom from table mats bought in Woolworth's. The author, who writes with delicacy, faithfully conveys no more than the perceptions of the innocent central character; as a result, we gain an imperfect sense of the reality of events and individuals.



GENERAL

MYSTERY AND MANNERS, by Flannery O'Connor (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). A posthumous collection of fifteen essays by the late Southern Catholic fiction writer (about half of them previously unpublished), edited—and in some cases compiled from variant drafts—by her friends Sally and Robert Fitzgerald. The title is from Henry James, who is the writer most frequently quoted in these pages, closely followed by Joseph Conrad. Dostoevski, the writer Miss O'Connor most resembles in everything but scale, is mentioned only once, and Nathanael West, so influential on her first novel, and James Joyce, the lion in the path of any twentieth-century Catholic novelist, are not mentioned at all. The essays—mostly lectures for college audiences—are repetitious, studded with homely family anecdotes, equally scathing toward the secularist and the Catholic pietistic worlds, and, beyond all that, are truer and sounder and wiser about the nature of fiction and the responsibilities of reader and writer than anything published since James's "The Art of the Novel."

COUP D'ETAT: A PRACTICAL HANDBOOK, by Edward Luttwak (Knopf). This short book is, like the work of Machiavelli—to which it owes much in spirit—wicked, truthful, and entertaining. The author, after outlining a step-by-step procedure for bringing about a coup, analyzes modern (post-Second World War) coups, and points out why some succeeded and others failed. Most coups, or attempts at coups, he says, occur in underdeveloped countries, but he does take notice of several in Europe (Czechoslovakia, 1948; Hungary, 1956; France, 1958; Greece, 1967), and though some of Latin America is underdeveloped, Argentina, which is not, had, according to Luttwak's count, eight attempted coups (three successful) between 1951 and 1963. The author is most interested in the present and the future, and does not look back. But the reader may look as far back as he chooses, and this book, although it never discusses that tragic event, nonetheless delineates the exact mistakes made by the brave, overprincipled Germans who undertook the July 20th coup against Hitler.

NOTE: "The Dead Sea Scrolls: 1947-1969," by Edmund Wilson, has been published by Oxford. Nearly all the contents appeared originally in *The New Yorker.*

•

A feature of Dr. Howard's daily life which makes him a delight to his students during rounds or bolsters his associates through tedious laboratory chores is his way of coining an interesting phrase or using a catchy expression. It may be only a word in the margin of a manuscript he is reading for a young colleague to express his surprise of a statement, such as "holy mackerel," or if an idea is presented without support, it may be "good golly," or if he is skeptical the word oftentimes is "hogwash" or "phooey."—*Journal of the American Medical Association.*

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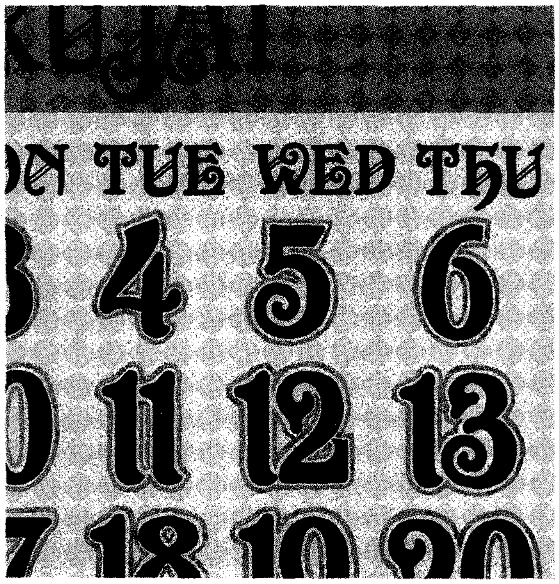
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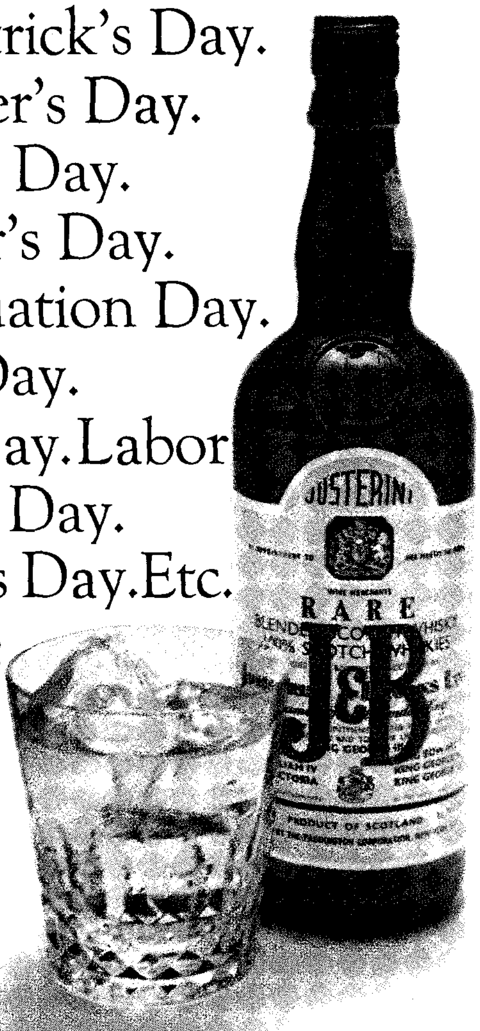
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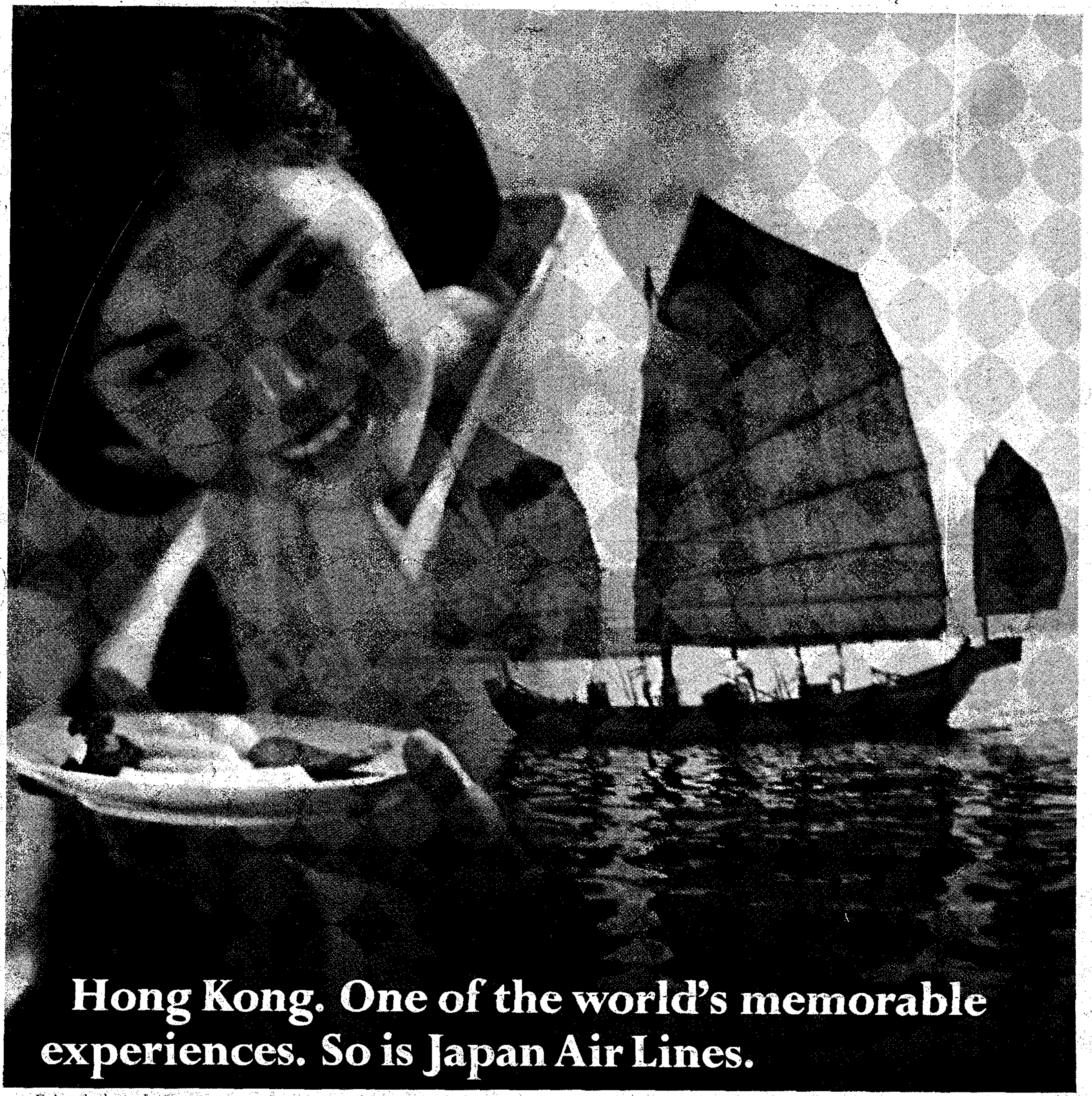

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